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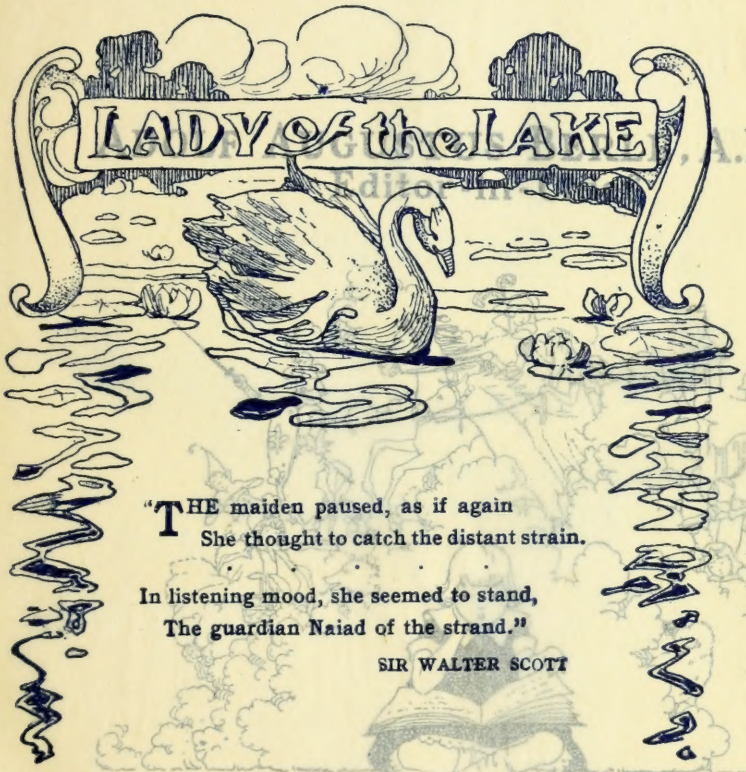

"THE maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
. . . . .
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

TWENTIETH CENTURY
SELF CULTURE ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO

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ADOLF AUGUSTUS BERLE, A.M., D.D.
Editor-in-Chief

TWENTIETH CENTURY
SELF CULTURE ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO

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BERLE'S
SELF CULTURE

VOL. II

FAIRY TALES, MYTHS
AND LEGENDS OF MANY LANDS

BERLE'S SELF CULTURE

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INTRODUCTION

MYTHS, LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES

Dr. A. A. Berle.

EVERY individual epitomizes in himself the story of the race. This is true both of his physical and his social and his intellectual life. We pass through the stages which the race passed through though we are not conscious of it because the form of the manifestation changes with the period in which men live.

Myths represent the childhood stage of the intellectual life of the world and are born out of the sense of wonder. The primitive man looked out on what to him was a wonder world and at every stage he was confronted with things which challenged his imagination and his sense of wonder. Knowing nothing of the laws by which the world is governed, and long before the stage of explanation and investigation, he gave personality to everything around him and so filled the world with the strange beings who are now known to us in the mythology of the world.

It was not only to living things that he gave personality—Trees, Rocks, Mountains, Streams, Caves, all acquired a being to him and he gave to each of them something that spoke of his own experience and personality. When he looked up into the sky and saw the planets, the stars and other heavenly bodies he instantly thought of them as beings who did the wonderful things that he saw being enacted in nature. The sun, the moon, naturally took the chief place in his thought as the principal heavenly bodies, and around these he grouped his heavenly family. In the same way he gave personality to storms, to thunder, to lightning, and all these gained a regular place in his habits of thought. One of the strange things about this habit was that he was governed by the impression they made upon him. If their influence was stern, strong, and severe, he thought of them as magnified men. If their influence was gentle, helpful, and tender, he thought of them as women. Thought hardly being developed, he lived in a world of sense and feeling. Fear also had a large place in the making of myths and this was especially

true when he came to things which seemed especially remote and strange, like dark caves into which he feared to enter.

Thus in the various mythologies of the world we have reflected the life and habits of the people but of the great stellar bodies and the main forces of nature there is a singular resemblance in the myth wherever found. Fear, Hope, Joy, Triumph, and Defeat, are alike, wherever experienced, and so where these main emotions are represented it is found that the myths look alike except for the garment in which they are clothed. From the names of these Nature Gods, as they are called, we can almost reconstruct the life of the people who invented them just as today we can recognize the period of time in which a given work was written by the words which are used in it.

From the myth came stories about the subject of the myth. When the SUN GOD came into being there soon came stories about the god, what he did, with whom he had relations, with whom he had wars, for at this period men spent most of their time in fighting, and what happened to him in victory and defeat. It was in this way that legendary stories came into being and with each succeeding generation these legends were expanded and developed till at last they came to be regarded as history. Many of the stories about the foundation of nations and peoples are of this class. Time gives a glamour and glow to the personalities thus talked over in the evening after the chase around the campfire and in the hut, and there grew up a series of persons whose business it was to make such stories and sing them, and thus the old bards came into being. Even the most civilized races of today have many such legends which they regard as serious history. It is the habit of peoples thus to explain their great men and thus they often give their great men supernatural birth, sometimes gods for fathers or goddesses for mothers, to explain the wonderful deeds which they performed. The best example of this process is found in Homer and Virgil, where dimly remembered or mythical stories are made to do duty as the beginnings of history. Think how many funny stories are attributed to Abraham Lincoln which he probably never heard, much less invented. But people like to think of him as illustrating everything with a story and so they have invented hundreds of them and given the authorship of them to our great martyred president.

While this process was going on there grew up a distinction between the tales which had to deal with these mythical beings of the forest and stream and these grew into those which were pleasant and those which were not agreeable and the stories

about these came to be what we now know as fairy tales. The fairies were supernatural beings who could appear or disappear at will and had all kinds of magic at their command so that they could annihilate space and time and perform all kinds of wonderful things. There were good fairies who helped human beings and there were bad fairies who hindered them. Sometimes they took pity on poor mortals and then they were great friends. They could transform themselves into human beings or animals at will, and so appear at the most unexpected times. The fairy lore of all nations really tells the story of the struggles of those peoples, since they invented the fairies to explain to themselves why they had good luck or bad luck or why they had misfortunes which gave them anxiety or pain.

Side by side with the fairy tales arose the folk tales, which represent one step nearer to fact and history. After the fairies began to disappear people began to see that what they did was what their forefathers did and the fairy story gradually changed to a tale of the people and their wanderings and experiences, and so we have the folk tale. By this time the people began to have a more settled life and think through their own lives and how they came to be what they actually were. They still did not reason very much and knew nothing of the great laws of nature, of science, or of the powers which govern and direct the forces of the earth. But with the folk tale we come out of the twilight of myth and fable and legend into history, and real things begin to appear as the things they actually are.

Mythology and fairy lore and folk lore used to be regarded merely as matter for the play time and imagination of children, but we now know that these stories are really a living picture of the human mind growing up and coming of age.

EUROPE
ARCTIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH SEA
BRITISH ISLES
FRANCE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
GERMANY
POLAND
UNION OF SOCIALISTIC SOVIET REPUBLICS
SWEDEN
NORWAY
FINLAND
LITHUANIA
ROMANIA
HUNGARY
BULGARIA
TURKEY
PERSIA
AFRICA
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
ALPS
CAUCASUS MTS.
BALEARIC ISLANDS
SARDINIA
CORSICA
SICILY
CRETE
CYPRUS
MALTA
FAROE IS.
SHETLAND IS.
LOFODEN ISLANDS
NOVA ZEMBLA
KOLGUEV I.
KOLA PENINSULA
WHITE SEA
ARAL SEA
Scale of Miles
Longitude from Greenwich

TOM THUMB AND KING ARTHUR

A very old English Household Story, adapted by

"MOTHER GOOSE"

It is said that in the days of the famed Prince Arthur, who was king of Britain in the year 516, there lived a great magician, called Merlin, the most learned and skilful enchanter in the world at that time.

This great magician, who could take any form he pleased, was traveling in the disguise of a poor beggar, and being very tired, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to rest.

The countryman gave Merlin a hearty welcome, and his wife, who was a good-hearted woman, soon brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some coarse brown bread on a platter.

Merlin was much pleased with the kindness of the ploughman and his wife; but he could not help seeing that they seemed both to be much cast down. He asked them the cause of their sadness and learned they were miserable because they had no children.

The poor woman said, with tears in her eyes, that she could be the happiest creature in the world if she had a son; and although he was no bigger than her husband's thumb, she would be satisfied.

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he made up his mind to pay a visit to the queen of the fairies, and ask her to grant the poor woman's wish. The droll fancy of such a little person among the human race pleased the fairy queen, and she promised Merlin that the wish should be granted. Accordingly, a short time after, the ploughman's wife had a son, who, wonderful to relate, was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

The fairy queen, wishing to see the little fellow thus

born into the world, came in at the window while the mother was sitting up in bed admiring him. The queen kissed the child, and, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favorite as she bade them.

"An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt of web by spiders spun,
With jacket wove of thistle's down;
His trousers were of feathers done.
"His stockings, of apple-rind they tie
With a lash from his mother's eye:
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
Tann'd with the downy hair within."

It is remarkable that Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, but as he got older he became very full of tricks.

Once when his mother was making a batter-pudding, Tom being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but his foot slipped and he plumped over head and ears into the batter, unseen by his mother, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter had filled Tom's mouth, and prevented him from crying; but, on feeling the hot water, he kicked and struggled so much in the pot, that his mother thought that the pudding was bewitched, and, instantly pulling it out of the pot, she threw it out of the door. A poor tinker, who was passing by, took up the pudding, and walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth cleared of the batter, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker that he flung down the pudding and ran away. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out covered with the batter, and walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woeful state, put him into a tea-cup and soon washed off the batter; after which she kissed him, and laid him in bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow and took him along with her. As the wind was very high, fearing lest he should be blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of fine thread. The cow took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle, Tom was afraid of her great teeth, which threatened to crush him in pieces, and he roared out as loud as he could: "Mother, mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said his mother.

"Here, mother," replied he, "in the red cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or he would have been dreadfully hurt.

When, in one of Tom's adventures, he fell into the sea, he was swallowed by a fish, which was caught, and bought for the table of King Arthur. When they opened the fish in order to cook it, every one was astonished at finding such a little boy, and Tom was quite delighted to be out again. They carried him to the king, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon grew a great favorite at court: for by his tricks and gambols, he not only amused the king and queen, but also all the knights of the Round Table.

It is said that when the king rode out on horseback, he often took Tom along with him, and if a shower came on, he used to creep into his majesty's pocket, where he slept until the rain was over.

King Arthur one day asked Tom about his parents, wishing to know if they were as small as he was, and whether rich or poor. Tom told the king that his father and mother were as tall as any of the persons about court, but rather poor.

On hearing this, the king carried Tom to his treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents, which made the little fellow caper with joy. Tom got a silver three-penny-piece, which he had some trouble in lifting on his back; but he at last succeeded in getting it placed to his mind, and set forward on his journey. Without meeting with any accident, and after resting himself more than a hundred times by the way, in two days and two nights, he reached his father's house in safety.

Tom had travelled forty-eight hours with a huge silver-piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house.

Tom's parents were both happy to see him, and the more so as he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him; but the little fellow was excessively weary, having traveled a mile in forty-eight hours.

As there had been a fall of rain, and the ground was very wet, he could not travel back to King Arthur's court; therefore his mother, one day when the wind was blowing in that direction, made a little parasol of cambric, and tying Tom to it, she gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, which soon carried him to the king's palace.

When Tom had a quarrel with the King's cook, the cook put him into a mouse-trap, and left him to peep through the wires. Tom had remained in the trap a whole week when found by King Arthur. On account of his wonderful feats of activity, Tom was knighted by the king, and went under the name of the renowned Sir Thomas Thumb. As Tom's clothes had suffered much, his majesty ordered him a new suit of clothes, and to be mounted as a knight.

"Of butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy blade,
Well learned in the tailoring trade
His clothing was supplied,—
A needle dangled by his side;
A dapper mouse he used to ride;
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride!"

One day, as they were riding by a farmhouse, a large cat which was lurking about the door, made a spring, and seized Tom and his mouse. She then ran up a tree with them, and was beginning to devour the mouse; but Tom boldly drew his sword, and attacked the cat so fiercely that she let them both fall, when one of the nobles caught him in his hat and laid him on a bed of down, in a little ivory cabinet.

The queen of the fairies came soon after to pay Tom a visit and carried him back to Fairy-land, where he lived several years. During his residence there, King Arthur

and all the persons who knew Tom, had died; but as he was desirous of being again at court, the fairy queen, after dressing him in a new suit of clothes, sent him flying through the air to the palace, in the days of King Thunstone, successor to Arthur. Every one flocked round to see him, and being carried to the king, he was asked who he was,—whence he came,—and where he lived? Tom answered:

"My name is Tom Thumb;
From the fairies I've come!
When King Arthur shone
His court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted;
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.

Tom did not live long to enjoy the king's favor. A large spider attacked him, and though he drew his sword and fought well, he was overcome by its poisonous breath. Some say he was taken by the queen of the fairies to join King Arthur in the fairy island of Avalon, but others say that he was really dead, as he seemed to be to King Thunstone. The King raised a fine white marble monument to his memory and had the following epitaph carved on it:—

"Here lyes Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;

He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive, he filled the court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head
And cry,—Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

By Charles Perrault

Author of Cinderella

There was once upon a time a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so much like her in the face and in humor that whoever looked upon the daughter, saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable and so proud that there was no living with them.

The youngest, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls ever seen. As people naturally love their own likeness, this mother even doted on her eldest daughter, and at the same time had a horrible aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half away from the house and bring home a pitcherful of it. One day as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink.

"Oh! ay, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little little girl; and rinsing immediately the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while, that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drunk, said to her:

"You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift." For this was a fairy who had taken the form of a poor country-woman to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. "I will give you for gift," continued the fairy, "that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel."

When this pretty girl came home her mother scolded at her for staying so long at the fountain.

"I beg your pardon, mamma," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste."

And in speaking these words there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two diamonds.

"What is it I see there?" said her mother, quite astonished. "I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl's mouth! How happens this, child?"

This was the first time she ever called her "child."

The poor creature told her frankly all the matter, not without dropping out infinite numbers of diamonds.

"In good faith," cried the mother, "I must send my child thither. Come hither, Fanny. Look what comes out of thy sister's mouth when she speaks. Wouldst not thou be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to thee? Thou hast nothing else to do but go and draw water out of the fountain, and when a certain poor woman asks thee to let her drink to give it to her very civilly."

"It would be a very fine sight, indeed," said this ill-bred minx, "to see me go and draw water."

"You shall go," said the mother, "and this minute." So away she went, but grumbling all the way, taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink. This was, you must know, the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but had now taken the air and dress of a princess, to see how far this girl's rudeness would go.

"Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy girl, "to serve you with water, pray! I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy."

"You are not over and above mannerly," answered the fairy, without putting herself in a passion. "Well, then, since you have so little breeding and are so disobliging, I

give you for a gift that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

So soon as her mother saw her coming she cried out:

"Well, daughter?"

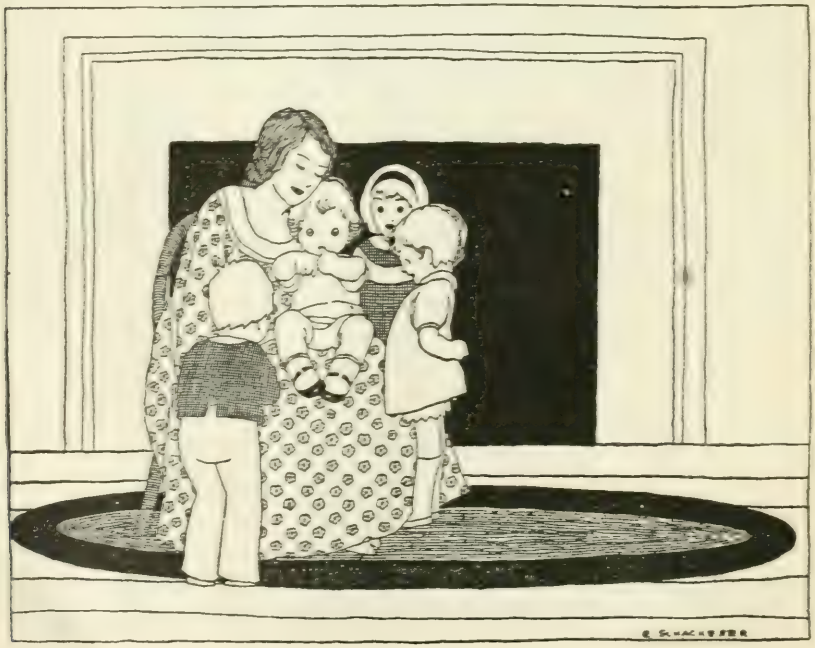
"Well, mother?" answered the pert girl, throwing out of her mouth two vipers and two toads.

"Oh! mercy," cried the mother; "what is it I see? Oh! it is that wretch, her sister, who has occasioned all this; but she shall pay for it." And immediately she ran to beat her. The poor child fled away from her and went to hide herself in the forest not far from thence.

The king's son, then on his return from hunting, met her, and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there alone and why she cried.

"Alas! sir, my mamma has turned me out of doors."

The king's son, who saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She hereupon told him the whole



story; and so the king's son fell in love with her, and considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage portion, conducted her to the palace of the king, his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off. She wandered into the Great Wood, until she was almost starved. She was so miserable that she remembered to say a prayer. The toads and snakes ceased to fall from her mouth, and when she came to the cell of a good hermit, he prayed that the evil spell might be taken from her. And so it was! After that she spoke only kind words. When she married a peasant, she taught her children that evil words are worse than toads and snakes. So they always spoke softly and kindly, knowing that as fairies and other sprites see our speech, our kind words may seem like roses and lilies, or pearls and diamonds to their eyes.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

By Madame de Villeneuve

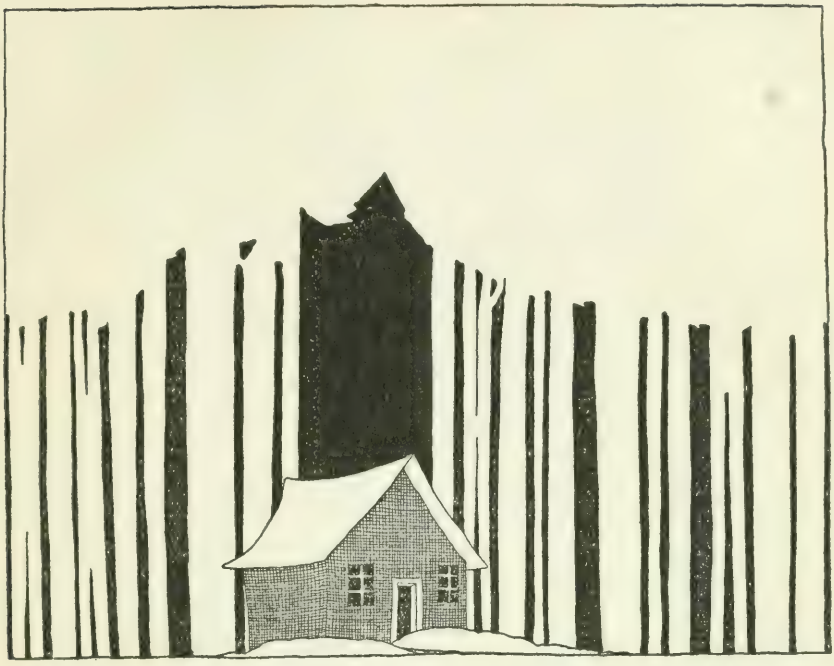
(1695-1755)

Once upon a time, in a very far-off country, there lived a merchant who was very rich. As he had six sons and six daughters, he found that his money was not too much to let them all have everything they liked.

But one day misfortune befell them. Their house caught fire and was burned to the ground, with all the splendid furniture, the books, pictures, gold, silver, and precious goods it contained; and this was only the beginning of their troubles. The father suddenly lost every ship he had upon the sea either by dint of pirates, shipwreck, or fire, and at last from great wealth he fell into the direst poverty.

All that he had left was a little house at least a hundred leagues from the town in which he had lived, and to this he was forced to retreat with his children, who were in despair at the idea of leading such a different life. Indeed, the daughters at first hoped that their friends, who had been so numerous while they were rich, would insist on their staying in their houses now they no longer had one. But they soon found that they were left alone, and that their former friends showed no intention of offering them any help. So nothing was left for them but to go to the cottage, which stood in the midst of a dark forest, and seemed the most dismal place on earth.

As they were too poor to have any servants, the girls had to work hard, like peasants, and the sons, for their part, worked the fields to earn their living. Roughly clothed, and living in the simplest way, the girls longed for their former life; only the youngest tried to be brave and cheerful. She had been as sad as any one when misfortune first overtook her father, but she set to work to



make the best of things, to amuse her father and brothers as well as she could, and to try to persuade her sisters to join her in dancing and singing. But they would do nothing of the sort, and because she was not as doleful as themselves, they declared that this miserable life was all she was fit for. But she was really far prettier and cleverer than they were; indeed, she was so lovely that she was always called Beauty. After two years, when they were all beginning to get used to their new life, their father received the news that one of the ships, which he had believed to be lost, had come safely into port with a rich cargo.

All the sons and daughters at once thought that their poverty was at an end and wanted to set out for the town, but their father, who was more prudent, begged them to wait a little, and though it was harvest-time and he could ill be spared, he made up his mind to go himself first to

make inquiries. Only the youngest daughter had any doubt but that they would soon be as rich as they were before, or at least rich enough to live in some town where they would find gay companions once more. So they all loaded their father with commissions for jewels and dresses which it would have taken a fortune to buy; only Beauty, feeling sure that it was of no use, did not ask for anything. Her father, noticing her silence, said: "And what shall I bring for you, Beauty?"

"The only thing I wish for is to see you come home safely," she answered.

But this reply vexed her sisters, who fancied she was blaming them for having asked for such costly things. Her father was pleased, but as he thought that at her age she ought to like pretty presents, he told her to choose something.

"Well, dear father," she said, "as you insist upon it, I beg that you will bring me a rose. I have not seen one since we came here, and I love them so much!"

So the merchant set out and reached the town, but only to find that his former partners, believing him to be dead, had divided between them the goods which the ship had brought; and after six months of trouble and expense he found himself as poor as when he started, having been able to get back only just enough to pay the cost of his journey. To make matters worse, he was obliged to leave the town in terrible weather, so that by the time he was within a few leagues of his home, he was almost worn out with cold and fatigue. Though he knew it would take some hours to get through the forest, he was so anxious to be at his journey's end that he resolved to go on; but night overtook him, and the deep snow and bitter frost made it impossible for his horse to carry him further. Not a house was to be seen. The only shelter he could get was the hollow trunk of a great tree, and there he crouched all night. In spite of his weariness the howling of the wolves kept him awake, and even when at last the day

broke he was not much better off, for the falling snow had covered up every path and he did not know which way to turn.

At length he made out some sort of track, and though it was so rough and slippery that he fell down more than once, it became easier and led him into an avenue of trees which ended in a splendid castle. It seemed to the merchant very strange that no snow had fallen in the avenue, which was entirely composed of orange-trees, covered with flowers and fruit. When he reached the first court of the castle, he saw before him a flight of agate steps, and went up them and passed through several splendidly furnished rooms. The pleasant warmth of the air revived him and he felt very hungry; but there seemed to be nobody in all this vast and splendid palace whom he could ask to give him something to eat. Deep silence reigned everywhere, and at last, tired of roaming through empty rooms and galleries, he stopped in a room smaller than the rest, where a clear fire was burning and a couch was drawn up cozily close to it. Thinking that this must be prepared for some one who was expected, he sat down to wait till he should come, and very soon fell into a sweet sleep.

When his hunger wakened him after several hours, he was still alone, but a little table, upon which was a good dinner, had been drawn up close to him, and as he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, he lost no time in beginning his meal, hoping that he might soon thank his considerate entertainer, whoever it might be. But no one appeared, and even after another long sleep, from which he awoke refreshed, there was no sign of anybody, though a fresh meal of dainty cakes and fruit was set out upon a little table at his elbow. Being timid, the silence began to terrify him, and he resolved to search once more through all the rooms; but it was of no use. Not even a servant was to be seen; there was no sign of life in the palace! He began to wonder what he should do, and to

amuse himself by pretending that all the treasures he saw were his own, and thinking how he would divide them among his children. Then he went down into the garden, and though it was winter everywhere else, here the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and the air was soft and sweet. The merchant said to himself:

"All this must be meant for me. I will go this minute and bring my children to share all these delights."

In spite of being so cold and weary when he reached the castle, he had taken his horse to the stable and fed it. Now he thought he would saddle it for his homeward journey, and he turned down the path which led to the stable. This path had a hedge of roses on each side of it, and the merchant thought he had never seen or smelled such exquisite flowers. They reminded him of his promise to Beauty, and he stopped and had just gathered one to take to her when he was startled by a strange noise behind him. Turning round, he saw a frightful beast, which seemed to be very angry and said in a terrible voice:

"Who told you that you might gather my roses? Was it not enough that I allowed you to be in my palace and was kind to you? This is the way you show your gratitude, by stealing my flowers! But you shall not go unpunished." The merchant, terrified by these furious words, dropped the fatal rose, and throwing himself on his knees cried: "Pardon me, noble sir! I am so truly grateful to you that I could not imagine you would be offended by my taking such a little thing as a rose." But the beast's anger was not lessened by this speech.

"You are very ready with excuses and flattery," he cried; "but that will not save you from the death you deserve."

"Alas!" thought the merchant, "if my daughter Beauty could only know what danger her rose has brought me into!"

And in despair he began to tell the beast all his mis-

fortunes and the reason for his journey, not forgetting to mention Beauty's request.

"A king's ransom would hardly have procured all that my other daughters asked," he said, "but I thought that I might at least take Beauty her rose. I beg you to forgive me, for you see I meant no harm."

The beast considered for a moment, and then he said in a less furious tone:

"I will forgive you on one condition—that is, that you will give me one of your daughters."

"Ah!" cried the merchant, "if I were cruel enough to buy my own life at the expense of one of my children's, what excuse could I invent to bring her here?"

"No excuse would be needed," answered the beast. "If she comes at all, she must come willingly. On no other condition will I have her. See if any of them is brave enough and loves you well enough to come and save your life. You seem to be an honest man, so I will trust you to go home. I give you a month to see if either of your daughters will come back with you and stay here, to let you go free. If neither of them is willing you must come alone, after bidding them good-by forever, for then you will belong to me. And do not think that you can hide from me, for if you fail to keep your word I will come and fetch you!" added the beast grimly.

The merchant gave his consent, though he did not really think any of his daughters would be persuaded to come. He promised to return, and then, anxious to escape from the presence of the beast, he asked leave to set off at once. But the beast answered that he could not go until the next day.

"Then you will find a horse ready for you," he said. "Now go and eat your supper and await my orders."

The poor merchant, more dead than alive, went back to his room, where the most delicious supper was already served on the little table which was drawn up before a blazing fire. But he was too terrified to eat, and only

tasted a few of the dishes, for fear the beast would be angry if he did not obey his orders. When he had finished he heard a great noise in the next room, which he knew meant that the beast was coming. And he could do nothing to escape his visit, the only thing that remained was to seem as little afraid as possible; so when the beast appeared and asked roughly if he had supped well, the merchant answered humbly that he had, thanks to his host's kindness. Then the beast warned him to remember their agreement and to prepare his daughter for what she had to expect.

"Do not get up to-morrow," he added, "until you see the sun and hear a golden bell ring. Then you will find your breakfast waiting for you here, and the horse you are to ride will be ready in the court-yard. He will also bring you back again when you come with your daughter a month hence. Farewell! Take a rose to Beauty, and remember your promise."

The merchant was only too glad when the beast went away, and though he could not sleep for sadness, he lay down until the sun rose. Then, after a hasty breakfast, he went to gather Beauty's rose and mounted his horse, which carried him off so swiftly that in an instant he had lost sight of the palace, and he was still wrapped in gloomy thoughts when it stopped before the door of the cottage.

His sons and daughters, who had been very uneasy at his long absence, rushed to meet him, eager to know the result of his journey, which, seeing him mounted upon a splendid horse and wrapped in a rich mantle, they supposed to be good. But he hid the truth from them at first, only saying sadly to Beauty as he gave her the rose:

"Here is what you asked me to bring you. You little know what it has cost."

But this excited their curiosity so greatly that he told them his adventures from beginning to end, and then they were all very unhappy. The girls lamented loudly over

their lost hopes, and the sons declared that their father should not return to this terrible castle, and began to make plans for killing the beast if it should come to fetch him. But he reminded them that he had promised to go back. Then the girls were very angry with Beauty and said it was her fault, and that if she had asked for something sensible, this would never have happened, and complained bitterly that they should have to suffer for her folly.

Poor Beauty, much distressed, said to them:

"I have indeed caused this misfortune, but I assure you I did it innocently. Who could have guessed that to ask for a rose in the middle of summer would cause so much misery? But as I did the mischief, it is only just that I should suffer for it. I will therefore go back with my father to keep his promise."

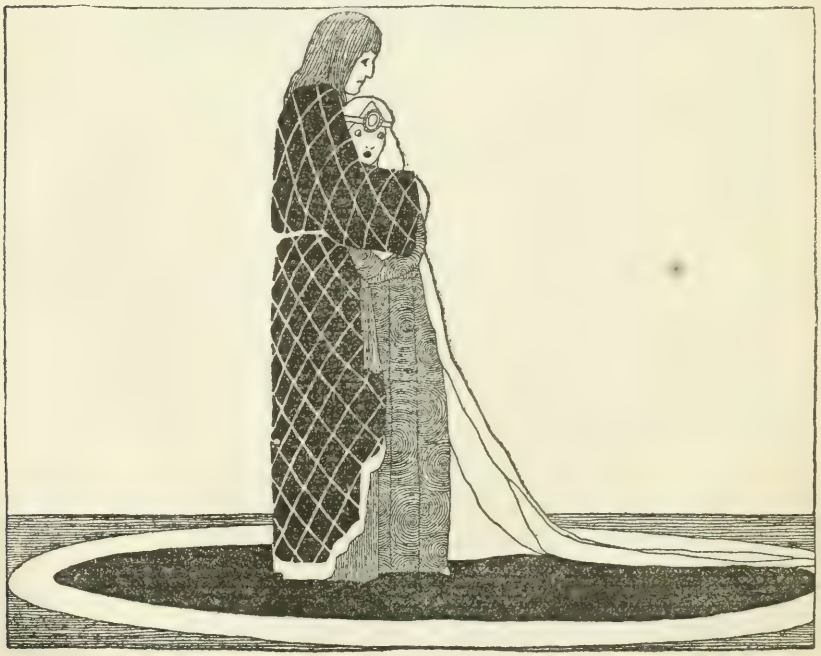
At first nobody would hear of this, and her father and brothers, who loved her dearly, declared that nothing should make them let her go; but Beauty was firm. As the time drew near she divided all her little possessions among her sisters and said good-by to everything she loved, and when the fatal day came she cheered her father as they mounted together the horse which had brought him back. It seemed to fly rather than gallop, but it moved so smoothly that Beauty was not frightened; indeed, she would have enjoyed the journey if she had not feared what might happen to her at the end of it. Her father still tried to persuade her to go back, but in vain. While they were talking the night fell, and then, to their great surprise, wonderful colored lights began to shine in all directions, and splendid fireworks blazed out before them. All the forest was lighted up by them, and even felt pleasantly warm, though it had been bitterly cold before. This lasted until they reached the avenue of orange-trees, where were statues holding flaming torches, and when they got nearer to the palace they saw that it was lighted up from the roof to the ground, and music sounded softly from the court-yard. "The beast must be very hun-

gry," said Beauty, trying to laugh, "if he makes all this rejoicing over the arrival of his prey."

But in spite of her fear, she could not help admiring all the wonderful things she saw.

The horse stopped at the foot of the flight of steps leading to the terrace, and when they had dismounted her father led her to the little room he had been in before, where they found a splendid fire burning and the table spread with a delicious supper.

The merchant knew that this was meant for them, and Beauty, who was rather less frightened now that she had passed through so many rooms and seen nothing of the beast, was quite willing to begin, for her long ride had made her very hungry. But they had hardly finished their meal when the noise of the beast's footsteps was heard approaching, and Beauty clung to her father in terror, which became all the greater when she saw how fright-



ened he was. But when the beast really appeared, though she trembled at the sight of him, she made a great effort to hide her horror and greeted him respectfully.

This pleased the beast. After looking at her he said, in a tone that might have struck terror into the boldest heart, though he did not seem to be angry:

"Good-evening, old man! Good-evening, Beauty!"

The merchant was too terrified to reply, but Beauty answered sweetly:

"Good-evening, beast."

"Have you come willingly?" asked the beast. "Will you be content to stay here when your father goes away?"

Beauty answered bravely that she was quite prepared to stay.

"I am pleased with you," said the beast. "As you have come of your own accord, you may stay. As for you, old man," he added, turning to the merchant, "at sunrise to-morrow you will take your departure. When the bell rings get up quickly and eat your breakfast, and you will find the same horse waiting to take you home; but remember that you must never expect to see my palace again."

Then turning to Beauty he said:

"Take your father into the next room and help him to choose everything you think your brothers and sisters would like to have. You will find two traveling-trunks there; fill them as full as you can. It is only just that you should send them something very precious as a remembrance of yourself."

Then he went away after saying, "Good-by, Beauty; good-by, old man;" and though Beauty was beginning to think with great dismay of her father's departure, she was afraid to disobey the beast's orders, and they went into the next room, which had shelves and cupboards all around it. They were greatly surprised at the riches it contained. There were splendid dresses fit for a queen, with all the ornaments that were to be worn with them; and when Beauty opened the cupboards she was quite dazzled by the

jewels that lay in heaps upon every shelf. After choosing a vast quantity, which she divided among her sisters,—for she had made a heap of the wonderful dresses for each of them,—she opened the last chest, which was full of gold.

"I think, father," she said, "that as the gold will be more useful to you, we had better take out the other things again and fill the trunks with it." So they did this; but the more they put in the more room there seemed to be, and at last they put back all the jewels and dresses they had taken out, and Beauty even added as many more of the jewels as she could carry at once; and then the trunks were not too full, but they were so heavy that an elephant could not have carried them!

"The beast was mocking us," cried the merchant. "He must have pretended to give us all these things, knowing that I could not carry them away."

"Let us wait and see," answered Beauty. "I cannot believe that he meant to deceive us. All we can do is to fasten them up and leave them ready."

So they did this and returned to the little room, where, to their astonishment, they found breakfast ready. The merchant ate his with a good appetite, as the beast's generosity made him believe that he might perhaps venture to come back soon and see Beauty. But she felt sure that her father was leaving her forever; so she was very sad when the bell rang sharply for the second time and warned them that the time was come for them to part. They went down into the court-yard, where two horses were waiting, one loaded with the two trunks, the other for him to ride. They were pawing the ground in their impatience to start, and the merchant was forced to bid Beauty a hasty farewell; and as soon as he was mounted he went off at such a pace that she lost sight of him in an instant.

Then Beauty began to cry and wandered sadly back to her own room. But she soon found that she was very

sleepy, and as she had nothing better to do, she lay down and fell asleep. And then she dreamed that she was walking by a brook bordered with trees and lamenting her sad fate, when a young prince, handsomer than any one she had ever seen, and with a voice that went straight to her heart, came and said to her: "Ah, Beauty! you are not so unfortunate as you suppose. Here you will be rewarded for all you have suffered elsewhere. Your every wish shall be gratified. Only try to find me out, no matter how I may be disguised, as I love you dearly, and in making me happy you will find your own happiness. Be as true-hearted as you are beautiful, and we shall have nothing left to wish for."

"What can I do, Prince, to make you happy?" said Beauty.

"Only be grateful," he answered, "and do not trust too much to your eyes. And above all, do not desert me until you have saved me from my cruel misery."

After this she thought she found herself in a room with a stately and beautiful lady, who said to her:

"Dear Beauty, try not to regret all you have left behind you, for you are destined to a better fate. Only do not let yourself be deceived by appearances."

Beauty found her dreams so interesting that she was in no hurry to awake, but presently the clock roused her by calling her name softly twelve times, and then she got up and found her dressing-table set out with everything she could possibly want; and when her toilet was finished, she found dinner was waiting in the room next to hers. But dinner does not take very long when you are all by yourself, and very soon she sat down in the corner of a sofa and began to think about the charming prince she had seen in her dream.

"He said I could make him happy," said Beauty to herself. "It seems, then, that this horrible beast keeps him a prisoner. How can I set him free? I wonder why they both told me not to trust to appearances? I don't under-

stand it. But after all, it was only a dream; so why should I trouble myself about it? I had better go and find something to do to amuse myself."

So she got up and began to explore some of the many rooms of the palace.

The first she entered was lined with mirrors, and Beauty saw herself reflected on every side, and thought she had never seen such a charming room. Then a bracelet which was hanging from a chandelier caught her eye, and on taking it down she was greatly surprised to find that it held a portrait of her unknown admirer, just as she had seen him in her dream. With great delight she slipped the bracelet on her arm and went on into a gallery of pictures, where she found a portrait of the same handsome prince; as large as life and so well painted that as she studied it he seemed to smile kindly at her.

Tearing herself away from the portrait at last, she passed through into a room which contained every musical instrument under the sun, and here she amused herself for a long while in trying some of them and singing until she was tired. The next room was a library, and she saw everything she had ever wanted to read, as well as everything she had read, and it seemed to her that a whole lifetime would not be enough even to read the names of the books, there were so many. By this time it was growing dusk, and wax candles in diamond and ruby candlesticks were beginning to light themselves in every room.

Beauty found her supper served just at the time she chose to have it, but she did not see any one or hear a sound, and though her father had warned her that she would be alone, she began to find it rather dull.

But presently she heard the beast coming, and wondered tremblingly if he meant to eat her up now.

However, as he did not seem at all ferocious, and only said gruffly, "Good-evening, Beauty," she answered cheerfully and managed to conceal her terror. Then the beast

asked her how she had been amusing herself, and she told him all the rooms she had seen.

Then he asked if she thought she could be happy in his palace, and Beauty answered that everything was so beautiful that she would be very hard to please if she could not be happy. And after about an hour's talk, Beauty began to think that the beast was not nearly so terrible as she had supposed at first. Then he got up to leave her and said in his gruff voice:

"Do you love me, Beauty? Will you marry me?"

"Oh! what shall I say?" cried Beauty, for she was afraid to make the beast angry by refusing.

"Say 'yes' or 'no' without fear," he replied.

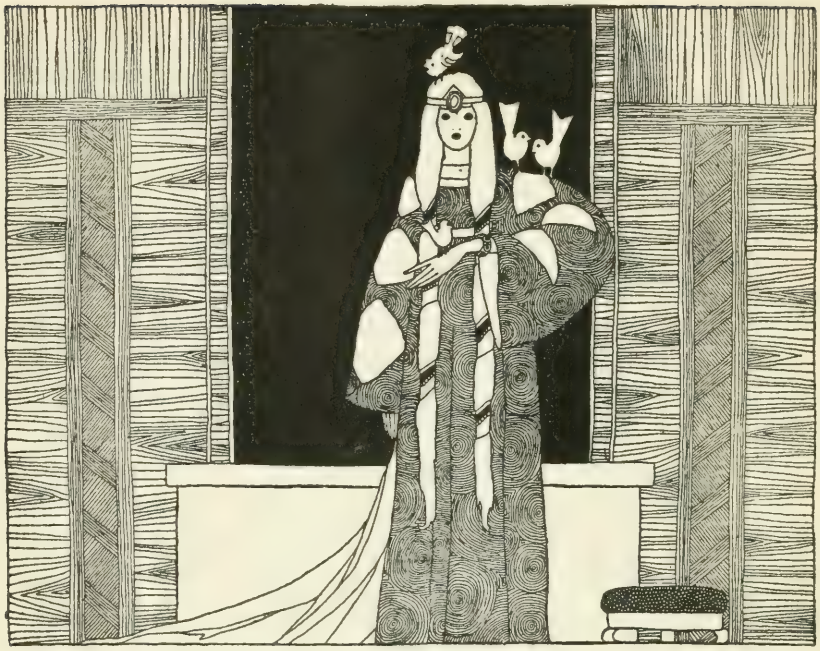
"Oh! no, beast," said Beauty hastily.

"Since you will not, good-night, Beauty," he said. And she answered, "Good-night, beast," very glad to find that her refusal had not provoked him. And after he was gone she was very soon in bed and asleep and dreaming of her unknown prince. She thought he came and said to her:

"Ah, Beauty! why are you so unkind to me? I fear I am fated to be unhappy for many a long day still."

And then her dreams changed, but the charming prince figured in them all; and when morning came her first thought was to look at the portrait and see if it was really like him, and she found that it certainly was.

This morning she decided to amuse herself in the garden, for the sun shone and all the fountains were playing; but she was astonished to find that every place was familiar to her, and presently she came to the brook where the myrtle trees were growing where she had first met the prince in her dream, and that made her think more than ever that he must be kept a prisoner by the beast. When she was tired, she went back to the palace, and found a new room full of materials for every kind of work,—ribbons to make into bows and silks to work into flowers. Then there was an aviary full of rare birds, which were so



tame that they flew to Beauty as soon as they saw her and perched upon her shoulders and her head.

"Pretty little creatures," she said, "how I wish that your cage was nearer to my room, that I might often hear you sing!"

So saying she opened a door and found to her delight that it led into her own room, though she had thought it was quite the other side of the palace.

There were more birds in a room further on, parrots and cockatoos that could talk, and they greeted Beauty by name. Indeed, she found them so entertaining that she took one or two back to her room, and they talked to her while she was at supper; after which the beast paid her his usual visit and asked the same questions as before, and then with a gruff "good-night," he took his departure, and Beauty went to bed to dream of her mysterious prince. The days passed swiftly in different amusements,

and after awhile Beauty found out another strange thing in the palace, which often pleased her when she was tired of being alone. There was one room which she had not noticed particularly. It was empty, except that under each of the windows stood a very comfortable chair, and the first time she had looked out of the window it had seemed to her that a black curtain prevented her from seeing anything outside. But the second time she went into the room, happening to be tired, she sat down in one of the chairs, when instantly the curtain was rolled aside and a most amusing pantomime was acted before her. There were dances, and colored lights, and music, and pretty dresses, and it was all so gay that Beauty was in ecstasies. After that she tried the other seven windows in turn, and there was some new and surprising entertainment to be seen from each of them, so that Beauty never could feel lonely any more. Every evening after supper, the beast came to see her, and always before saying good-night asked her in his terrible voice:

"Beauty, will you marry me?"

And it seemed to Beauty, now she understood him better, that when she said, "No, beast," he went away quite sad. But her happy dreams of the handsome young prince soon made her forget the poor beast, and the only thing that at all disturbed her was to be told to distrust appearances, to let her heart guide her, and not her eyes, and many other things, which, consider as she would, she could not understand.

So everything went on for a long time, until at last, happy as she was, Beauty began to long for the sight of her father and her brothers and sisters; and one night, seeing her look very sad, the beast asked her what was the matter. Beauty had quite ceased to be afraid of him now she knew that he was really gentle in spite of his looks and his dreadful voice. So she answered that she was longing to see her home once more. Upon hearing this the beast seemed sadly distressed and cried miserably:

"Ah! Beauty, have you the heart to desert an unhappy beast like this? What more do you want to make you happy? Is it because you hate me that you want to escape?"

"No, dear beast," answered Beauty softly. "I do not hate you, and I should be very sorry never to see you any more, but I long to see my father again. Only let me go for two months, and I promise to come back to you and stay for the rest of my life."

The beast, who had been sighing dolefully while she spoke, now replied:

"I cannot refuse you anything you ask, even though it should cost me my life. Take the four boxes you will find in the room next to your own and fill them with everything you wish to take with you. But remember your promise and come back when the two months are over, or you may have cause to repent it, for if you do not come in good time you will find your faithful beast dead. You will not need any chariot to bring you back. Only say good-by to all your brothers and sisters the night before you come away, and when you have gone to bed turn this ring round upon your finger and say firmly: 'I wish to go back to my palace and see my beast again.' Good-night, Beauty! Fear nothing, sleep peacefully, and before long you shall see your father once more."

As soon as Beauty was alone she hastened to fill the boxes with all the rare and precious things she saw about her, and only when she was tired of heaping things into them did they seem to be full.

Then she went to bed, but she could hardly sleep for joy. And when at last she did begin to dream of her beloved prince, she was grieved to see him stretched upon a grassy bank, sad and weary and hardly like himself.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

But he looked at her reproachfully and said:

"How can you ask me, cruel one? Are you not leaving me to my death perhaps?

"Ah! don't be so sorrowful," cried Beauty. "I am only going to assure my father that I am safe and happy. I have promised the beast faithfully that I will come back, and he would die of grief if I did not keep my word!"

"What would that matter to you?" said the prince. "Surely you would not care?"

"Indeed I should be ungrateful if I did not care for such a kind beast," cried Beauty. "I would die to save him from pain. I assure you it is not his fault that he is so ugly."

Just then a strange sound woke her,—some one was speaking not very far away; and opening her eyes she found herself in a room she had never seen before, which was certainly not nearly so splendid as those she was used to in the beast's palace. Where could she be? She got up and dressed hastily, and then saw that the boxes she had packed the night before were all in the room. While she was wondering by what magic the beast had transported them and herself to this strange place she suddenly heard her father's voice, and rushed out and greeted him joyfully. Her brothers and sisters were all astonished at her appearance, as they had never expected to see her again, and there was no end to the questions they asked her. She had also much to hear about what had happened to them while she was away and of her father's journey home. But when they heard that she had only come to be with them for a short time, and then must go back to the beast's palace forever, they lamented loudly. Then Beauty asked her father what he thought could be the meaning of her strange dreams, and why the prince always begged her not to trust to appearances. After thinking he answered:

"You tell me yourself that the beast, frightful as he is, loves you dearly and deserves your love for his gentleness and kindness. I think the prince must mean you to understand that you ought to reward him by doing as he wishes you to, in spite of his ugliness."

Beauty could not help seeing that this seemed very likely. Still, when she thought of her dear prince, who was so handsome, she did not feel at all inclined to marry the beast. At any rate, for two months she need not decide, but could enjoy herself with her sisters. But though they were rich now and lived in a town again and had plenty of acquaintances, Beauty found that nothing amused her very much; and she often thought of the palace where she was so happy, especially as at home she never dreamed of her dear prince, and she felt quite sad without him.

Then her sisters seemed to have got quite used to being without her, and even found her rather in the way; so she would not have been sorry when the two months were over but for her father and brothers, who begged her to stay and seemed so grieved at the thought of her leaving them, that she had not the courage to say good-by to them. Every day when she got up she meant to say it at night, and when night came she put it off again, until at last she had a dismal dream which helped her to make up her mind. She thought she was wandering in a lonely path in the palace garden, when she heard groans which seemed to come from some bushes hiding the entrance of a cave, and running quickly to see what could be the matter, she found the beast stretched out upon his side, apparently dying. He reproached her faintly with being the cause of his distress, and at the same moment a stately lady appeared and said very gravely:

"Ah! Beauty, you are only just in time to save his life. See what happens when people do not keep their promises! If you had delayed one day more you would have found him dead."

Beauty was so terrified by this dream that the next morning she announced her intention of going back at once, and that very night she said good-by to her father and all her brothers and sisters, and as soon as she was in bed she turned her ring round upon her finger and said

firmly, "I wish to go back to my palace and see my beast again," as she had been told to do.

Then she fell asleep instantly, and only woke up to hear the clock saying "Beauty, Beauty," twelve times in its musical voice, which told her at once that she was really in the palace once more. Everything was just as before, and her birds were so glad to see her; but Beauty thought she had never known such a long day, for she was so anxious to see the beast again that she felt as if suppertime would never come.

But when it did come and no beast appeared, she was frightened; so after listening and waiting for a long time, she ran down into the garden to search for him. Up and down the paths and avenues ran poor Beauty, calling him in vain, for no one answered and not a trace of him could she find, until at last, quite tired, she stopped for a minute's rest and saw that she was standing opposite the shady path she had seen in her dream. She rushed down it, and, sure enough, there was the cave, and in it lay the beast,—asleep, as Beauty thought. Quite glad to have found him, she ran up and stroked his head, but to her horror he did not move or open his eyes.

"Oh! he is dead, and it is all my fault," said Beauty, crying bitterly.

But then, looking at him again, she fancied he still breathed, and hastily fetching some water from the nearest fountain, she sprinkled it over his face, and to her great delight he began to revive.

"Oh! beast, how you frightened me!" she cried, "I never knew how much I loved you until just now, when I feared I was too late to save your life."

"Can you really love such an ugly creature as I am?" said the beast faintly. "Ah! Beauty, you only came just in time. I was dying because I thought you had forgotten your promise. But go back now and rest. I shall see you again by and by."

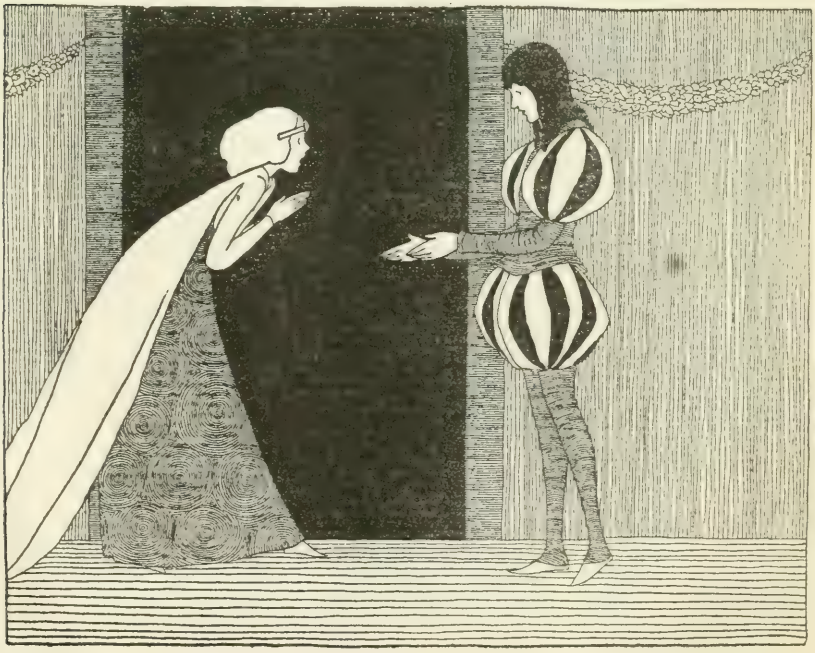
Beauty, who had half-expected that he would be angry

with her, was reassured by his gentle voice and went back to the palace, where supper was awaiting her; and afterward the beast came in as usual and talked about the time she had spent with her father, asking if she had enjoyed herself and if they had all been very glad to see her.

Beauty answered politely, and quite enjoyed telling him all that had happened to her. And when at last the time came for him to go, and he asked, as he had so often asked before, "Beauty, will you marry me?" she answered softly: "Yes, dear beast!"

As she spoke a blaze of light sprang up before the windows of the palace; fireworks crackled and guns banged, and across the avenue of orange-trees, in letters all made of fireflies, was written: "Long live the prince and his bride."

Turning to ask the beast what it could all mean, Beauty found that he had disappeared, and in his place stood her



long-loved prince! At the same moment the wheels of a chariot were heard upon the terrace and two ladies entered the room. One of them Beauty recognized as the stately lady she had seen in her dreams; the other was also so grand and queenly that Beauty hardly knew which to greet first.

But the one she already knew said to her companion:

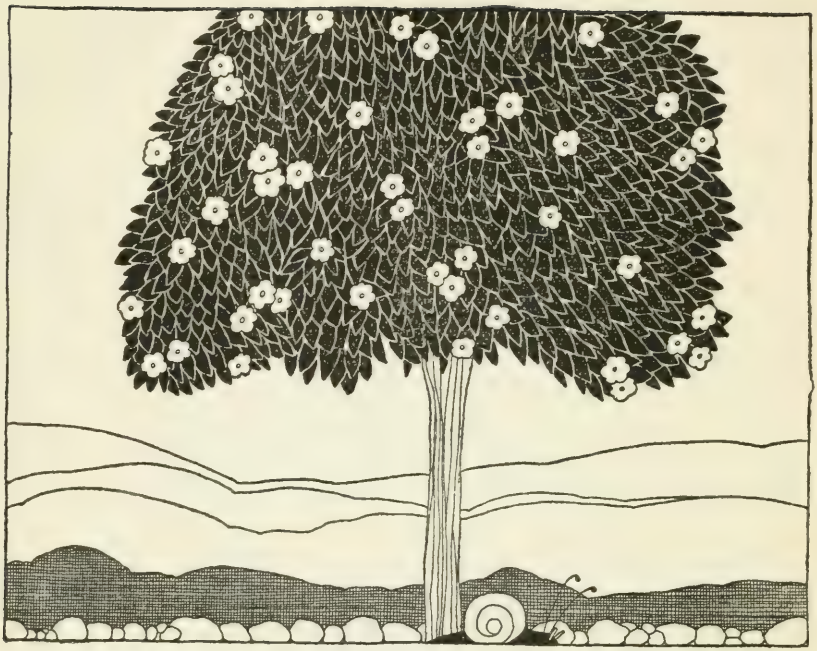
"Well, queen, this is Beauty, who has had the courage to rescue your son from the terrible enchantment. They love one another, and only your consent to their marriage is wanting to make them perfectly happy."

"I consent with all my heart," cried the queen. "How can I ever thank you enough, charming girl, for having restored my dear son to his natural form?"

And then she tenderly embraced Beauty and the prince, who had meanwhile been greeting the fairy and receiving her congratulations.

"Now," said the fairy to Beauty, "I suppose you would like me to send for all your brothers and sisters to dance at your wedding?"

And so she did, and the marriage was celebrated the very next day with the utmost splendor, and Beauty and the prince lived happily ever after.



THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE TREE

By Hans Christian Andersen

Around the garden ran a hedge of hazels; beyond this hedge lay fields and meadows, wherein were cows and sheep; but in the midst of the garden stood a blooming Rose Tree; and under this Rose Tree lived a Snail, who had a good deal in his shell,—namely, himself.

"Wait till my time comes!" he said: "I shall do something more than produce roses, bear nuts, or give milk, like the Rose Tree, the hazel-bush and the cows!"

"I expect a great deal of you," said the Rose Tree. "But may I ask when it will appear?"

"I take my time," replied the Snail. *"You're* always in such a hurry. You don't rouse people's interest by suspense."

When the next year came, the Snail lay almost in the same spot, in the sunshine under the Rose Tree, which again bore buds that bloomed into roses, until the snow fell and the weather became raw and cold; then the Rose Tree bowed its head and the Snail crept into the ground.

A new year began, and the roses came out, and the Snail came out also.

"Your're an old Rose Tree now!" said the Snail. "You must make haste and come to an end, for you have given the world all that was in you; whether it was of any use is a question that I have had no time to consider; but so much is clear and plain, that you have done nothing to raise yourself, or you would have produced something else. How can you answer for that? In a little time you will be nothing at all but a stick. Do you understand what I say?"

"You alarm me!" replied the Rose Tree. "I never thought of that at all."

"No, you have not taken the trouble to think about anything. Have you ever given an account to yourself, why you bloomed, and how it is that your blooming comes about,—why it is thus, and not otherwise?"

"No," answered the Rose Tree. "I bloomed in gladness, because I could not do anything else. The sun shone and warmed me, and the air refreshed me. I drank the pure dew and the fresh rain, and I lived, I breathed. Out of the earth there arose a power within me; from above there came down a strength; I felt a new ever-increasing happiness, and I was obliged to bloom over and over again; that was my life; I could not do otherwise."

"You have led a very pleasant life," said the Snail.

"Certainly! Everything I have, was given me," said the Rose Tree. "But more still was given you. You are one of those deep, thoughtful characters,—one of those highly gifted spirits, which will cause the world to marvel."

"I've no intention of doing anything of the kind," cried

the Snail. "The world is nothing to me. What have I to do with the world? I have enough of myself and in myself."

"But must we not all, here on earth, give to others the best that we have, and offer what lies in our power? Certainly I have only given roses. But you,—you who have been so richly gifted,—what have you given the world? What do you intend to give?"

"What have I given,—what do I intend to give? I spit at it! It's worth nothing. It's no business of mine. Continue to give your roses, if you like; you can't do anything better. Let the hazel-bush bear nuts, and the cows and ewes give milk; they have their public; but I have mine within myself; I retire within myself, and there I remain; the world is nothing to me."

And so saying, the Snail retired into his house, and closed up the entrance after him.

"That is very sad!" said the Rose Tree. "I cannot creep into myself, even if I wish it,—I must continue to bear roses. They drop their leaves, and are blown away by the wind. But I saw how a rose was laid in the matron's hymn-book, and one of my roses had a place on the bosom of a fair young girl, and another was kissed by the lips of a child in the full joy of life. That did me good: it was a real blessing. That's my remembrance,—my life!"

And the Rose Tree went on blooming in innocence, while the Snail lay and idled away his time in his house,—the world did not concern him!

And years rolled by.

The Snail had become dust in the dust, and the Rose Tree was earth in the earth; the rose of remembrance in the hymn-book was faded, but in the garden bloomed fresh rose trees, and under the trees lay new snails; and these still crept into their houses, and spat at the world, for it did not concern them.

THE WHITE CAT

By Countess D'Aulnoy

18th Century

Once upon a time there was a king who had three sons, who were all so clever and brave that he began to be afraid that they would want to reign over the kingdom before he was dead. Now the King, though he felt that he was growing old, did not at all wish to give up the government of his kingdom while he could still manage it very well; so he sent for them all, and, after speaking to them kindly, he added:

"You will agree with me, my dear children, that my great age makes it impossible for me to look after my affairs of state as carefully as I once did. I begin to fear that this may affect the welfare of my subjects; therefore I wish that one of you should succeed to my crown; but in return for such a gift as this it is only right that you should do something for me. Now, as I think of retiring into the country, it seems to me that a pretty, lively, faithful little dog would be very good company for me; so, without any regard for your ages, I promise that the one who brings me the most beautiful little dog shall succeed me at once."

The three princes were surprised by their father's sudden fancy for a little dog, but as it gave the two younger ones a chance they would not otherwise have had of being king, and as the eldest was too polite to object, they bade farewell to the King, who gave them presents of silver and precious stones, and appointed to meet them at the same hour, in the same place, after a year had passed.

Then they went together to a castle which was about a league from the city, accompanied by all their friends, to whom they gave a banquet, and the three brothers promised to be friends always, to share whatever good

fortune befell them, and not to be parted by envy; and so they set out, agreeing to meet at the same castle at the appointed time, to present themselves before the King together. Each one took a different road, and the two eldest met with many adventures; but it is about the youngest that you are going to hear. He was young, and gay, and handsome, and knew everything that a prince ought to know; and as for his courage, there was simply no end to it.

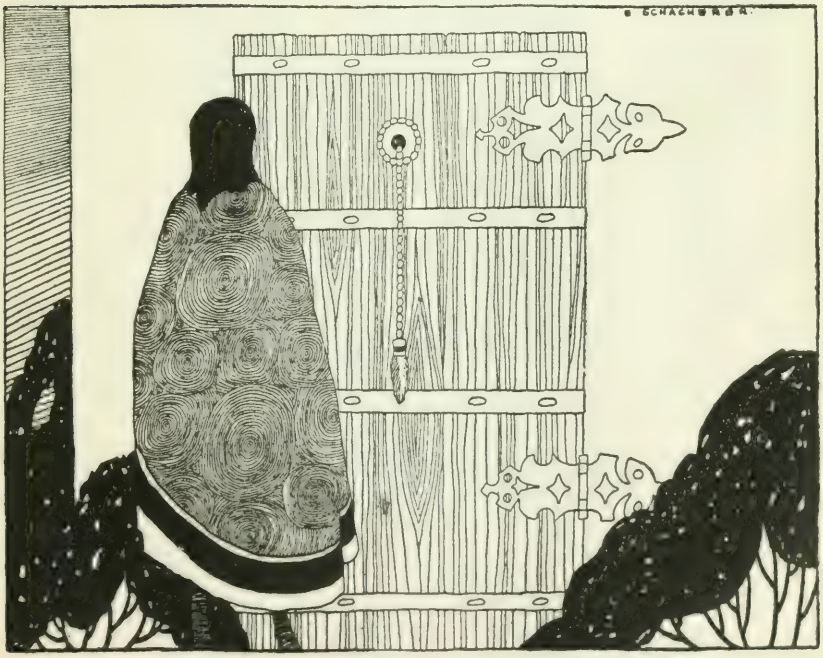
Hardly a day passed without his buying several dogs,—big and little, greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, and lapdogs. As soon as he had bought a pretty one he was sure to see a still prettier, and then he had to get rid of all the others and buy that one, as, being alone, he found it impossible to take so many dogs about with him. He journeyed from day to day, not knowing where he was going, until at last, just at nightfall, he reached a gloomy forest. He did not know his way, and, to make matters worse, it began to thunder, and the rain poured down. He took the first path he could find, and after walking for a long time he fancied he saw a faint light, and began to hope that he was coming to some cottage where he might find shelter for the night. At length, guided by the light, he reached the door of the most splendid castle he could have imagined. This door was of gold covered with carbuncles, and it was the pure red light which shone from them that had shown him the way through the forest. The walls were of the finest porcelain in all the most delicate colors, and the prince saw that all the stories he had ever read were pictured upon them; but as he was terribly wet, and the rain still fell in torrents, he could not stay to look about any more, but came back to the golden door. There he saw a deer's foot hanging by a chain of diamonds, and he began to wonder who could live in this magnificent castle.

"They must feel very secure against robbers," he said to himself. "What is to hinder anyone from cutting off

that chain and digging out those carbuncles, and making himself rich for life?"

He pulled the deer's foot, and immediately a silver bell sounded and the door flew open, but the Prince could see nothing but numbers of hands in the air, each holding a torch. He was so much surprised that he stood quite still, until he felt himself pushed forward by other hands, so that, though he was somewhat uneasy, he could not help going. With his hand on his sword, to be prepared for whatever might happen, he entered, while two lovely voices sang:

"The hands you see floating above,
Will swiftly your bidding obey;
If your heart dreads not conquering Love,
In this place you may fearlessly stay."



The Prince could not believe that any danger threatened him when he was welcomed in this way; so, guided by the mysterious hands, he went towards a door of coral, which opened of its own accord, and he found himself in a vast hall of mother-of-pearl, out of which opened a number of other rooms, glittering with thousands of lights, and full of such beautiful pictures and precious things that the Prince felt quite bewildered. After passing through sixty rooms the hands that conducted him stopped, and the Prince saw a most comfortable-looking arm-chair drawn up close to the chimney corner; and at the same moment the fire lighted itself, and the pretty, soft, clever hands took off the Prince's wet, muddy clothes, and presented him with fresh ones made of the richest stuffs, all embroidered with gold and emeralds. He could not help admiring everything he saw, and the deft way in which the hands waited on him, though they sometimes appeared so suddenly that they made him jump.

When he was quite ready,—and I can assure you that he looked very different from the wet and weary Prince who had stood outside in the rain, and pulled the deer's foot,—the hands led him to a splendid room. The table was laid for supper with two golden plates, and golden spoons and forks, and the sideboard was covered with dishes and glasses of crystal, set with precious stones. The Prince was wondering whom the second place could be for, when suddenly in came about a dozen cats carrying guitars and rolls of music, who took their places at one end of the room, and under the direction of a cat who beat time with a roll of paper, began to mew in every imaginable key, and to draw their claws across the strings of the guitars, making the strangest kind of music that could be heard. The Prince hastily stopped up his ears, but even then the sight of these comical musicians sent him into fits of laughter.

"What funny thing shall I see next?" he said to himself, and the door opened, and in came a tiny figure cov-

ered by a long black veil. It was conducted by two cats, wearing black mantles and carrying swords, and a large party of cats followed.

The Prince was so much astonished that he thought he must be dreaming, but the little figure came up to him and threw back its veil, and he saw that it was the loveliest little white cat it is possible to imagine. She looked very young and very sad, and in a sweet little voice that went straight to his heart, she said to the Prince:

"King's son, you are welcome. The Queen of the Cats is glad to see you."

"Lady Cat," replied the Prince, "I thank you for receiving me so kindly, but surely you are no ordinary pussy-cat? Indeed, the way you speak and the magnificence of your castle prove it plainly."

"King's son," said the White Cat, "I beg you to spare me these compliments, for I am not used to them. But now," she added, "let supper be served, and let the musicians be silent, as the Prince does not understand what they are saying."

So the mysterious hands began to bring in the supper, and first they put on the table two dishes, one containing stewed pigeons and the other a fricassee of fat mice. The sight of the latter made the Prince feel as if he could not enjoy his supper at all; but the White Cat, seeing this, assured him that the dishes intended for him were prepared in a separate kitchen, and he might be quite certain that they contained neither rats or mice; and the Prince felt so sure that she would not deceive him that he had no more hesitation in beginning. Presently he noticed that on the little paw that was next him the White Cat wore a bracelet containing a portrait, and he begged to be allowed to look at it. To his great surprise he found it represented an extremely handsome young man, who was so like himself that it might have been his own portrait! The White Cat sighed as she looked at it, and seemed sadder than ever, and the Prince dared not ask

any questions for fear of displeasing her; so he began to talk about other things, and found that she was interested in all the subjects he cared for himself, and seemed to know quite well what was going on in the world. After supper they went into another room, which was fitted up as a theatre, and the cats acted and danced for their amusement, and then the White Cat said good-night to him, and the hands conducted him into a room he had not seen before, hung with tapestry worked with butterflies' wings of every color; there were mirrors that reached from the ceiling to the floor, and a little white bed with curtains of gauze tied up with ribbons. The Prince went to bed in silence, as he did not quite know how to begin a conversation with the hands that waited on him, and in the morning he was awakened by a noise and confusion outside his window, and the hands came and quickly dressed him in hunting costume. When he looked out, all the cats were assembled in the courtyard, some leading greyhounds, some blowing horns, for the White Cat was going out hunting. The hands led a wooden horse up to the Prince, and seemed to expect him to mount it, at which he was very indignant; but it was no use for him to object, for he speedily found himself upon its back, and it pranced gayly off with him.

The White Cat herself was riding a monkey, which climbed even up to the eagles' nests when she had a fancy for the young eaglets. Never was there a pleasanter hunting party, and when they returned to the castle, the Prince and the White Cat supped together as before; but when they had finished she offered him a crystal goblet, which must have contained a magic draught, for, as soon as he had swallowed its contents, he forget everything, even the little dog that he was seeking for the King, and only thought how happy he was to be with the White Cat! And so the days passed, in every kind of amusement, until the year was nearly gone. The Prince had forgotten all about meeting his brothers; he did not even

know what country he belonged to; but the White Cat knew when he ought to go back, and one day she said to him:

"Do you know that you have only three days left to look for the little dog for your father, and your brothers have found lovely ones?"

Then the Prince suddenly recovered his memory, and cried:

"What can have made me forget such an important thing? My whole fortune depends upon it; and even if I could in such a short time find a dog pretty enough to gain me a kingdom, where should I find a horse who could carry me all the way in three days?" And he began to be much vexed. But the White Cat said to him: "King's son, do not trouble yourself; I am your friend, and I will make everything easy for you. You can still stay here for a day, as the good wooden horse can take you to your country in twelve hours."

"I thank you, beautiful Cat," said the Prince; "but what good will it do me to get back if I have not a dog to take to my father?"

"See here," answered the White Cat, holding up an acorn; "there is a prettier one in this than in the Dog-star."

"Oh, White Cat dear," said the Prince, "how unkind you are to laugh at me now!"

"Only listen," she said, holding the acorn to his ear.

And inside it he distinctly heard a tiny voice say, "Bow-wow!"

The Prince was delighted, for a dog that can be shut up in an acorn must be very small indeed. He wanted to take it out and look at it, but the White Cat said it would be better not to open the acorn till he was before the King, in case the tiny dog should be cold on the journey. He thanked her a thousand times, and said good-bye quite sadly when the time came for him to set out.

"The days have passed so quickly with you," he said, "I only wish I could take you with me now."

But the White Cat shook her head and sighed deeply in answer.

After all, the Prince was the first to arrive at the castle where he had agreed to meet his brothers, but they came soon after, and stared in amazement when they saw the wooden horse in the courtyard, jumping like a hunter.

The Prince met them joyfully, and they began to tell him all their adventures; but he managed to hide from them what he had been doing, and left them to think that a turnspit dog, which he had with him, was the one he was bringing for the King. Fond as they all were of one another, the two eldest could not help being glad to think that their dogs had a better chance. The next morning they started in the same chariot. The elder brothers carried in baskets two such tiny dogs that they hardly dared to touch them. As for the turnspit dog, he ran after the chariot, and got so covered with mud that one could hardly see what he was like at all. When they reached the palace, everyone crowded around to welcome them as they went into the King's great hall; and when the two brothers showed their little dogs, nobody could decide which was the prettier. They were already arranging between themselves to share the kingdom equally when the youngest stepped forward, drawing from his pocket the acorn the White Cat had given him. He opened it quickly, and there upon a white cushion they saw a dog so small that it could easily have been put through a ring. The Prince laid it upon the ground, and it got up at once and began to dance. The King did not know what to say, for it was impossible that anything could be prettier than this little creature. Nevertheless, as he was in no hurry to part with his crown, he told his sons that he would ask them to go once again, and seek by land and sea for a piece of muslin so fine that it could be drawn through the eye of a needle. The brothers

were not very willing to set out again, but the two eldest consented because it gave them another chance, and they started as before. The youngest again mounted the wooden horse and rode back at full speed to his beloved White Cat. Every door of the castle stood wide open, and every window and turret was illuminated; so it looked more wonderful than before. The hands hastened to meet him, and led the wooden horse off to the stable, while he hurried in to find the White Cat. She was asleep in a little basket on a white satin cushion, but she very soon started up when she heard the Prince, and was overjoyed at seeing him once more.

"How could I hope that you would come back to me, King's son," she said.

And then he stroked and petted her, and told her of his successful journey, and how he had come back to ask her help as he believed that it was impossible to find what the King demanded. The White Cat looked serious, and

said she must think what was to be done, but that, luckily there were some cats in the castle would could spin very well, and if anybody could manage it they could, and she would set them the task herself.

And the hands appeared carrying torches, and conducted the Prince and the White Cat to a long gallery which overlooked the river, from the windows of which they saw a magnificent display of fireworks of all sorts; after which they had supper, which the Prince liked even better than the fireworks, for it was very late, and he was hungry after his long ride. And so the days passed quickly as before; it was impossible to feel dull with the White Cat, and she had quite a talent for inventing new amusements,—indeed, she was cleverer than a cat has any right to be. But when the Prince asked her how it was that she was so wise, she only said:

"King's son, do not ask me; guess what you please. I may not tell you anything."

The Prince was so happy that he did not trouble himself at all about the time, but presently the White Cat told him that the year was gone, and that he need not be at all anxious about the piece of muslin, as they had made it very well.

"This time," she added, "I can give you a suitable escort;" and on looking out into the courtyard the Prince saw a chariot of shining gold, drawn by twelve snow-white horses, harnessed four abreast; their trappings were of flame-colored velvet, embroidered with diamonds. A hundred chariots followed, each drawn by eight horses, and filled with officers in splendid uniforms, and a thousand guards surrounded the procession. "Go!" said the White Cat, "and when you appear before the King in such state he surely will not refuse you the crown which you deserve. Take this walnut, but do not open it until you are before him; then you will find in it the piece of stuff you asked me for."

"Lovely Blanchette," said the Prince, "how can I thank

you properly for all your kindness to me. Only tell me that you wish it, and I will give up forever all thought of being king, and will stay with you always."

"King's son," she replied, "it shows the goodness of your heart that you should care so much for a little White Cat, who is good for nothing but to catch mice; but you must not stay."

So the Prince kissed her little paw and set out. You can imagine how fast he traveled when I tell you that they reached the King's palace in just half the time it had taken the wooden horse to get there. This time the Prince was so late that he did not try to meet his brothers at their castle, so they thought he could not be coming, and were rather glad of it, and displayed their pieces of muslin to the King proudly, feeling sure of success. And indeed the stuff was very fine, and would go through the eye of a very large needle; but the King sent for a particular needle, which was kept among the Crown jewels, and had such a small eye that everybody saw at once that it was impossible that the muslin should pass through it. The Princes were angry, and were beginning to complain that it was a trick, when suddenly the trumpets sounded and the youngest Prince came in. His father and brothers were quite astonished at his magnificence, and after he had greeted them he took the walnut from his pocket and opened it, fully expecting to find the piece of muslin, but instead there was only a hazel-nut. He cracked it, and there lay a cherry-stone. Everybody was looking on, and the King was chuckling to himself at the idea of finding the piece of muslin in a nutshell.

However, the Prince cracked the cherry-stone, but everyone laughed when he saw it contained only its own kernel. He opened that and found a grain of wheat, and in that was a millet seed. Then he himself began to wonder, and muttered softly:

"White Cat, White Cat, are you making fun of me?"

In an instant he felt a cat's claw give his hand quite

a sharp scratch, and hoping that it was meant as an encouragement, he opened the millet seed, and drew out of it a piece of muslin four hundred yards long, woven with the loveliest colors and most wonderful patterns; and when the needle was brought it went through the eye six times with the greatest ease! The King turned pale, and the other Princes stood silent and sorrowful, for nobody could deny that this was the most marvelous piece of muslin that was to be found in the world.

Presently the King turned to his sons, and said, with a deep sigh:

"Nothing could console me more in my old age than to realize your willingness to please me! Go, then, once more, and whoever at the end of a year can bring back the loveliest princess shall be married to her, and shall, without further delay, receive the crown, for my successor must certainly be married."

The Prince considered that he had earned the kingdom fairly twice over, but still he was too well bred to argue about it, so he went back to his chariot, and, surrounded by his escort, returned to the White Cat faster than he had come. This time she was expecting him; the path was strewn with flowers, and a thousand braziers were burning scented woods, which perfumed the air. Seated in a gallery from which she could see his arrival, the White Cat waited for him.

"Well, King's son," she said, "here you are once more, without a crown."

"Madam," said he, "thanks to you, I have earned one twice over; but the fact is that my father is so loth to part with it that it would be no pleasure to me to take it."

"Never mind," she answered; "it's just as well to try and deserve it. As you must take back a lovely princess with you next time I will be on the lookout for one for you. In the meantime let us enjoy ourselves; to-night I have ordered a battle between my cats and the river rats on purpose to amuse you."

So this year slipped away even more pleasantly than the preceding ones. Sometimes the Prince could not help asking the White Cat how it was she could talk.

"Perhaps you are a fairy," he said. "Or has some enchanter changed you into a cat?"

But she only gave him answers that told him nothing. Days go by so quickly when one is very happy that it is certain the Prince would never have thought of its being time to go back, when one evening, as they sat together, the White Cat said to him that if he wanted to take a lovely princess home with him the next day, he must be prepared to do as she told him.

"Take this sword," she said, "and cut off my head!"

"I!" cried the Prince, "I cut off your head! Blanchette, darling, how could I do it?"

"I entreat you to do as I tell you, King's son," she replied.

The tears came into the Prince's eyes as he begged her to ask him anything but that,—to set him any task she pleased as a proof of his devotion, but to spare him the grief of killing his dear Pussy. But nothing he could say changed her, and at last he drew his sword, and with a trembling hand, cut off the little white head. But imagine his surprise and delight when suddenly a lovely princess stood before him, and, while he was still speechless, the door opened and a goodly company of knights and ladies entered, each carrying a cat's skin! They hastened with every sign of joy to the Princess, kissing her hand and congratulating her on being once more restored to her natural shape. She received them graciously, but after a few minutes begged that they would leave her alone with the Prince, to whom she said:

"You see, Prince, that you were right in supposing me to be no ordinary cat. My father reigned over six kingdoms. The queen, my mother, whom he loved dearly, had a passion for traveling and exploring, and when I was only a few weeks old she went to visit a certain

mountain of which she had heard many marvelous tales. On the way they had to pass near an old castle belonging to the fairies. Nobody had ever been into it, but it was reported to be full of the most wonderful things, and my mother remembered to have heard that the fairies had in their garden such fruits as were to be seen and tasted nowhere else. She began to wish to try them for herself, and turned her steps in the direction of the garden. On arriving at the door, which blazed with gold and jewels, she ordered the servants to knock loudly, but it was useless; it seemed as if all the inhabitants of the castle must be asleep or dead. Now the more difficult it became to obtain the fruit the more the queen was determined that have it she would. So she ordered that they should bring ladders and get over the wall into the garden; but though the wall did not look very high, and they tied ladders together to make them very long, it was quite impossible to get to the top.

"The Queen was in despair, but as night was coming on she ordered that they should encamp just where they were, and went to bed herself, feeling quite ill, she was so disappointed. In the middle of the night she was suddenly awakened, and saw, to her surprise, a tiny, ugly old woman seated by her bedside, who said to her:

" 'I must say that we consider it troublesome for Your Majesty to insist upon tasting our fruit; but to save you trouble, my sisters and I will consent to give you as much as you can carry away, on one condition,—that is, that you shall give us your little daughter to bring up as our own.'

" 'Ah, my dear madam,' cried the Queen, 'is there nothing else that you will take for the fruit? I will give you my kingdoms willingly.'

" 'No,' replied the old fairy, 'we will have nothing but your little daughter. She shall be as happy as the day is long, and we will give her everything that is worth

having in fairyland, but you must not see her again until she is married.'

"'Though it is a hard condition,' said the Queen, 'I consent, for I shall certainly die if I do not taste the fruit, and so I shall lose my little daughter either way.'

"So the old fairy led her into the castle, and though it was still the middle of the night, the Queen could see plainly that it was far more beautiful than she had been told, which you can easily believe, Prince," said the Princess, "when I tell you that it was this castle that we are now in."

"'Will you gather the fruit yourself, Queen,' said the old fairy, 'or shall I call it to come to you?'

"'I beg you to let me see it when it is called,' cried the Queen; 'that will be something quite new.'

"The old fairy whistled twice, then she cried:

"'Apricots, peaches, nectarines, cherries, plums, pears, melons, grapes, apples, oranges, lemons, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, come!'

"And in an instant they came tumbling in, one after another, and yet they were neither dusty nor spoilt, and the Queen found them quite as good as she had fancied them. You see they grew upon fairy trees.

"The old fairy gave her golden baskets in which to take the fruit away, and it was as much as four hundred mules could carry. Then she reminded the Queen of her agreement, and led her back to the camp, and next morning she went back to her kingdom; but before she had gone very far she began to repent of her bargain, and when the King came out to meet her she looked so sad that he guessed that something had happened, and asked what was the matter. At first the Queen was afraid to tell him, but when, as soon as they reached the palace, five frightful little dwarfs were sent by the fairies to fetch me, she was obliged to confess what she had promised. The King was very angry, and had the Queen and myself shut up in a great tower and safely guarded,

and drove the little dwarfs out of his kingdom; but the fairies sent a great dragon, whose breath burnt up everything as he passed through the country; and at last, after trying in vain to rid himself of the monster, the King, to save his subjects, was obliged to consent that I should be given up to the fairies. This time they came themselves to fetch me. My cradle was placed between the old fairies, who loaded me with caresses, and away we whirled through the air to a tower which they had built on purpose for me. There I grew up, surrounded with everything that was beautiful and rare, and learning everything that is ever taught to a princess, but without any companions but a parrot and a little dog, who could both talk; and receiving every day a visit from one of the old fairies, who came mounted upon the dragon. One day, however, as I sat at my window I saw a handsome young prince, who seemed to have been hunting

in the forest which surrounded my prison, and was standing and looking up at me. When he saw that I observed him he saluted me. You can imagine that I was delighted to have some one new to talk to, and in spite of the height of my window our conversation was prolonged till night fell; then my Prince bade me farewell. But after that he came again many times, and at last I consented to marry him, but the question was how I was to escape from my tower. The fairies supplied me with flax for my spinning, and by great diligence I made enough cord for a ladder that would reach to the foot of the tower; but, alas! just as my Prince was helping me to descend it, the crossest and ugliest of the old fairies flew in. Before he had time to defend himself my unhappy lover was swallowed up by the dragon. As for me, the fairies, furious at having their plans defeated (for they intended me to marry the king of the dwarfs and I utterly refused) changed me into a white cat. When they brought me here, I found all the lords and ladies of my father's court awaiting me under the same enchantment, while the people of lesser rank had been made invisible, all but their hands.

"As they laid me under the enchantment, the fairies told me all my history, for until then I had quite believed that I was their child, and warned me that my only chance of regaining my natural form was to win the love of a prince who resembled in every way my unfortunate lover."

"And you have won it, lovely Princess," interrupted the Prince.

"You are indeed wonderfully like him," resumed the Princess, "in voice, in features, and everything; and if you really love me all my troubles will be at an end."

"And mine, too," cried the Prince, throwing himself at her feet, "if you will consent to marry me."

"I love you already better than anyone in the world,"

she said; "but now it is time to go back to your father, and we shall hear what he says about it."

So the Prince gave her his hand and led her out, and they mounted the chariot together; it was even more splendid than before, and so was the whole company. Even the horses' shoes were of rubies with diamond nails, and I suppose that is the first time such a thing was ever seen.

As the Princess was as kind and clever as she was beautiful, you may imagine what a delightful journey the Prince found it, for everything the Princess said seemed to him quite charming.

When they came near the castle where the brothers were to meet, the Princess got into a chair carried by four of the guards; it was hewn out of one splendid crystal, and had silken curtains, which she drew round her that she might not be seen.

The Prince saw his brothers walking upon the terrace, each with a lovely princess, and they came to meet him, asking if he had also found a wife. He said that he had found something much rarer,—a little white cat! At which they laughed very much, and asked him if he was afraid of being eaten up by mice in the palace. And then they set out together for the town. Each prince and princess rode in a splendid carriage; the horses were decked with plumes of feathers, and glittered with gold. After them came the youngest prince, and last of all the crystal chair, at which everybody looked with admiration and curiosity. When the courtiers saw them coming they hastened to tell the King.

"Are the ladies beautiful?" he asked, anxiously.

And when they answered that nobody had ever seen such lovely princesses, he seemed quite annoyed.

However, he received them graciously, but found it impossible to choose between them.

Then, turning to his youngest son, he said:

"Have you came back alone, after all?"

"Your Majesty," replied the Prince, "will find in that crystal chair a little white cat, which has such soft paws and mews so prettily that I am sure you will be charmed with it."

The King smiled, and went to draw back the curtains himself, but at a touch from the Princess the crystal shivered into a thousand splinters, and there she stood in all her beauty; her fair hair floated over her shoulders and was crowned with flowers, and her softly-falling robe was of the purest white. She saluted the King gracefully, while a murmur of admiration rose from all around.

"Sire," she said, "I am not come to deprive you of the throne you fill so worthily. I have already six kingdoms; permit me to bestow one upon you and upon each of your sons! I ask nothing but your friendship and your consent to my marriage with your youngest son; we shall still have three kingdoms left for ourselves."

The King and all the courtiers could not conceal their joy and astonishment, and the marriage of the three princes was celebrated at once. The festivities lasted several months, and then each king and queen departed to their own kingdom and lived happily ever after.

THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER

By Hans Christian Andersen

There was once a regular student; he lived in a garret, and nothing at all belonged to him, but there was also once a regular huckster; he lived on the ground floor, and the whole house was his; and the Goblin kept with him, for on the huckster's table on Christmas Eve there was always a dish of plum porridge, with a great piece of butter floating in the middle. The huckster could accomplish that, and consequently the Goblin stuck to the huckster's shop, and that was very interesting.

One evening the student came through the back door to buy candles and cheese for himself. He had no one to send, and that's why he came himself. He got what he wanted and paid for it, and the huckster and his wife both nodded a "good evening" to him; and the good woman was one who could do more than merely nod,—she had an immense power of tongue! And the student nodded too, and then suddenly stood still, reading the sheet of paper in which the cheese had been wrapped. It was a leaf torn out of an old book, a book that ought not to have been torn up,—a book that was full of poetry.

"Yonder lies some more of the same sort," said the huckster. "I gave an old woman a little coffee for the books; give me two groschen, and you shall have the remainder."

"Yes," said the student, "give me the book instead of the cheese: I can eat my bread and butter without cheese. It would be a sin to tear the book up entirely. You are a capital man, a practical man, but you understand no more about poetry than does the cask yonder."

Now, that was an insulting speech, especially towards the cask; but the huckster laughed and the student laughed, for it was only said in fun. But the Goblin

was angry that any one should dare to say such things to a huckster, who lived in his own house and sold the best butter.

When it was night, and the shop was closed and all were in bed, the Goblin came forth, went into the bedroom, and took away the good lady's tongue; for she did not want that while she was asleep; and whenever he put this tongue upon any object in the room, the said object acquired speech and language, and could express its thoughts and feelings as well as the lady herself could have done; but only one object could use it at a time, and that was a good thing,—otherwise they would have interrupted each other.

And the Goblin laid the tongue upon the Cask in which which the old newspapers were lying.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you don't know what poetry means?"

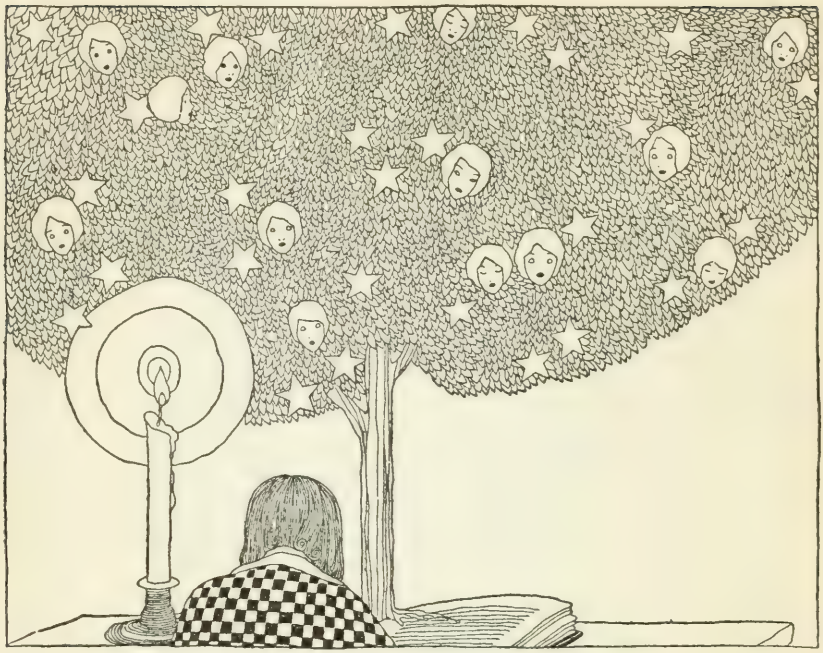
"Of course I know it," replied the Cask: "Poetry is something that always stands at the foot of a column in the newspapers, and is sometimes cut out. I dare swear I have more of it in me than the student, and I'm only a poor tub compared to the huckster!"

Then the Goblin put the tongue upon the coffee-mill, and, mercy! how it began to go. And he put it upon the butter-cask, and on the cash-box,—they were all of the waste-paper Cask's opinion, and the opinion of the majority must be respected.

"Now I shall tell it to the student!"

And with these words the Goblin went quite quietly up the back stairs to the garret, where the student lived. The student had still a candle burning, and the Goblin peeped through the key-hole, and saw that he was reading in the torn book that he had carried up out of the shop downstairs.

But how light it was in his room! Out of the book shot a clear beam, expanding into a thick stem, and into a mighty tree, which grew upward and spread its



branches far over the student. Each leaf was fresh, and every blossom was a beautiful female head, some with dark sparkling eyes, others with wonderfully clear blue orbs; every fruit was a gleaming star, and there was a glorious sound of song in the student's room.

Never had the little Goblin imagined such splendor,—far less had he ever seen or heard anything like it. He stood still on tiptoe, and peeped in till the light went out in the student's garret. Probably the student blew it out, and went to bed; but the little Goblin remained standing there nevertheless, for the music still sounded on, soft and beautiful,—a splendid cradle song for the student, who had lain down to rest.

"This is an incomparable place," said the Goblin; "I never expected such a thing! I should like to remain here with the student."

And then the little man thought it over,—and he was

a sensible little man, too,—but he sighed: "The student has no porridge!" And then he went down again to the huckster's shop; and it was a very good thing that he got down there again at last, for the Cask had almost worn out the good woman's tongue, for it had spoken out of the old newspapers on one side everything that was contained in it, and was just about turning itself over, to give it out from the other side also, when the Goblin came in, and restored the tongue to its owner. But from that time forth the whole shop, from the cash-box down to the firewood, took its tone from the Cask, and paid him such respect, and thought so much of him, that when the huckster afterwards read aloud the critical articles on theatricals and art in the paper, they were persuaded the information came from the Cask itself.

But the Goblin could no longer sit quietly and contentedly listening to all the wisdom down there; so soon as the light glimmered from the garret in the evening, he felt as if the rays were strong cables drawing him up, and he was obliged to go and peep through the key-hole; and there a feeling of greatness rolled around him, such as we feel beside the ever-heaving sea when the storm rushes over it, and he burst into tears! He did not know himself why he was weeping, but a peculiar feeling of pleasure mingled with his tears. How wonderfully glorious it must be to sit with the student under the same tree! But that might not be,—he was obliged to be content with the view through the key-hole, and to be glad of that. There he stood on the cold landing-place, with the autumn wind blowing down from the loft-hole: it was cold, very cold; but the little mannikin only felt that when the light in the room was extinguished and the tones in the tree died away. Ha! then he shivered, and crept down again to his warm corner, where it was homely and comfortable.

And when Christmas came, and brought with it the

porridge and the great lump of butter, why, then he thought the huckster the better man.

But in the middle of the night, the Goblin was awakened by a terrible tumult and knocking against the window shutters. People rapped noisily without, and the watchman blew his horn, for a great fire had broken out,—the whole street was full of smoke and flame. Was it in the house itself or at a neighbour's? Where was it? Terror seized on all. The huckster's wife was so bewildered that she took her gold earrings out of her ears and put them in her pocket, that at any rate she might have something; the huckster ran up for his share-papers, and the maid for her black silk mantilla, for she had found means to purchase one. Each wanted to save the best thing they possessed; the Goblin wanted to do the same thing, and in a few leaps he was up the stairs and into the room of the student, who stood quite quietly at the open window, looking at the conflagration that was raging in the house of the neighbour opposite. The Goblin seized upon the wonderful book which lay upon the table, popped it into his red cap, and held the cap tight with both hands. The great treasure of the house was saved; and now he ran up and away, quite on to the roof of the house, on to the chimney. There he sat, illuminated by the flames of the burning house opposite, both hands pressed tightly over his cap, in which the treasure lay; and now he knew the real feelings of his heart, and knew to whom it really belonged. But when the fire was extinguished, and the Goblin could think calmly again, why, then:

"I must divide myself between the two," he said; "I can't quite give up the huckster, because of the porridge!"

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A Chinese Legend Adapted by

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IN China, a long time ago, the emperor's palace, built of porcelain, was the finest in the whole world, with a wonderful garden, ending in a forest that sloped down to the deep blue sea. So when the fishermen passed in their boats, they could hear the nightingale singing in the woods. Then they would stop their boats and listen as long as they could. "Oh dear, how beautiful," they said, and then they were forced to go to work again and forget the bird.

Travellers flocked from all parts of the earth to the emperor's capital, and admired it, as well as the palace and the garden. Yet when they came to hear the nightingale, they all declared: "This is better still."

And the travellers, on their return home, related what they had seen, and learned men wrote many volumes upon the town, the palace, and the garden. Nor did they forget the nightingale, which was reckoned the most remarkable of all; and those who could write poetry penned the most beautiful verses about the nightingale in the forest near the lake.

The books circulated through the world, and some of them fell into the emperor's hands. He sat on his golden throne, and kept reading and reading, and nodding his head every moment, for he was delighted with the beautiful descriptions of the town, the palace, and the garden. "But the nightingale is the most lovely of all!" said the book.

"What is that?" said the emperor. "I don't know of any nightingale! Can there be such a bird in my empire, and in my very garden, without my having ever heard of it? Must one learn such things from books?"

He then called his lord-in-waiting, who was so grand a personage, that if any one of inferior rank to himself dared to speak to him, or ask him a question, he only answered "Pf!" which meant nothing at all.

"This must be a very remarkable bird that is called a nightingale," said the emperor. "They say it is the finest thing in my large kingdom. Why was I never told anything about it?"

"I never heard of her before!" said the lord-in-waiting. "She has never been presented at court."

"I choose that she should come and sing before me this very evening," said the emperor. "The whole world knows what I possess, while I myself do not!"

"I never heard her mentioned before," repeated the lord-in-waiting; "but I will seek for her and find her."

But where was she to be found? The lord-in-waiting ran up and down all the stairs in the palace, looked through all the rooms and passages, but none of those whom he met had ever heard of the nightingale. So the lord-in-waiting returned to the emperor, and said that it must be a mere fiction invented by those who wrote the books. "Your imperial majesty is not to believe all that is written," said he; "these are mere poetical fancies, and what is called the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the emperor, "was sent to me by the high-potent Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot contain a falsehood. I will hear the nightingale! She must come hither this evening. She enjoys my gracious favor. And if she does not come, the whole court shall have their bodies trampled upon the moment supper is over."

"Tsing-pe!" said the lord-in-waiting, and he again ran up and down all the stairs, and looked through all the rooms and passages, and half of the courtiers accompanied him in his search, for they did not relish the thought of being trampled upon. And there was a mighty inquiry after the wonderful nightingale, which all the world knew of, except those who resided at court.

At last they found a little girl in the kitchen, who said: "Oh dear! I know the nightingale well enough, and

beautifully she sings! I have leave to take home to my poor sick mother the remains of the dinner-table; and she lives down by the shore, and when I come back and am tired, and sit down to rest in the forest, then I hear the nightingale sing. And the tears come into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me."

"Little cook," said the lord-in-waiting, "I will obtain for you a lasting situation in the kitchen, and the permission to see the emperor dine, if you will show us the way to the nightingale, for she is bespoken for this evening."

And so they all went out into the forest, where the nightingale used to sing. Half the court was there. As they walked along, a cow began lowing.

"Oh," cried some of the young lords of the court, "now we've found her! What wonderful strength for so small an animal! I have certainly heard this before!"

"Nay, those are cows a-bellowing," said the little cook. "We are at a good distance yet from the spot."

The frogs now began to croak in a neighboring marsh.

"Magnificent!" said the Chinese court-preacher; "now I hear her—it sounds like little church-bells."

"Nay, those are frogs," said the little cook; "but I think that we shall soon hear her now."

The nightingale then began to sing.

"There she is," said the little girl. "Hark! hark! and there she sits," added she, pointing to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" said the lord-in-waiting. "I should never have fancied her like that! How simple she looks! She has certainly lost her color at seeing so many persons of rank around her."

"Little nightingale," cried the little cook aloud, "our most gracious emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" said the nightingale, and sang so exquisitely, that it was a delight to hear her.

"It sounds like glass bells," said the lord-in-waiting; "and look how her little throat is working! It is surprising that we never heard her before! She will have great success at court."

"Shall I sing once more before the emperor?" asked the nightingale, who thought the emperor was there.

"My sweet little nightingale," said the lord-in-waiting, "I have the pleasure to invite you to a court assembly for this evening, at which you will enchant his Imperial Highness with your delightful singing."

"It is best when heard in the greenwood," said the nightingale; still she went willingly, on hearing that the emperor wished it.

The preparations in the palace were magnificent. The walls and the floor, both of porcelain, were shining in the light of several thousand golden lamps; the rarest flowers, such as had a right to ring their bells, were placed in the passages. What with the running to and fro, and the draught, there was such a jingling of bells that one could scarcely hear one's self speak.

In the middle of the state room, where the emperor sat, there was a golden perch for the nightingale. The whole court was present, and the little cook had leave to stand behind the door, as she had now obtained the title of a real court cook. All present were dressed in their best, and all eyes were turned towards the little grey bird, to whom the emperor now made a sign by nodding his head.

And the nightingale sang so exquisitely, that tears came into the emperor's eyes. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and then the nightingale sang in still more touching strains, that went to one's very heart. And the emperor was so enchanted, that he declared the nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round her neck. But the nightingale declined the honor with thanks; she was sufficiently rewarded already. "I have seen tears in the emperor's eyes, and these are like the richest treasure to me. An emperor's tears possess a peculiar virtue! God knows that I am sufficiently rewarded." And thereupon she sang again in her sweet, melodious voice.

"This is the prettiest piece of coquetry that I know of," said the ladies present; and they put water into their mouths, to make a kind of liquid, clucking sound when anybody spoke to them. They then fancied themselves

nightingales. Even the footmen and the chambermaids gave out that they were satisfied with the performance: and that is saying a great deal, for they are the most fastidious to please. In short, the nightingale's success was complete.

She was now invited to take up her abode at court, where she was to have her own cage, besides the liberty of going out twice a day, and once in the night, on which occasions she was attended by twelve servants, each of whom had fastened a ribbon round her leg to hold her fast. There was no pleasure to be had in flying after such a fashion as that.

The whole talk of the town ran on no other subject than the wonderful bird. Eleven old-clothes-men's children were christened after her, but not one of them had a note in their throat.

One day the emperor received a large parcel, on which was written: "The Nightingale."

"Here is no doubt a new book about our celebrated bird," said the emperor. But instead of a book, it was a piece of mechanism that lay in a box—an artificial nightingale made to imitate the living one, only set all over with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. As soon as the artificial bird was wound up, it could sing one of the pieces that the real one sang; and then it wagged its tail up and down, all sparkling with silver and gold. Round its neck was slung a little ribbon, on which was written: "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is poor indeed compared to that belonging to the Emperor of China."

"This is splendid," said all present, while he who had brought the bird was immediately invested with the title of Imperial Chief Nightingale-bringer.

"Now they must sing together," said the courtiers, "and what a duet that will be!"

And they were accordingly set to sing together. But it did not do, for the real nightingale sang after her fashion, and the artificial bird according to the barrel. "It is not the fault of the latter," observed the musical conductor, "for the bird is a good timeist, quite after my school." So the artificial bird was made to sing alone.

It obtained just as much success as the real bird, and then it was thought so much prettier to look at, for it sparkled like bracelets and breast-pins.

Three-and-thirty times did it sing the same piece without being tired. The company would willingly have heard it anew, but the emperor said that it was time the living nightingale should take her turn. But where was she? Nobody had remarked that she had flown out at the open window and back to her green woods.

"How comes this?" said the emperor. And all the courtiers blamed her, and set down the nightingale for a most ungrateful animal.

"But we have the best bird left," said they; and accordingly the artificial bird was made to sing again, and they heard the same tune for the four-and-thirtieth time. Only they had not yet learned it by heart completely, for it was difficult to catch. And the conductor praised the bird to the skies, and even maintained that it was superior to a real nightingale, not only as regards outward appearance and the profusion of diamonds, but in point of intrinsic merit.

"For you perceive, my gracious lord and emperor of us all," said he, "with a real nightingale you can never depend on what is coming; but with an artificial bird all is laid out beforehand. One can analyze it, one can open it, and show the human skill that contrived its mechanism, and how the barrels lie, how they work, and how one thing proceeds from another."

"Those are quite my own thoughts," said all present; and the musical conductor was allowed to exhibit the bird to the people on the following Sunday. And the emperor commanded that the people should likewise hear it sing. They accordingly heard it, and were as delighted as though they had got drunk with tea, for it was so thoroughly Chinese. And they all cried out, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers, and nodded their heads. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real nightingale, said: "It sounds prettily enough, and the melodies are all alike; but there's a something wanting, though I can't tell what it is."

The real nightingale was banished from the land.

The artificial bird was placed on a silk cushion beside the emperor's bed. All the presents of gold and precious stones which had been showered upon it lay around, and the bird had risen to the title of Imperial Toilet-singer, and to the rank of number one on the left side. For the emperor reckoned the left side the noblest, as being the seat of the heart; for an emperor's heart is on the left, just as other people's are. And the conductor of the music wrote a work in twenty-five volumes about the artificial bird, which was so learned, and so long, and so full of the hardest Chinese words, that everybody said they had read it and understood it, for fear of being thought stupid, or being trampled to death.

A whole year passed by. The emperor and his court, and all other Chinese, now knew by heart every little flourish in the artificial bird's song. But that was the very reason why it pleased them better than ever, because they could now sing with the bird—which they accordingly did. The boys in the street would go about singing "Zi-zi-zi—cluck-cluck—cooo-oo"; and the emperor sang it likewise. It was really quite delightful!

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the emperor lay in bed listening, something inside the bird seemed to say "crick!" Then a spring flew—whirr-r-r-r! All the wheels ran round, and suddenly the music came to a standstill.

The emperor jumped out of bed and called for his physician. But of what use could he be? They next fetched a watchmaker, and after a deal of talking and examination, he managed to set the bird in order to a certain degree; but he said it must be used sparingly, for the uvula was worn away, and it was impossible to put in a new one so as to be sure not to injure the music. Here was a cause for deep mourning! The artificial bird was now only to be heard once a year, and that was almost too often for its safety. But the conductor of the music made a speech, consisting of very hard words, in order to prove that it was just as good as ever; and so, of course, it was considered.

Five years had now flown past, when a real affliction threatened the land. The Chinese all loved their emperor, and he now lay so ill that it was said he could not recover. A new emperor was already chosen; and the people who stood outside in the street asked the lord-in-waiting how it fared with their old emperor? "Pf!" said he, shaking his head.

The emperor lay pale and cold in his fine large bed. The whole court thought he was dead, and everybody had run away from him to pay their respects to the new emperor. The valets had run away to prate about the event, and the chambermaids had a large company to tea. Cloth coverings had been laid down in all the rooms and passages, that nobody's step might be heard, and therefore all was silent as the grave. But the emperor was not yet dead, though he lay stiff and pale in his magnificent bed, with its long velvet curtains and heavy gold tassels. High above was an open window, through which the moon shone down upon the emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor emperor could scarcely breathe; he felt as if a weight were lying on his chest, and on opening his eyes he saw that it was Death who was sitting on his breast, and had put on his gold crown, and was holding the imperial sword in one hand and his beautiful banner in the other. Strange heads were peeping out on all sides through the velvet bed-curtains, some of which were quite ugly, while others were mild and lovely. These were the emperor's good and bad actions, which looked him in the face now that Death was at his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one after another. "Do you remember that?" And they told him so many things that the perspiration stood on his brow.

"I never knew it," said the emperor. "Music! music! —the large Chinese drum!" cried he, "to drown what they say!"

But they went on, and Death nodded to all they said, like a true Chinese.

"Music! music!" vociferated the emperor. "You little charming golden bird, sing away!—sing, can't you?

I have given you gold and precious stones, and I have even hung my golden slipper round your neck. Sing, I tell you, sing!"

But the bird remained silent. There was nobody there to wind it up, and without that it could not sing a note. And Death went on staring at the emperor with his hollow sockets, and a frightful stillness reigned around.

Suddenly a gust of melody sounded through the window. It proceeded from the little living nightingale who sat on a bough. She had heard of her emperor's danger, and had hastened hither to sing hope and comfort to his soul. And as she sang, the phantoms grew fainter and fainter, while the blood began to circulate faster and faster through the emperor's weak limbs, and even Death listened, and said, "Go on, little nightingale, go on."

"But will you give me that costly golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the emperor's crown?"

And Death gave each of the baubles for a song, and the nightingale continued singing. She sang of the quiet churchyard, where the white roses blossom, where the elder sheds its perfumes, and where the cool grass is moistened by the tears of the survivors. Then Death longed to go to his garden, and he floated out through the window, like a cold, white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the emperor, "you heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my dominions, and yet have you sung away those evil faces from my bedside, and expelled Death from my heart. How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me," said the nightingale. "I beguiled tears from your eyes the first time I sang—I shall never forget that! Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow strong and healthy. I will sing to you."

And she sang, and the emperor fell into a sweet sleep. And most mild and beneficent was that slumber, and most wonderful were its results.

The sun was shining through the window when he awoke, refreshed and restored to health. None of his

servants had returned, for they thought he was dead; but the nightingale still sat and sang.

"You must always remain with me," said the emperor. "You shall only sing when you choose, and I will break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Do not do that," said the nightingale; "the bird did good as long as it could. Keep it as before. I cannot build my nest and live in the palace, but let me come when I have a mind, and I will sit on the bough near the window of an evening and sing to you, that you may be at once glad and thoughtful. I will sing of the happy. and of those who suffer. I will tell of the bad and the good that is concealed from you by those about your person. For the little songster flies far around to the poor fishermen, and to the peasants' humble roof, and to all who live at so great a distance from yourself and your court. I love your heart better than your crown, and yet the crown has a perfume of sacredness about it too. I will come and sing to you, but you must promise me one thing."

"All I possess!" said the emperor, as he stood in his imperial robes, which he had himself put on, and pressed his sword of weighty gold to his heart.

"One thing only I require of you: that is, to let no one know you have a little bird who tells you everything, and all will be for the best." And away the nightingale flew.

The servants came in to look after their late emperor. . . . When there, they stood in amazement on hearing the emperor say "Good morning!"

Bobby climbed up on the chair

THE WILLOW PLATE.

IT was an old, blue-and-white plate that stood on the mantel, where the children could see it every night as they were eating their suppers by the fire. Over their bread and milk they used to wonder about it, and once, when nobody was looking, Bobby climbed up on the chair to see what the pictures were like.

And very wonderful he found it. For there was a house, and a bridge and a weeping willow tree, and a pair of birds flying lovingly away at one edge, all a soft blue. What it all meant, Bobby could not quite make out. He determined to ask about it, if he could only remember it long enough.

His mother was ready to tell him all she knew. The plate was one that her great-uncle had brought with him from Canton, after a voyage in which he had been gone from home for more than a year. It was very valuable, she said, but she did not know what it all meant.

But one day Bobby heard the story. He was eating his supper one night when an old friend of his mother's dropped in to see the children. She found them staring at the plate, and, without wasting a moment in useless questions, began on the story. It went something like this:

Once, many hundreds of years ago, there lived in China a pair of young people who loved each other very dearly. He was the son of a poor scholar, and she was the daughter of a wealthy mandarin, so they had no right to care for each other; and indeed, by the custom of their country he should never have seen her at all, for she was supposed to live shut up in the garden of her father's house until the time for her to be taken to be married. But once, peeping through the crack in the wall in a distant corner, she caught sight of him, and so charmed was she by his face that she ventured to call to him. When he saw her, he was very much startled, but he came to her eagerly.

After that they used to talk together often by the garden-wall, and soon they had confessed their love for each other. They told nobody of this, for they knew that if they did their parents would be very angry, and they dared not risk that. So they waited, hoping that in time they might find some way to marry.

But one day there came a dreadful piece of news to the poor little girl. Her mother came into her room one day, and told her that on the first day of the next month the bridegroom who had been chosen for her would come to claim her. He was a very fine man, the mother said, and he had made a handsome offer for her. His presents to the bride had already been sent, and would reach her in a very short time.

You can guess how sad the little girl felt. She did not wish to be married to a man whom she had never seen, and she cried herself to sleep that night. The next day she went to the meeting place to wait for her lover and tell him what had happened.

Together they planned and planned, but each suggestion was more impossible than the last. Finally the young man said:

"There is only one way. We must run from home as soon as we can, and live in some far distant land." After much discussion they came to the conclusion that they would go on the following night, and that they would make their way across the bridge that led the way out of the garden.

The next day the little girl tried her best to be very obedient and well-behaved. She sewed most industriously, was polite and obliging, and altogether made her mother very happy. When nobody was looking, she gathered all her jewels into a little bundle, and hid it in her dress. When it grew dusk, she put on a dark robe, and slipped out to meet her lover.

But someone must have overheard their plan, for her father came into his wife's rooms soon after she had left, and asked where the girl was and what she was doing. Then he bade his wife send for her. You can guess how angry he was when she could not be found.

Then he turned to his wife, and told her all that he had heard, and together they set out to find out what had become of their daughter. The first place they thought of was the garden. They rushed out, searched all the corners—but nobody was there. They looked about on all sides, but they could see nobody. Then they thought of the bridge. And lo! on the farther end of it they saw the girl and her lover running away as fast as they could go.

With a shout of anger the father was after them. He was a powerful man, and he came nearer and nearer. There was no hope for them. Then the lovers began to pray, as hard as they could, hoping that some one of the gods would hear and befriend them. They had crossed the bridge, and the old man after them.

"Do not let us be separated!" cried the little girl.

And the gods heard her prayer. For suddenly she and the young man felt themselves growing smaller and smaller, and lighter and lighter, until they were changed into birds, and floated in the sky safe from danger. They looked down, and there, his arms stretched out toward them, they saw the girl's father. But he could not move, for he was being slowly changed, changed, until he too was no longer human. He had become a willow-tree, to grow beside the river forever afterward.

FAIRY GIFTS

By Claude Philip de Tubieres, Count Caylus

(1692-1765)

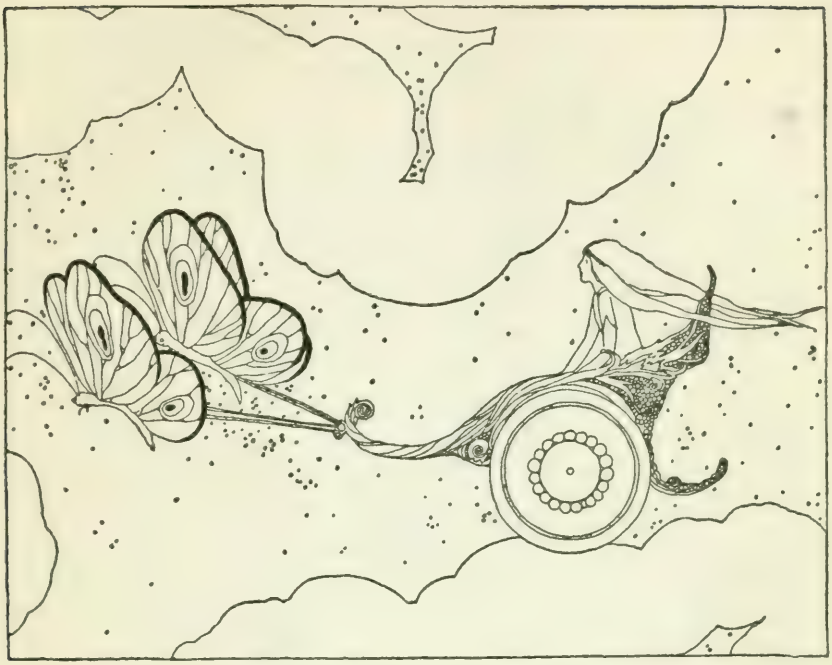
The Flower Fairy lived in a lovely palace, with the most charming garden you can think of, full of flowers, trees, fish-ponds and fountains. The fairy herself was so kind and pleasant that everyone loved her. All the young princes and princesses, who lived in her palace, were as happy as the day was long. They came to her when they were quite small and never left her until they were grown-up and had to go out into the great world. When that time came, she gave each one of them whatevery gift they asked of her.

It is of the Princess Sylvia we are now going to hear, for the Flower Fairy loved her best of all for her gentleness. When she had almost reached the age at which she must leave the palace, the Flower Fairy had a great wish to hear from the other princesses, who had grown up and left her. So one day she had her chariot, drawn by butterflies, made ready, and then she said to Sylvia: "I am going to send you to visit the Princess Iris, who will be glad to see you for my sake, as well as for your own. In two months, you must come back to me and tell me all you have learned during your visit."

Sylvia did not like to go away, but she obeyed and visited the Princess Iris for two months, after which she returned in the butterfly chariot to the Flower Fairy. They were delighted to see each other, and the Flower Fairy said: "Now, child, tell me what you have learned."

"You sent me to the court of the Princess Iris to whom you had given the fairy gift of beauty," said Sylvia. "She never tells anyone it is your gift, though she often speaks of your kindness.

"Her beauty is so dazzling that it takes away from her



the use of all her other gifts and graces. She seemed to think it was enough to let people look at her, but while I was there, she fell ill, and when she got over her sickness, her beauty was gone, and she hated the very sight of herself. She begs you through me to give her beauty back again, and she does need it very much, because all that seemed charming when she was very beautiful, does not please anyone at all, now she is ugly; and she has forgotten how to use the charms of her mind. This she knows herself, and it makes her very unhappy."

"You have told me what I wish to know," said the fairy, "but alas! I cannot help her, for my gifts can be given but once."

After she had spent some time in the delights of the palace, Sylvia was sent to visit the Princess Daphne, whose kingdom she found so strange, that she sent a message by a wandering butterfly asking that she might be

allowed to return soon. The Flower Fairy asked her on her return, what was the matter. She had given the Princess Daphne the gift of eloquence to charm all who could listen to her.

"It is true that she speaks well indeed," said Sylvia, "but she loves her own speech above everything. While all may be pleased when she begins, they are worn out before she can cease. I cannot tell you how glad I was to come away."

The Flower Fairy smiled and sent Sylvia next to the court of the Princess Cynthia, who had the gift of charming manners and of pleasing as much as the most amiable person in the world can please others. On her return, Sylvia said she was so charmed with the Princess Cynthia at first that she had almost decided to ask a gift of the same kind for herself. But she had learned better. The Princess Cynthia charmed with her lips and her manners without putting her heart into it, so that even her lovers learned at last to leave her in hopes of finding truer charms.

"I am pleased with you, child," said the Flower Fairy; "enjoy yourself here for awhile and then you shall visit Phillida."

Now the Flower Fairy had given Phillida the gift of flashing and brilliant wit. When Sylvia returned, she said that the Princess Phillida was the wittiest person in the world. "She charmed me with her flashes," she said, "but soon I found that we cannot bear too much wit, especially as those who make the most brilliant jests, must often say what is disagreeable to some to amuse others. And they may make a jest of things we may hold to be serious and sacred."

With all this, the Flower Fairy agreed in her heart. And now, when the time had come for Sylvia herself to receive her own gift before going out into the great world, all were assembled with the Flower Fairy in their midst to hear what she would ask. Sylvia paused for a moment

and then said: "Give me a quiet spirit!" And the Flower Fairy had great joy in granting the request.

In the Great World, Sylvia's gift spread happiness around her. All who knew her loved her so that if some grief seemed to make her sad for a time, they said: "Sylvia's dear face seems pale. It grieves us to see her so." And when her paleness passed, and she smiled, it was to others like the rays of sunlight breaking through a cloud. So she grew always happier in the gladness that grew greater around her.

THE LAND WHERE THE FAIRIES NEVER CAME.

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, in a distant part of the world, there was born a little boy in the house of a rich merchant. His parents had waited a long time for him, and they were so delighted to have a son that they called together all their friends and kinsmen to celebrate the baby's birth with a noble banquet. Not a person of their acquaintance was omitted from the list, and when the day appointed came, everything was ready for the greatest feast the country had ever seen.

You could never guess the names of all the wonderful things that were provided to amuse and entertain the guests; but the crown of it all came when the baby's mother appeared, dressed in glorious silks and wearing all her jewels, holding in her arms her tiny son. There was not much of the baby to be seen, I confess—only a little red face and a small fist that waved about uneasily, as though the noise and lights were a great disturbance; but that made no difference to the guests, who began saying all the polite things they had thought of during the feast.

Presently, when the first buzz of congratulation was over, a dashing young uncle of the child mounted a platform and called for silence. His voice was clear and ringing as he begged the guests to propose names for the baby, which should suggest his future power. When he had finished speaking, the buzz broke out again, as people consulted with each other about the names which ought to be given. While they were thinking, the uncle and his assistants went about, deftly assigning places to them all, until they stood about in orderly procession, ready to file past the mother and child when the time to begin came.

At last all was in order, and the young uncle took his place with the nearest relatives, whose turn came first. I cannot begin to tell you all the pleasant names they gave to the child; one called him the Leader of His People,

another the Laughing Ruler, a third the Strong-Heart, and so on.

Way down at the end of the line stood an old woman, who smiled in amusement as each new title was announced. She watched each person, and after each name she murmured, so loud that all those around her could hear distinctly, "You haven't hit it." In fact, even the people who had just turned away from the mother and child heard, and it made them extremely angry. A number of them went to the young uncle and begged him to stop her if he could. But he was a just man, and he answered firmly that she was entitled to say what she thought, like all the rest.

By the time it came her turn, so many people knew of her comments that nearly everybody in the room craned his neck to hear what she would say to the baby. She marched up to the child, walking rather stiffly, for she was quite old, and making a really dreadful noise with her boots, which were very thick and heavy. The baby stirred as she approached, and for the first time since he had been brought in, opened his eyes and stared at her.

"You shall be the man to bring to your country something it never had and never missed," she declared in a loud voice. Then she stumped away, and before the astonished company could make out what she meant by it all, she was out of the door, and away from the house.

Soon after this the party broke up, and each one went to his own home. The parents of the baby, the young uncle, and a pretty cousin of the child were the only ones left. You can imagine what a time they had trying to decide which of all the titles was the best for the baby. You must know that in their country, it was the custom for the parents to choose one of the titles suggested, and then try to bring up their child to be what they had chosen for him.

Somehow, there were objections to nearly all the names. Either the baby's mother thought they were too insignificant, or the father insisted that his son was capable of something much better than that, or the uncle complained that he knew far too many young men who had tried to

do the same thing, unsuccessfully; or the pretty cousin declared that it was much too dear a baby to be saddled with a stupid name like that, and the result was that three weeks after the banquet they were no nearer to a decision than at the beginning. The only name that everybody remembered and really talked about was the queer one that the old woman had suggested, and they could not imagine what she meant by it.

Meanwhile the baby grew, of course, and he had been wearing short dresses for several months before they decided that it was really time to settle the matter once for all. His father, indeed, got decidedly angry about it, and one day told them that since they hadn't been able to agree about any name, they might as well take the only one that had made any impression on their minds. The baby would be the one to bring his country something it never had, and never missed, whatever that was. And since the name was much too long to call him by, they settled upon Roy for short.

Roy, however, troubled himself not at all about it. He grew strong and rosy, and romped and played and slept like any other boy. There was only one strange thing about him. When he thought nobody was looking at him, his eyes used to take on a far-away expression, as though he were trying to see something that was not visible to any one else. Nobody thought much about this except the young uncle, now not so young himself and hoping to name his own son soon; and he wondered to himself whether the name had anything to do with it. But he was a busy man and he soon forgot.

When Roy was about fifteen years old, something happened which changed the entire course of things. The country, which had been prosperous and comfortable in a stupid sort of way, suddenly seemed to lose all its comfort. People were content to have things ugly, where they might just as well have been beautiful; they rather preferred to live in clumsy, inconvenient houses instead of pleasant ones; and they chose clothes which made them look more like sticks than anything else. Once in a while somebody would wonder why it was that nothing was

beautiful any longer, but generally they cared very little.

But it troubled Roy a great deal, for his mother was one of the few who could remember when the world they lived in was a very lovely place, and she had told him so much about it that he was able to see it himself as it ought to be. One day, when things seemed worse than usual, he went out to try to find somebody to tell him what he could do to make it better.

Without thinking specially where he was going, he turned to the right down a long lane, crossed a little bridge, and found himself in a meadow, following a path which looked as if it had been worn by a pair of very heavy boots. On the farther edge of it he saw a little house. As he came nearer, an old woman poked her head out of a window, nodded three times, and then turned away. A moment later she was standing in her doorway waiting for him to come up.

"What are you looking for, young man?" she asked him, a twinkle of amusement in her eyes as she spoke.

"I don't know," he confessed. "I just came away because things were so dreadfully homely and stupid where I live. I wanted to see something different."

"Do you know what you want, young man?" she asked again. "You ought to. You'll have a hard time finding it if you don't."

Roy hung his head. He thought she was making fun of him. Then, as he looked here and there desperately, feeling most uncomfortable, he noticed the pair of boots that she wore. They were very thick and heavy, and they squeaked violently every time she moved. Now of course he had heard about the old woman who had given him his name, and he remembered that his uncle had mentioned her boots particularly.

"I declare—" he began.

"Quite right," she replied. "I am. And what is more, I know what you are trying to find, if you don't. What you want is fairies."

As she spoke, he realized that it was true. He had never heard of fairies as you have, and had never been told of all the things they do in the world, for his mother,

although she was a very wise woman, did not know anything about them. The old woman went on talking.

"The reason your country is such a tiresome one is that there are no fairies there. There never have been any, and the people don't miss them, because they don't know about them. You must go and find them and bring them home with you, or at least tell the people about them, if you want to make it any more beautiful."

"Where can I find them?" asked Roy.

"Just over the border," answered the old woman. "Follow the path and you will soon get there. Good luck to you. Good-bye." She disappeared into the cottage, and Roy started in the direction she pointed out.

How long he traveled he never quite knew, but all at once he was aware that the world looked quite strange around him. There were more flowers along the roadside and wild animals that scurried through the ferns when he came by, or turned to look at him with curious eyes as he passed. One flower particularly attracted him. It was something like a pansy, but far different from those that he had seen at home. He bent closer to look at it, and sure enough, right in the middle of it he saw a roguish, mischievous face.

"Startled you, didn't I?" said a tiny voice, and the flower began to laugh.

"What are you?" Roy asked, though he guessed what the answer would be.

"A fairy, of course," the flower mocked him. "What are you, and how does it happen you don't know a fairy when you see one?"

"There aren't any fairies where I live," said Roy, "and it is such a stupid sort of place. I thought maybe I might find some of you and bring you back with me."

"You can't do it like that," answered the pansy. "We don't go there because the king won't let us. You'd have to talk with him about it."

"Where can I find him?" Roy asked eagerly.

The fairy looked at him curiously, but he was so evidently in earnest that she decided to explain.

"You're in luck," she said. "The king is making a

In a wee gilded chariot the king appeared

special journey through his dominions, and is due here in half an hour. You stand over by that maple tree, and speak to him politely when he comes by, and see what he has to say about it."

Roy obeyed. He did not find it tedious waiting, for there were all sorts of little fairies running here and there, getting ready for the king. He watched them curiously. Presently a trumpet announced that the king had come. Roy dropped on one knee as all the fairies did, and waited.

In a wee gilded chariot the king appeared, drawn by four sleek mice and attended by a crowd of fairies. When he saw Roy he stopped short. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Roy explained as well as he could. The king listened kindly, and then meditated. "The fairies never went there for good reason," he said after a pause. "The climate doesn't agree with them. Too practical. People aren't interested in beautiful things. It would kill the fairies if I sent them back there."

"What can I do?" asked Roy. "I was told that only the fairies could make it beautiful again."

"That is not quite true," the king replied. "You can change the climate, if you want to do so."

"How?"

"You can make songs and stories about the fairies, and teach them to so many children that by and by the fairies can live there again," the king explained. "There are two of us, seasoned old travelers, who could go, so long as they stayed with you only. They would help you." At a nod one of his courtiers vanished to fetch them.

Presently two elderly fairies appeared. They were very plainly and serviceably dressed, and looked like people who had seen a great deal of the world. The king consulted with them gravely. Then he turned to Roy.

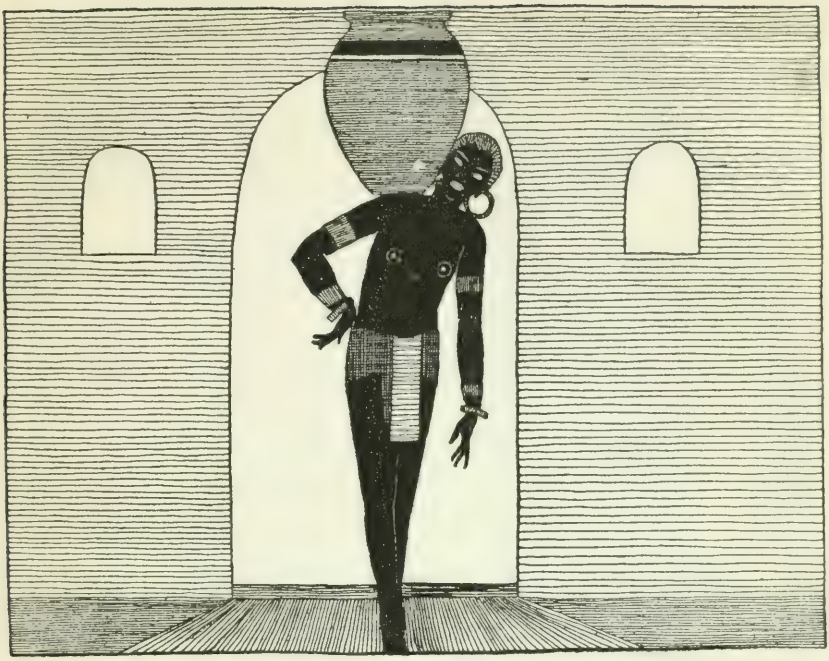
"Let me introduce these gentlemen," he said. "This is Fable, who has done a great work in preparing new lands for the fairies to live in, and his brother Song, whose services are equally valuable. With these to help you, you may succeed in making the country fit for fairies

to live in. They will show you all that you need to know, and will give you the best of advice."

The king bowed graciously, and signalled to his charioteer that he was ready to start on. Roy was left with the two fairies. "Let's begin right off," he said.

And so it happened that when he returned Roy made songs and stories of what he had seen among the fairies. And when he did not know what to say, the two old fairies helped him, till the children in his own land had heard so much about the fairies that they were sure there must be some if they only looked hard enough. And sure enough, the climate had improved so much that the fairies began to appear, a few at a time, till there were all that the country had room for.

A great many years afterward, the historians, writing about their country, told of the man who had done the most to bring back its beauty. And what do you suppose they said of him? "He was the man who brought into the country something it had never before had, and had never missed." The old woman living on the edge of the path, with the heavy boots that squeaked a great deal, laughed when she read this. For she had planned it all from the beginning.



THE PIECE OF LEAD

From The Arabian Nights

One evening, the Caliph Haroun al Raschid walked in disguise, as was his custom, about the great city of Bagdad, that he might learn how to help his people and not be misled by lies told him by his favorites. Because of this he was called "the Just." As he saw a very fine house, newly built, he asked about it and learned that it belonged to Cogia Hassan, called Alhabbal, or the rope-maker, who had lately been very poor, so that he could hardly give his wife and children bread. Wishing to know how a poor rope-maker could have become very rich in so short a time, the Caliph sent for him to the palace next day and commanded him to tell the whole truth. Having

bowed before the throne, Cogia Hassan spoke as follows:

It is necessary, before I say anything to your majesty of my own affairs, to acquaint you that there are now living in Bagdad two friends, whose manners are much alike, though their fortunes vary—Saadi being very rich, while Saad enjoys with content a moderate fortune.

These persons had long debated on life and the means of man's advancement in it. Saadi asserted that, setting idleness and vice out of the question, any man possessing a moderate sum of money to begin the world with, must grow rich, while Saad contended that what seems to be accident often prevented, and often promoted, the success of human affairs.

As they had frequently canvassed this matter over, Saadi put two hundred pieces of gold in a bag, and said to his friend: "I have resolved to try an experiment, whether my opinion is not well founded. We will find out some honest artisan, who is poor. I will give him this sum to set him forward; and I doubt not a few months will prove the truth of this remark."

I was the fortunate man with whom trial was agreed to be made. The friends came to me while I was at work at my trade of rope-making. My diligent attention to labor had been often remarked by them in the course of their dispute; and my poverty was apparent enough.

Saadi questioned me on the cause of my needy appearance. "You are always at work," said he, "yet you do not seem to improve!" "Alas, sir," replied I, "let me work as hard as I will, I can hardly buy bread and pulse for my family. I have a wife and five children whom I must feed and clothe; and in our poor way, they still want necessaries which my labor will not supply. It is enough if we are content with the little God sends us; satisfied to live in the way we have been bred up, and thankful that we have no need to ask charity."

"But," said Saadi, "if I were to give you two hundred pieces of gold, do you think that with such a sum you

could get forward in the world?" "You do not look, sir," replied I, "as if you meant to banter me; I therefore answer, seriously, that such a sum would, in a short time, make me richer than any man of my profession in Bagdad." The generous Saadi soon convinced me that he was in earnest, for, putting the purse into my hand, he said: "Here, take this purse; it contains the sum I mentioned; take it, and I pray God to bless you with it. All the return I desire is to see you make good use of it, and that we may have the pleasure to find it has helped to make you happier than you are now."

I was transported with joy and scarce knew how to thank him. The two friends, having repeated their good advice, left me; and I began to consider where I should bestow my treasure, having neither box nor cupboard to lock it up in. I had been used, as most poor people do, when I had a little money, to put it in the foldings of my turban. I resolved to do so with the large sum; first taking out ten pieces for present necessaries.

I then went and bought some hemp, and as my family had eaten no fresh meat for a long time, I went to the market and bought some for supper. As I was carrying my meat home on my head, a famished hawk flew at it, and would have snatched it from me. In the struggle it fell from my head, yet I still kept hold of it. But my turban falling off, and some pieces of meat sticking to it, the hawk made a stoop at that, and seizing it, flew away with it.

My sorrow for this loss was bitter. I had indeed laid out part of the pieces in hemp; yet a great part of what was left went to buy a new turban. My hopes were all at an end. But I can truly say, that my greatest concern was that I should be obliged to give my benefactor so bad an account of his gift.

While the remainder of the ten pieces lasted, my little family and I fared the better for it; but we soon returned to our usual poverty. I did not, however, repine. "God,"

said I, "was pleased to give me riches when I least expected them; and has thought fit to take them away from me again. I will praise his name for the benefits I have received, and submit myself entirely to his will."

In about six months, as I was at work, I saw the two friends coming towards me, and heard Saad say: "I see no difference in the appearance of Hassan Alhabbal, but that he has got a new turban. I fancy you will not find his affairs much mended."

By this time they were come so near, that Saadi, instead of answering his friend, saluted me. "Well, Hassan," said he, "we do not ask you how your affairs go since we saw you; no doubt they carry a better face."

"Gentlemen," replied I, "I am ashamed to tell you, that your bounty to me has not prospered in my hands. I can scarce expect you will believe the cause. I assure you, nevertheless, on the word of an honest man, that what I am about to tell you is exactly true." I then told them what had happened.

Saadi heard my account with impatience. "What a fable have you invented, Hassan," replied he. "Hawks are birds of prey who seek only the means of gratifying their hunger. Who ever heard of their seizing turbans? You have done as other idle fellows do; having unexpectedly obtained a sum of money, you have neglected your affairs, and wasted it." The manner in which I bore these reproaches convinced Saad that I did not deserve them. He took my part warmly, and with so much success that Saadi consented to renew his experiment, and to give me two hundred pieces of gold again.

When the friends left me, I went home rejoicing. Finding neither wife nor children at home, I separated ten pieces from the two hundred, and tied up the remainder in a clean linen cloth; but was at a loss where to place it that it might be safe. At last I cast my eyes on a large jar, which stood in a corner, full of bran. In this jar,

which we seldom used, I hid my treasure, and having but little hemp in the house, I went out to buy some.

While I was gone, my wife returned. It chanced that a sand-man passed by, and, as we wanted sand, and my wife had no money to buy any, she struck a bargain with the sand-man to barter away the jar of bran for a supply of his sand, and accordingly delivered it to him, with the hundred and ninety pieces of gold at the bottom of it.

Soon after I returned laden with hemp, and in high spirits for this second unexpected good-fortune. But my joy was soon at an end when I missed the jar of bran. I hastily asked what was become of it, and soon learned that by this terrible accident, which I could neither foresee nor prevent, my hopes of fortune were again destroyed.

But I was obliged to forget my own sorrow for a time, to support my wife, who was inconsolable. I represented to her that it was better to bear our loss patiently, than by clamorously lamenting it to excite the ridicule rather than the pity of our neighbors. "It is true," continued I, "we have twice had the means of becoming rich in our power, and each time have lost them. But though we are poor, do we not breathe the same air, and enjoy the same light and warmth as the wealthy? If our means are still slender, let our wishes continue moderate, and then the difference between poor and rich is little, especially if we live as we ought to, in the fear of God." By these arguments I pacified my wife, and returning cheerfully to my labor, I very soon recovered my spirits.

A considerable time afterwards, as I was at work, I saw the two friends coming towards me. I was covered with shame, and was about to run away and hide myself; but recollecting that such conduct would imply guilt, and, though I was unfortunate, I was not a criminal, I determined to face them.

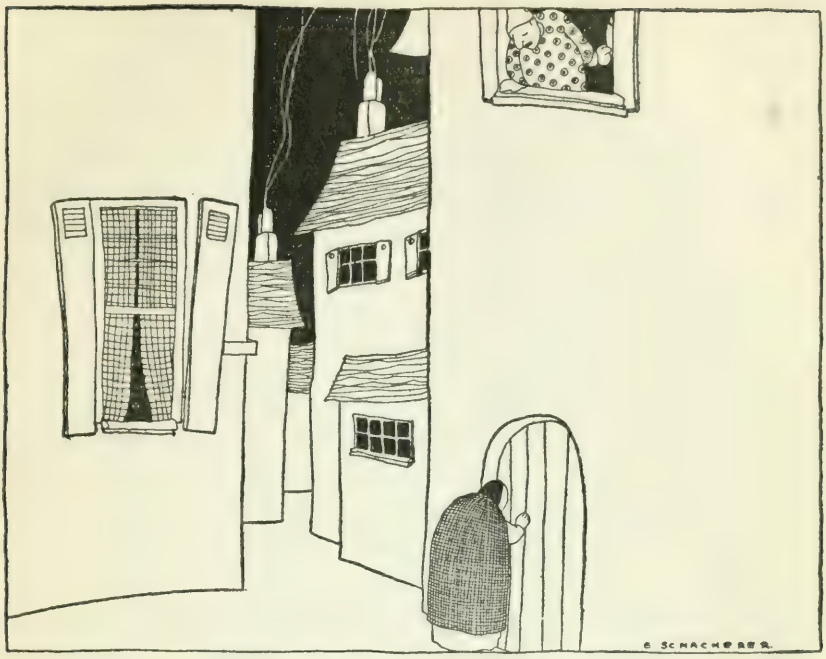
When they came up to me, I directly told them the particulars of my last misfortune, and that I was as poor

as ever. I added: "I see it has pleased God that I am not to be enriched by your bounty. I was born to poverty; but my obligation to you is just as great."

Saadi heard me out, and answered with good-humor: "Though all you tell us, Hassan, may be true, and our disappointment may not be owing to your idleness or extravagance, yet I shall pursue this experiment no further. I do not regret having given you four hundred pieces of gold to raise you in the world; I am only sorry I did not meet with some other man who might have made a better use of it. You see," said he, turning to Saad, "I do not give up my argument. It is your turn to try. Let Hassan be the man; and see if without giving him money you can mend his fortune." Saad smiled, and having in his hand a piece of lead, which he had picked up in his walk, he gave it to me, saying: "Here, Hassan, take this; and see if one day you will not give me a good account of it." Saadi laughed at his friend; and, indeed, I thought he was in jest. However, I took the lead, thanked him, and put it in my pocket. The gentlemen pursued their walk, and I returned to my work.

When I was going to rest, the piece of lead, which I had never thought of from the time I received it, fell out of my pocket. I took it up and put it on the shelf. The same night it happened that a fisherman, who lived just by, was mending his nets, and found a piece of lead was missing; it was too late to buy any, and he must either fish that night, or his family go without bread next day. In this necessity he sent his wife to beg a bit of lead of any of his neighbors; but, as it was late, and everybody in bed, some called that they had none, others scolded her for disturbing them, and many would give no answer at all. The poor woman began to despair of success, when coming to my door, she thought she would try once more.

She knocked accordingly, and called out for what she wanted. I was in a sound sleep when she came; but when



I awoke, I recollected the piece of lead that Saad had given me; I arose and gave it to her. The fisherman's wife was so overjoyed, that she promised we should have the first cast of the net; and when she told her husband what had befallen her, he much approved her promise.

At his first throw he caught only one large fish, which he put by for me, and on his return, he gave it to me according to his wife's promise. I accepted my neighbor's present very thankfully, and carrying it home, told my wife how I came by the lead. "It will be all," said I, "that we can expect from it."

In cleaning the fish, my wife found in it a large diamond, which she supposed was a piece of glass. She washed it, and gave it to the children for a plaything. At night, when the lamp was lighted, the reflection of the light upon the diamond was so beautiful that they were ready to scramble for it, all making a violent noise.

There lived next door to me a very rich man, who was a jeweller. The noise the children had made having disturbed him, his wife came next day to complain of it. My wife told her the cause of the clamor, and, reaching the diamond from the chimney, showed her the piece of glass, as she called it, which she had found in the fish.

The woman immediately knew it was a diamond of very great value. She looked at it for some time, and then returning it to my wife, said coolly: "It is a pretty piece of glass enough: I have got just such another; and as they will match together, if you will sell me yours, I will give you a trifle for it." The children hearing this, began to entreat their mother not to sell their plaything; and to quiet them she promised she would not. The woman being thus disappointed, took her leave, but first whispered to my wife the desire, if it was sold, she might be the purchaser.

The jeweller's wife went to her husband, who was at his shop, and told him what had happened. She gave him such an account of the diamond that he sent her back directly, with orders to offer a small sum at first for it, and to rise by degrees; but by no means to come away without it.

My wife was surprised to see the woman come again to our house, for as they were rich and we poor, they had always held us in contempt. She came now in a very familiar manner, and, after talking of other things, she carelessly offered twenty pieces of gold for the piece of glass. The sum appeared to my wife so considerable, that she told her she could not part with it without consulting me.

When I came home to dinner, while my wife was giving this account, the jeweller's wife entered, and repeated her offer. It struck me that Saad had given me that piece of lead to make my fortune, and as I was revolving this in my mind, I did not answer immediately; on which the woman said, "If that won't do, I will give you fifty."

She was unguarded for one moment, and that was enough, for I told her I knew it was a jewel, and of great value. She laughed at me, yet continued advancing in price, till, by degrees, she had offered me fifty thousand pieces of gold. I then told her I would have a hundred thousand pieces for it; on which she gave up the matter, and we parted.

In the evening her husband came, and desired to see my diamond, as he readily called it. Having examined it, he offered me seventy thousand pieces; after much cavilling he came up to my price, and paid me one hundred thousand pieces of gold, on my delivering him the diamond.

Being thus enriched beyond my imagination, I determined not to live a life of idleness. I took large warehouses, and engaged a number of workmen in my own business; and by diligence and punctuality I became the most considerable merchant in my line.

I never forgot how much I owed to Saad and Saadi. I would have gone and thrown myself at their feet, if I had known where they lived, but I heard nothing of them for a long time. At length the two friends, walking near my old habitation, recollected me, and determined to inquire what had become of me. They were surprised to hear that I now was a great merchant, had built a large palace, and was no longer Hassan Alhabbal, or Hassan the rope-maker; but Cogia Hassan, or Merchant Hassan.

They set out immediately for my house, and as they walked, Saadi said: "I am overjoyed that I have raised Hassan's fortune, but cannot forgive the two lies he told me, by which he obtained four hundred pieces instead of two; for neither I nor any one can imagine he has got rich by any other means."

Saad smiled and was silent. When they arrived at my house, the grandeur of it struck them so much that they could scarcely believe it belonged to the same Hassan they had lately known in such extreme poverty. As soon

as I saw them, I rose and ran to meet them, and would have kissed the hem of their garments, if they would have let me. They congratulated me on my good fortune; on my part, I received them with sincere joy, assuring them that I had not forgotten that I had been Hassan Alhabbal, or the obligations I owed them.

After they had sat down, Saadi said: "I am very glad, Cogia Hassan, to see you flourishing. I have no doubt but that you have managed the four hundred pieces of gold you have received from me; but it vexes me that you should have invented two such tales, when the truth would have done you so much more honor."

In answer to this charge I related the manner in which I had obtained my wealth. Saad rejoiced exceedingly in the adventure; but Saadi was not soon convinced. "This story," said he, "of the fish and the diamond is more unlikely than those of the hawk and turban, or the jar of bran; be it as it may, I am glad, Cogia Hassan, that you are no longer poor, and that I am the cause of your good fortune." As I found it was in vain to combat any further the prejudices of Saadi, I contented myself with giving him a general answer expressive of my gratitude to them both; and desiring they would pass the evening with me, and go the next day to my country house, which was not far from Bagdad, to which they agreed.

We arrived there next morning, and, walking in the garden, we met my two sons and their tutor. It was the hour of their amusement, and the lads having found out a large bird's nest the day before, had prevailed upon a slave to climb the tree and get it for them. He came down with it just as we arrived. On examining the nest, we found it was built in a turban. The circumstance excited all our attention, and we surveyed it closely; when I soon knew it to be the same turban the hawk had snatched from me. I pointed out to my guests the impossibility of any human hand having formed such a nest, and the apparent certainty that the turban must have

lain in the tree a considerable time. I then ordered my slave to pull it to pieces; and in it we found the hundred and ninety pieces of gold in the same bag in which Saadi had given them to me.

My benefactor could not dispute so manifest a truth. "I am convinced," said he, "that you did lose the first sum I gave you, and entirely acquit you of having obtained by fraud a second supply; but that you lost the last sum in a jar of bran, I cannot help doubting still. That money, I am yet inclined to think, was the first step to your present wealth." I had too much gratitude to contest with Saadi, and we pursued our amusements.

In the evening we returned to Bagdad; and putting up our horses, we continued in the stable to see them fed. By the negligence of my servants, we were out of oats; and the store-houses being all shut, I sent a slave to a neighboring shop to buy some bran. He returned with

a jar, which he emptied before us. Saadi perceiving something bulky to fall out with the bran, stooped to pick it up. It was a linen cloth—heavy, and tied very tight. Before he opened it, I recollected it; and told him Providence would not suffer us to part till he was fully convinced of my honesty. We found in it the other hundred and ninety pieces I had lost.

Saadi embraced me, and acknowledged himself overcome. We agreed to give the two sums, so opportunely recovered, to the poor. I am rejoiced to finish my story by adding, that Saadi and Saad received me into their friendship, which is one of the greatest felicities of my present situation.

The caliph listened to this narrative with attention. When it was finished, he said: "Cogia Hassan, I have not in a long time heard anything that has given me more pleasure than this account of the wonderful manner in which God has given thee riches. Continue to return him thanks by the good use thou makest of his blessings. The diamond which made thy fortune is in my treasury. Take thy friends there, and I will order my treasurer to show it to them. Relate also thy story again to him, that he may put it in writing, and keep it with the diamond, that men may learn how Providence makes small what seems to us great, and great what seems to us small."

The caliph then dismissed Cogia Hassan, who, having taken leave by the customary salutations, retired, and we know nothing more of him than that such a man must have helped many others to live happy ever afterwards.

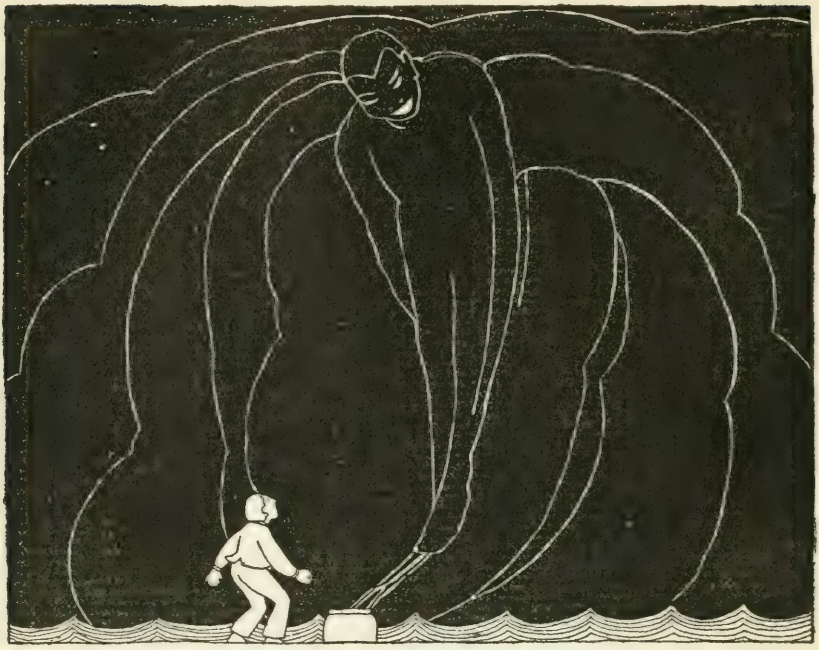
THE FISHERMAN AND THE BRASS BOTTLE

From The Arabian Nights

There was a fisherman who, when young, had vowed not to cast his net above four times a day. This vow he kept, though when he came to have a family, he often regretted having made it.

Once he set out before dawn. When he reached the seashore, he undressed, and cast his nets. In drawing them to land three times, he felt sure from their weight that he had an excellent draught of fish. Instead of which, he found on the first haul only the carcass of an ass; on the second, a large pannier filled with sand and mud; and on the third, a large quantity of heavy stones, shells and filth. It is impossible to describe his disappointment and despair. The day now began to break, and having, like a good Mussulman, finished his prayer, he threw his nets a fourth time. Again he supposed he had caught a great quantity of fish, since he drew them with as much difficulty as before. He found none; but discovered a heavy vessel of yellow brass, shut up and fastened with lead, on which there was the impression of a seal. This seal he eagerly removed, in hopes of finding something valuable; but the casket seemed to be empty. He threw it on the ground, and continued to eye it in despair, when he saw a thick smoke come out of it, which mounted to the clouds, and extending itself along the sea and shore, formed a great mist. When the smoke was all out of the vessel, it connected itself into one body which formed an enormous genie.

At the sight of so terrible a figure, the fisherman would have fled, but was too much terrified. "Solomon, Solomon, the great prophet!" exclaimed the genie, "pardon, pardon, pardon; I never more will oppose your will!" The fisherman hearing this took courage, and said, "Thou



proud spirit, what is it thou talkest of? It is eighteen hundred years ago since the prophet Solomon died! Tell me your story, and how you came to be shut up in that vessel."

The genie, turning to his deliverer, with a fierce look, said: "Thou art very bold to call me a proud spirit. Speak to me more civilly before I kill thee." "What," replied the fisherman, "would you kill me for setting you at liberty? Is that the way you reward the service I have done you?" "I cannot treat you otherwise," replied the genie: "and that you may be convinced of it, listen to my story: I am one of those rebel spirits who opposed themselves to the will of Heaven. The other genii owned Solomon, the great prophet, and submitted to him. Sacar and I only resisted. That great monarch caused me to be brought by force before his throne; when, as I daringly persisted in my disobedience, he shut me up in this vessel;

and that I might not escape, he himself stamped his seal, with the great name of God engraved on it, upon this leaden cover, and ordered it to be cast into the midst of the sea.

"During the first century of my imprisonment, I swore that if any one would deliver me, I would make him immensely rich. During the second, I vowed that I would open all the treasures of the earth to any one who should set me free. In the third, I promised to make my deliverer a mighty prince, and to be always his attendant spirit. Many centuries passed over, and I continually increased my promises to him who should render me so essential a service; but all in vain; no one was so lucky as to find the coffer, and by opening it to obtain the rewards I had bound myself to bestow. At last, enraged and tired with so long a confinement, I vowed that if any one should set me at liberty, I would kill him without mercy; therefore, as you have this day delivered me, prepare yourself to die."

This discourse terrified the poor fisherman beyond measure; but as necessity is the parent of invention, he addressed the genie thus: "If it must be so, I submit; but before I die, I conjure you by the great name which was engraven on the seal of Solomon, that you grant me one request, in return for the service I have done you, which you have obliged yourself to repay so hardly." The genie trembled at the adjuration, and answered hastily: "Ask what you will, but quickly."

"I cannot believe," said the fisherman, "that you were really confined in that vessel; it will not hold one of your feet. I adjure you, therefore, by the oath you have taken, to enter into it again, that I may be convinced and acquit you, before I die, of ingratitude and murder."

The body of the genie instantly dissolved, and changing into a mist, extended itself as before. At last it began to enter the vessel, which it continued to do, by a slow and equal motion, till nothing was left out; and imme-

diately a voice came forth, which said, "Well, fellow, I am in the vessel now; are you satisfied?"

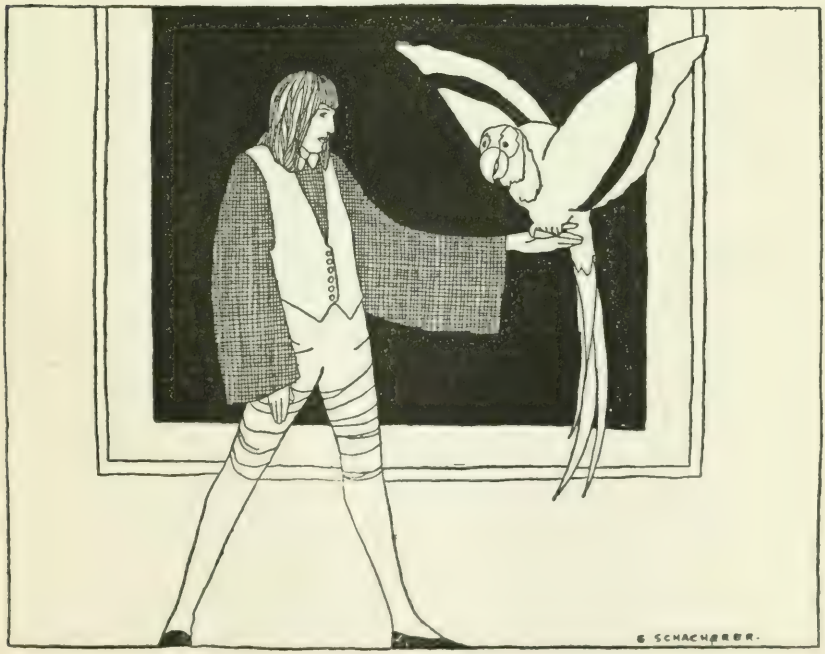
The fisherman instantly shut down the cover. "Now, genie, it is your turn to entreat in vain. I will return you to the sea whence I took you, and will erect a monument to caution other fishermen if they chance to meet with you, that they may be aware of such a wicked genie as you are, who have sworn to kill your deliverer!" The genie endeavored with his utmost force to get out of the vessel again; but the seal of Solomon restrained him. Dissembling therefore, his anger, he addressed the fisherman in a more pleasant tone; begged him once more to remove the cover, and promised to reward him to his full satisfaction. "You are a traitor," replied the fisherman, "and I should deserve to lose my life if I was so foolish as to trust you. No doubt you would use me as the Grecian king did his physician Douban. 'Tis a story I have a mind to tell you, before I return you to the element in which I found you:—"

The Story of the Grecian King and the Physician

There was a king of Greece who was sorely afflicted with a grievous leprosy. His physicians had exerted all their art in vain; his case was declared hopeless, and he expected every day to sink under the loathsome disease which oppressed him. At this time there came to his court a strange physician, named Douban, who, after examining the patient, asserted that, so far from the king being incurable, he would undertake to restore his health without either inward potions or outward applications. This proposal was readily accepted. The physician prepared a racket, and besought the king to play at tennis with it. "I have lodged," said he, "certain drugs in the handle, which is hollow; when these are heated they will penetrate your majesty's whole frame; leave off then; bathe, and retire to rest, and tomorrow morning you will find yourself perfectly cured."

The king followed the direction of Douban, and rose the next morning entirely free from his malady. The physician was invested with the most distinguished honors; the king loaded him also with riches, and the courtiers with caresses; he became the declared favorite; and every one who had a suit to prefer to the king, solicited the interest of the physician.

But amid all his prosperity lurked the most fatal destruction. The Grecian king was a very weak prince, easily irritated, and tyrannical in his disposition. His former favorites envied Douban, and seized every opportunity to excite distrust of him in the royal breast. "He is become," said they, "next in dignity and power to yourself; as he cured you in a manner so simple, may he not also, by methods as unsuspected, cut off your majesty, who alone stands between him and the throne?"



For a long time the Grecian king repelled the insinuations. "Were I to listen to you," said he to his courtiers, "I should be like a certain man who had a faithful parrot, who reported to him the falsehood of his wife. The wife, enraged at the tell-tale, contrived a method of destroying the credit of the bird, and being revenged at the same time. Accordingly, when her husband went another journey, she caused a slave to scatter water over the cage all night, in the manner of rain, while others produced the appearance of thunder and lightning. The next day, when the husband returned, the parrot complained of having been exposed all night to the fury of a continual storm. As the master knew the weather had been exceedingly fine, he hastily concluded that his bird was false, and in resentment put it to death; but the future ill conduct of his wife too soon proved to him his parrot's truth and his own rashness."

"Sir," replied his vizier, "it is my duty to be attentive to your safety, nor must I suffer you to be led by appearances into real danger. The vizier of a neighboring king was intrusted with the care of his master's only son, and so ill did he perform that duty, that he suffered the young prince to separate from his train in the eagerness of the chase, till he was left alone, and had lost his way; while he rode about, he came up to a handsome lady who appeared to be in great distress. The prince was compassionate; he heard her tale, and at her request took her upon his horse, which he guided by her direction. They came at length to the ruins of a castle in a lonely place, where the lady desired him to alight; he obeyed. The lady entered the ruins, and while he was securing his horse he heard her say softly, "Be glad, my children; I have brought you a handsome young man, very fat." Other voices immediately answered, "Mamma, where is he? Let us eat him presently, for we are very hungry."

The prince heard enough to convince him of his danger. He perceived that the supposed lady was really an ogress,

who frequented remote places, and used a thousand wiles to surprise and devour travellers. He began to untie his horse again with all diligence, putting up all the while prayers to heaven for his deliverance. The ogress, returning to the door, never doubted but he was still fastening his horse, and hearing him utter prayers, she also pretended to pray; but the prince was not to be deceived by this hypocrisy. He leaped upon the saddle, and was soon out of the monster's power. But although he escaped unhurt, his royal father was so much enraged at the danger he had been in, that he very justly caused his careless vizier to be put to death. I should deserve the same punishment if I did not protest against the conduct of Douban, who, though as specious as the ogress, may be equally dangerous."

The credulous Grecian king began at length to listen to these insinuations; which the vizier observing, so inflamed his passions, that he caused his benefactor to be seized, and brought into his presence to be put to death. Douban, astonished at so fatal a denunciation, solicited earnestly for mercy, but in vain.

"You see," said the fisherman to the genie, "how the king treated his benefactor. So have you also behaved to me."

When Douban found himself in the hands of the executioner, he once more applied himself to the king, requesting he would, at least, allow him to live till the next day. "I have," said he, "among my books, one well worthy of your majesty's acceptance; if, when my head is struck off, you will open the book at the sixth leaf, and read the third line, my head will answer any question you shall ask." The king, though insensible to pity or to gratitude, was moved by curiosity to defer the execution.

The following day, when Douban was brought into the royal presence, he renewed his supplication for life; reminded the king of his services, and in the most earnest manner protested his innocence. The unworthy prince

told him plainly, that all he could say was in vain. "Were it only to hear your head speak after it is cut off, it is my pleasure you should be put to death," he said. The physician seeing his fate inevitable, submitted. He presented a large folio to the king: "Place my head," said he, "for a moment on the cover of this book, and I shall be in a condition to answer your questions." The executioner performed his office; and the head being placed as directed, the blood stanched, the eyes opened, and it called upon the king to open the book.

The king obeyed, but finding the leaves stuck together, he put his finger to his mouth and wet it to separate them. When he came to the sixth leaf, he said: "Physician, there is nothing written here!" "Turn over leaf by leaf," said the head, "till you come to the writing." The king continued to turn over the leaves, putting his finger continually to his mouth, till the poison with which each leaf was soaked took effect. The head, perceiving that the king had but a few moments to live, exclaimed: "Tyrant, you are justly punished!" Having said this, its eyes closed, and it remained without life. The king also, in a short time, fell down and expired.

"You find, genie," said the fisherman, "that, though the physician could not preserve his life, he contrived to punish his ungrateful murderer. I am more fortunate in being now out of your power, and having you in mine. I am now about to return you to the sea." "My good friend," replied the genie, "remember, revenge is forbidden; do not treat me as Imama did Atteca." "How was that?" asked the fisherman. "Ho!" replied the genie, "do you think I can tell stories in this confinement? Let me out, and I will tell you as many as you please." "No," said the fisherman, "I will not let you out; on the contrary, I will this moment cast you back into the sea." "Hear me, I charge you," exclaimed the genie, "if you will deliver me, I swear, in the most solemn manner, that I will not hurt you; on the contrary, I

will teach you how to become as rich as you desire to be.

The Story of the Enchanted Fish

Overcome by this promise, the fisherman once more opened the vessel; and the genie, resuming his form, instantly kicked it into the sea. The fisherman was alarmed at this action, but the genie assured him he was safe. He then led him up a mountain, from whence they descended to a great pond, that lay between four hills. "Cast in your nets here," said the genie, "and carry the fish you shall take to the sultan, who will liberally reward you; only beware not to throw in your nets more than once a day, or you will repent it." Having said this, the genie disappeared.

The fisherman immediately threw in his nets; but though the pond seemed to abound with fish, he caught only four. He was much pleased to find them unusually beautiful, and each of a different color: one being white, one red, one blue, and one yellow. Having much admired them, he set off for the palace, to present them to the sultan. The singular beauty of the fish made them very acceptable; the liberal prince rewarded the fisherman with four hundred pieces of gold, and ordered them to be served as a part of the entertainment of the day. But an amazing prodigy disappointed the sultan. As the cook was frying the fish, on turning them, the wall of the kitchen opened, and a beautiful young lady entered, holding a rod of myrtle in her hand; and advancing to the pan, she struck one of the fish, saying, "Fish, fish, are you in your duty?" when the four fish lifting up their heads together said, "Yes, yes, if you reckon, we reckon; if you fly, we overcome, and are content." As soon as they had spoken, the lady overturned the frying-pan, and passed again through the wall, which closed immediately and became as before. The cook was exceedingly terrified; but recovering herself, and picking up the fish, which had fallen upon the hot ashes, she had the misfortune to

find that they were burnt to a cinder, and utterly unfit to be served at the royal table. She was under the necessity of telling everything to the vizier. That minister invented an excuse, which satisfied the sultan; but being very desirous of seeing so strange a scene, he ordered the fisherman to provide him four other fish, of the same sort, as soon as possible.

The day following the fisherman obeyed the vizier's orders, and to his great joy received another four hundred pieces of gold. The vizier shut himself up with the cook, who placed the fish on the fire, and on turning them, when fried on one side, the wall again opened, the lady appeared, the same dialogue passed between her and the fish; when, having overturned the pan, she retired, and the wall closed as on the preceding day.

The vizier, astonished beyond measure, failed not to relate the matter to the sultan. That prince was equally surprised, and impatient to see so strange a scene himself. The fisherman provided four more fish on the following day, and again received a sum which was to him quite a treasure. The sultan, attended by his vizier, retired into his closet; the fish were placed on the fire, and on turning them, the wall opened; but instead of the young lady, there came out a gigantic black, in the habit of a slave, who advanced with an air of anger to the pan, and touching one of the fish, said, in a terrible voice: "Fish, are you in your duty?" At these words the fish raised up their heads, and answered: "Yes, yes, we are; if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we overcome, and are content." The black then threw the pan into the middle of the closet, and the fish were reduced to coal. Having done this, he retired fiercely and the wall shut, and remained as before.

When the sultan recovered from his astonishment, he sent for the fisherman, to know where he caught these strange fish; and finding it was near the city, he ordered his usual retinue, and set off immediately. On ascending

the mountain, the pond and an immense plain beyond it presented themselves, which no one remembered to have seen before. The sultan ordered his court to encamp by the side of the pond, and retired to his pavilion with his vizier. To him the sultan declared his resolution of exploring, alone, this new-discovered plain, in hopes of finding out the cause of so many wonderful events.

At the dawn of the morning, the sultan set forward, and by sunrise he saw before him a great building, which proved to be a magnificent palace of black marble. As the gates were open, the prince entered, but met not any living creature. He wandered through many spacious apartments, all furnished in the most splendid manner, and kept in the most exact order. He called out aloud, but no one answered. After walking about a long time, he grew weary; and sitting down, was beginning to reflect on the wonders which had happened, when he was interrupted by the voice of one complaining. He listened, and following the sound he came to a magnificent hall, at the upper end of which, on a throne of burnished gold, sat a handsome young man, richly dressed in regal attire, but oppressed with the deepest sadness. As the sultan drew near, he saluted him. The young prince returned the salute, by bowing his head. "I ought to rise, sir," said he to the sultan, "to receive you; but, alas! I can well apologize for continuing in this posture." Saying this, he drew aside his robe, and discovered to the sultan that he was only a man from the head to the girdle, and that the other part of his body was black marble.

"What you show me," said the sultan, "fills me with grief and horror. I conjure you, most unfortunate prince, to relate to me by what accident you have been reduced to your present situation. I am persuaded your story is somehow connected with certain extraordinary events which have occurred to me lately. Perhaps fortune has led me here to be of service to you."

"Alas!" replied the young man, "I have no hope of

relief; yet, though I must renew my grief by repeating my story, your appearance, as well as your offers of help, entitle you to compliance.

The Story of the King of the Black Isles

"I succeeded my father to the throne of the Black Isles a few years ago, and invited to share it with me a young lady whom I had loved from my earliest infancy. She was my cousin; we were bred up together; and I had every reason to suppose I was equally dear to her. After a short time I found a visible coolness in the queen's behavior, which afflicted me the more as it seemed to increase daily, and I could in no way account for it.

"It chanced, as I was reposing on a sofa, two of her attendants came into the room, and supposing me asleep, one of them said to the other: 'Is not the queen much to blame to treat this amiable prince so ill? She is a witch. I wonder he does not discover her enormities.' 'You do not know, then,' replied the other, 'that every evening she mixes in his drink the juice of a certain herb, which causes him to sleep, till by applying another herb to his nose, she awakens him. 'Tis by this means she escapes detection.'

"Though I was much alarmed at this discourse, I still appeared to sleep. In the evening I supped with the queen; but when she presented me, before we retired, with a cup, I only pretended to drink, and holding it to my mouth some time, I returned it to her untasted. We withdrew to our chamber, where, as soon as I lay down on the bed, I pretended to fall into a deep sleep. The queen immediately arose, dressed herself, and having said to me, 'Sleep, and may you never awake again!' went out of the chamber.

"I was ready to follow her in an instant. She went to a little grove adjoining the garden, where an evil genie was waiting for her. I reached the grove unobserved,

and concealed myself behind a tree; I listened to their conversation.

"They spoke of the most wicked secrets of magic until the cock crowed. Then the genie disappeared, and I discovered myself all at once, and reproached her with the utmost severity. She heard me at first in silence and confusion; but her shame turned to rage. She followed into the palace, where she instantly began to repeat enchantments, and pronounce certain words I did not understand, and I became, as you see me, half marble, half man.

"Nor did I alone fall a sacrifice to the revenge of this wicked woman. By the force of her magic she transformed my whole territory. The four islands which I reigned over, are become the four hills you passed; my capital city is changed to a pond; and my people are turned into fishes of various colors; the Mussulmans being

white; the Persians, who adore fire, red; the Christians, blue; and the Jews, yellow. This I learned from her rage and reproaches; for she is not satisfied with the evils I now suffer, but every day she comes here and gratifies her malice by invectives, and even by blows, which I have no power to resist."

The young king having finished his story, became overpowered with grief. The Sultan did his utmost to console him. In answer to the further inquiries of his visitor, the king informed him that the Palace of Tears was adjoining to the hall they were in; that the enchantress visited the place every morning at break of day, when she exercised her cruelty on him.

The Sultan having revolved these matters in his mind, took leave of the unhappy king, without acquainting him with his intention, lest a disappointment should aggravate his affliction. He found out the Palace of Tears, and passed the night without sleeping, his whole thoughts being occupied with the affair he was engaged in. At daybreak the loud lamentations of the unfortunate king, and the sound of severe blows he heard inflicted on him, gave him notice that the wicked enchantress was at hand. The poor prince filled the palace with his outcries, and in vain besought her, in the most affecting manner, to have pity on him. Having gratified her cruelty, she left him, and entered the Palace of Tears.

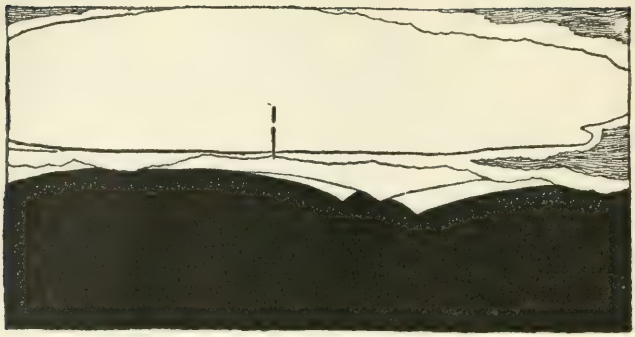
There the sultan struck off her head with one stroke of his sabre, and at the same time, her whole enchantment ended, and everything was brought back to its true shape.

The joy of the king and people of the Black Isles, on their deliverance, was extreme. The Sultan heartily congratulated the king, inviting him at the same time to pass a few days in his capital which they might reach in a few hours' ride, but the king of the isles undeceived him. "Though," said he, "you came hither in that time, yet now the enchantment is ended, you will find it several months' journey to the confines of your dominions. I

will, however, readily attend you, and ever acknowledge my obligation to you to the last moment of my life."

Accordingly, after a few days' repose, the young king added a hundred camels, laden with inestimable riches, to the retinue of the Sultan; and joining the same with many of his nobles, he conducted that prince to his capital, where they were received by the inhabitants with the loudest acclamations.

Nor was the fisherman forgot. As he was the cause of the discovery, the Sultan gave him a plentiful estate, which gratified his utmost wishes. And when the genie appeared for the last time, he said: "I have learned that only the merciful can hope for mercy!"



THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

Adapted from the Morte D'Arthur by Sir Thomas Mallory
Modernized by

THOMAS BULFINCH

When Arthur came to be king of the Britons, he trusted always in the lore of Merlin, the great enchanter, who knew the secrets of the three worlds, which are this middle earth, with the heavens of light and the lower worlds of darkness lapping over it, whereby mortal men and women may have their choice in the middle world between that which is above and that which is below it.

Now by the craft of Merlin, King Arthur formed the Round Table of the bravest men and the best fighters, bound in an oath of brotherhood, and sitting to eat in the King's palace at a table altogether round, that none might claim to be above another, and fight with him to be uppermost. And exceedingly they loved battle and deeds of arms, wherein their ladies had great delight also for the glory of it. And at first, though some feign otherwise, King Arthur had such a common sword as is made by a good smith on the anvil, and he might be overcome in battle as a common man, until at the last, he came to have that good and famous sword, Excalibur, charmed

by the fairies, to give him victory over all with whom he fought. And it was in this wise that he gained this magical sword from the Lady of the Lake, who is the greatest among the fairies.

One day as he rode forth, he was aware of three men of the common sort, who were chasing Merlin to slay him. And the King rode upon them and bade them, "Flee, churls," and being afraid when they saw a knight in armor, they fled.

"O Merlin," said the king, "you had been slain in spite of all your magic spells had I not come to help you."

"Nay," said Merlin, "not so, for I could save myself if I would; but you are more near death than I am." So, as they went thus talking, King Arthur perceived where sat a knight on horseback, as if to guard the pass. "Sir knight," said Arthur, "for what cause abide you here?" Then the knight said: "There may no knight ride this way unless he fight with me, for such is the custom of the pass." "I will amend that custom," said the king. Then they ran together, and they met so hard that their spears were shivered. Then they drew their swords and fought a strong battle, with many great strokes. But at length the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces. Then said the knight unto Arthur: "You are in my power, whether to save or slay you, and unless you yield as overcome and recreant, you shall die." "As for death," said King Arthur, "welcome be it when it comes; but to yield to you as recreant, I will not." Then he leapt upon the knight, and took him by the middle and threw him down; but the knight was a passing strong man, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and would have razed off his helm to slay him. Then said Merlin: "Knight, hold your hand, for this knight is a man of more worship than you are aware of." "Why, who is he?" said the knight. "It is King Arthur." Then would he have slain him for dread of his wrath, and lifted up his sword to slay him; and therewith Merlin cast an

enchantment on the knight, so that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Then Merlin took up King Arthur, and set him on his horse. "Alas!" said Arthur, "what have you done, Merlin? Have you slain this good knight by craft?" "Care you not," said Merlin, "he is wholer than you are. He is only asleep, and will wake in three hours."

Then the king and he departed, and went till they came to a hermit, that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched all his wounds, and applied good salve; and the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended, that he might ride and go. So they departed, and as they rode Arthur said: "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin; "hereby is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and broad. And in the midst of the lake, Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo!" said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of. It belongeth to the Lady of the Lake, and, if she will, you may take it; but if she will not, it will not be in your power to take it."

So Arthur and Merlin alighted from their horses, and went into a boat. And when they came to the sword that the hand held, Arthur took it by the handle and took it to him, and the arm and the hand went under the water.

Then they returned unto the land and rode forth. And Arthur looked on the sword and liked it right well.

So they rode unto Caerleon, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his adventures, they marvelled that he would jeopard his person so alone. But all men of worship said it was a fine thing to be under such a chieftain as would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

THE END OF THE ROUND TABLE

Adapted from Sir Thomas Mallory's Morte D'Arthur
Modernized by

THOMAS BULFINCH

Now a curse had fallen upon the Round Table of King Arthur and his chivalry, and it was the curse of falsehood of the soul, for though he loved battle and deeds of arms, so that there was none like him in chivalry, Sir Launcelot of the Lake was false within until it could no longer be hidden from the eyes of men. And Guinever, the Queen, as beautiful as the fairest rose of June, had her heart eaten at it were by a canker-worm in the heart of a rose. Sir Modred was most false of all, and with an army of men like himself, he had come to put King Arthur down from the throne. In the sore battle, they who were still true perished through the falsehood of the rest.

When the worst had come to the worst, King Arthur, being defeated, had yet the charmed sword, Excalibur, and in a deadly onset, he had slain Sir Modred after he himself had been wounded to the death.

The battle was by the sea, and when King Arthur swooned away through his sore hurt, Sir Lucan, the butler, and Sir Bedivere, carried him to a little chapel by the sea-side. There, Sir Lucan, being wounded to death, fell down and his heart burst for grief, and Sir Bedivere mourned for his brother. When the King came to himself, he said to Sir Bedivere: "Leave your weeping, for if I might live longer myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore, but my time passes fast. Therefore, take my good sword, Excalibur, and go with it to yonder waterside, and when you come there, I charge you on your truth that you throw it into the water, and then come here to tell me what you have seen."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment

shall be done." So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: "If I throw this rich sword into the water, no good shall come thereof, but only harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king. "What saw you there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing." "Alas! you have deceived me," said the king. "Go lightly again, and as you love me, spare not to throw it in." Then Sir Bedivere went again, and took the sword in his hand to throw it; but again it beseemed him but sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and he hid it away again, and returned, and told the king he had done his commandment. "What saw you there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but deep waters and wan waves." "Ah, traitor untrue!" said King Arthur, "now have you betrayed me twice. And yet you are named a noble knight, and have been lief and dear to me. But now go again, and do as I bid you, for your long tarrying puts me in jeopardy of my life." Then Sir Bedivere went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water-side, and he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and a hand out of the water, and met it, and caught it, and shook it thrice and brandished it, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

Then Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. "Help me hence," said the king, "for I fear I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the king on his back, and so went with him to that water-side; and when they came there, even fast by the bank there rode a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them was a queen; and all had black hoods, and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me in the barge," said the king. And there

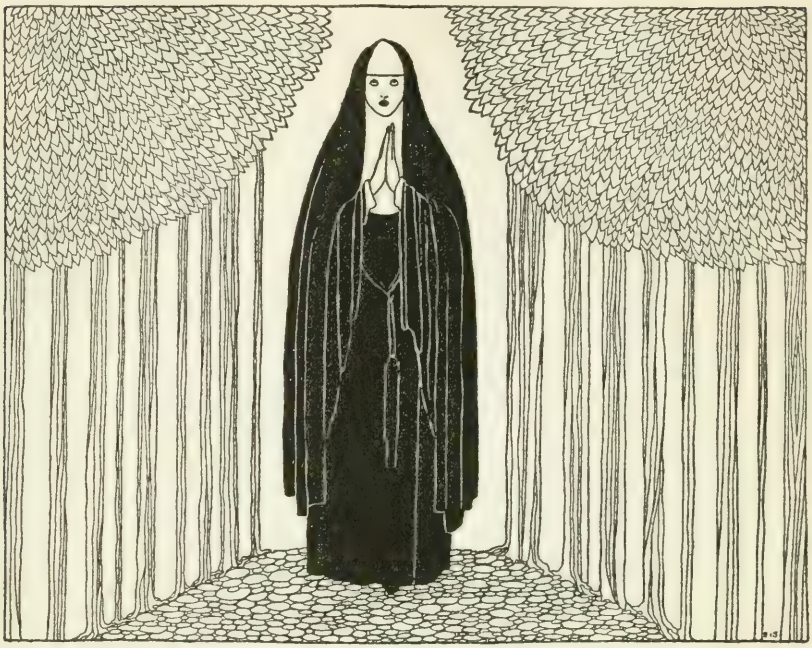
received him three queens with great mourning, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And the queen said: "Ah, dear brother, why have you tarried so long? Alas! this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold." And then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld them go from him. Then he cried: "Ah, my lord Arthur, will you leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort yourself," said the king, "for in me is no further help; for I will to the Isle of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wound." And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge, he wept and wailed; then he took to the forest, and went all that night, and in the morning he was aware of a chapel and a hermitage.

Then went Sir Bedivere thither; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit on the ground, near a tomb that was newly graven.

"Sir," said Sir Bedivere, "what man is there buried that you pray so near unto?" "Fair son," said the hermit, "I know not verily. But this night there came a number of ladies, and brought hither one dead, and prayed me to bury him." "Alas!" said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord, King Arthur." Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke, he prayed the hermit he might abide with him, to live with fasting and prayers. "You are welcome," said the hermit. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit; and he put on poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the very certainty of his death; but thus was he led away in a ship, wherein were three queens; the one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was Viviane, the Lady of the Lake; and the third was the queen of North Galis. And this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made to be written.

Yet some men say that King Arthur is not dead, but hid away into another place, and men say that he shall



come again and reign over England. But many say that there is written on his tomb this verse:—

"Here Arthur lies, King once and King to be."

And when Queen Guinever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights with him, she stole away, and five ladies with her; and so she went to Almesbury, and made herself a nun, and wore white clothes and black, and took great penance as ever did sinful lady, and lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds. And there she was abbess and ruler of the nuns.

Now when all was known to Sir Launcelot of the Lake, he thought no more of deeds of chivalry in fighting with other men for the sake of their ladies and his own, but as he rode through the deep woods, he was aware of a little hermitage and a chapel, and then he heard a little bell ring for mass; and he rode there and lighted down and

tied his horse to the gate and heard mass. And Sir Bedivere had taken up his abode with the hermit that said the mass. Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot and they spoke together after the mass and Sir Launcelot's heart almost burst for sorrow. Then he kneeled down and prayed the hermit to shrive him from his sins, and besought that he might be his brother. And the hermit said: "I will gladly," and then he put a hermit's dress upon Sir Launcelot and there he served God, day and night, with prayer and fasting, to be delivered of his sins, ceasing not as long as he lived. And Sir Bedivere was there as a hermit to the end. And four other knights of the Round Table went to the Holy Land for their sins. And thus endeth the noble and joyous book which is entitled, "The Death of Arthur."

ROBIN HOOD.

AN ENGLISH LEGEND.

Robin Hood is first mentioned by the Scottish Historian Fordun, who died in 1386. According to Stow, he was an outlaw in the reign of Richard I. (Twelfth Century). He entertained one hundred tall men, all good archers, with the spoil he took, but "he suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and houses of rich carles." He was an immense favorite with the common people. Though generally considered an historical character, some say that he represents figuratively the old Saxon race defying the Norman oppressors. His exploits are chronicled in many ancient ballads and have given rise to many proverbs and sayings.

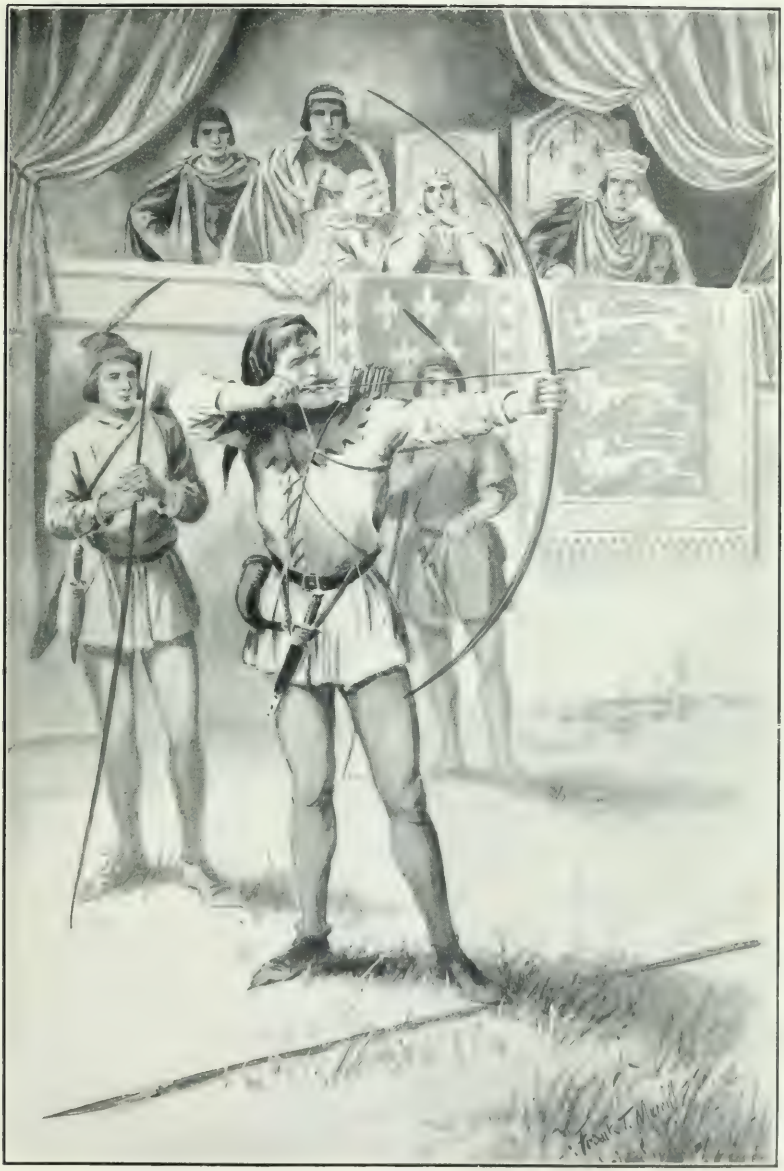
HUNDREDS of years ago there was a king of England named Richard the Lion-hearted. He was a brave king and loved brave men. At that time all the game of the forests belonged to the king of the country. It was against the law for any man to shoot a deer or any other animal of the forest. The men who watched the game for the king were called foresters.

In those days men did not shoot with guns; they used bows and arrows and were called archers. The finest archer in the whole country was a man named Robin Hood. Because Robin Hood could shoot so much better than anyone else, one of the king's foresters hated him very much.

One day as Robin Hood was passing through the forest he met this man. He asked Robin to come and shoot with him, saying he wished to see which of them could shoot the better. The forester dared Robin to send an arrow at a deer which was standing some distance away. Without thinking of the king's law, Robin shot an arrow which struck and killed the deer.

Then the forester tried to make Robin his prisoner so as to have him punished. In the fight Robin killed the man. Then he had to hide in the forest. He became an outlaw.

There were many other men at that time who were outlaws. They all came to Robin Hood and asked him to



ROBIN HOOD SHOOTING BEFORE THE KING

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY FRANK T. MERRILL

Robin Hood had a willow wand set up fifty paces away. At this mark each of his men had to shoot. In a few minutes the wand had been split by the arrows from top to bottom. The King said that he had never seen finer shooting in his life.

be their leader. In this way he became the head of a band of more than a hundred outlaws.

They all lived together in Sherwood Forest. Every man wore a suit of green, and they were called Robin Hood's merry men. They shot deer and other game whenever it pleased them. They robbed the rich whenever they could, but they often helped the poor and needy.

Up and down the forest ranged bold Robin Hood, and at last he came to the darkest part of it all. Here was a great pool of brown water, and the ground about it trembled if one walked too near the edge. On the edge of the pool was a gray rock, and on the rock was a poor woman weeping. Her golden hair, which floated over her dark dress looked as if a bit of sunshine had dropped down into the gloomy place.

Robin made bold to go up to her and ask, "Fair lady, why do you weep? Has anyone done you a wrong? Have you been robbed of gold or jewels?"

"Never would I weep for gold or for jewels," answered the lady on the rock. "I weep for my own three sons. They are to die on the gallows-tree to-morrow morning."

"And what have they done?" asked Robin. "Have they robbed a church or slain a traveler?"

"Oh! oh!" sobbed the lady more bitterly than ever. "No church have they robbed, no traveler have they slain; they have done worse than that. They have shot one of the king's own deer, and it is for this that they are to die on the gallows-tree."

"This is no business for a woman," said Robin cheerfully. "Go back to your house, and to-morrow morning look well out of the upper window; it may be that you will see something come to pass."

After thanking the stranger, the lady made her way to her house in Nottingham. Robin strolled on, singing:

"And I'll go to Nottingham
For the lady fair
With the golden hair;
To her sons all three
Hangman I'll be,
And I'll go to Nottingham."

In the morning Robin set out for Nottingham. On the road he met a ragged old man in a coat that was patched with black and blue and yellow and red. Where it was not patched, the wind sang merrily through the holes.

"Heyday, old man," called Robin, "how goes it at Nottingham this fine morning?"

The old man bent almost to the ground before the gentleman in the fine coat of green, with the feather in his hat.

"Sadly, kind sir, sadly," he answered. "There be three sons of a poor widow who are to hang on the gallows-tree this day for shooting the king's deer. There is no one in all Nottingham who does not weep for the death of them."

"And I'll go to Nottingham,
And I'll go to Nottingham,"

hummed Robin. Then he said to the ragged old man:

"That's a fine coat you have. When the sun shines on it, it looks as bright as the flowers in a meadow. Will you trade with me?"

"I thought you were a kindly gentleman," said the old man, "and that you would not laugh at a poor old beggar. It's no good luck you'll win to-day, sir."

"Let the ring of silver speak for me," said Robin laughingly, and he tossed twenty silver shillings to the old man. "That's to bind the bargain, and here's the pay for the coat and all the rest of your clothes," and he gave the beggar ten broad pieces of red gold.

So, while Robin whistled and sang, the old man with fingers that trembled with delight put on Robin's fine green clothes. Robin donned the beggar's coat, through which the wind whistled except where it was patched; next he drew on the old man's hose, which were mended with bits of cloth from knee to ankle, and the old man's shoes, which had pieces of leather of all colors sewed on wherever there had been a hole. Then throwing the old man's begging-bag over his own shoulders, Robin said:

"As you seem to be a lively old man, let me see how fast you can run; and don't you be seen in Nottingham before the town clock strikes four."

The old man ran as fast as ever he could and with the greatest good will; for he was sure the fellow who had given him a good, green coat for a ragged one must be crazy and would soon wish to have his own coat again.

Robin walked along the road, singing:

"And I'll go to Nottingham,
To Nottingham, to Nottingham."

As Robin was hurrying along, he suddenly stopped. Then he began to lean upon his stick and creep slowly on his way.

"Truly," said he, "unless I have the eyes of the old man as well as his clothes, that's the proud sheriff of Nottingham coming along the road."

As the proud sheriff rode up, Robin bowed low before him. "Could you not do a favor to a poor old beggar man this fine morning?" he asked.

"Get out of the road, old man," answered the sheriff. "I'm going to find a hangman for three rogues that are to die this day on the gallows-tree for killing the king's deer."

"And what will you give to him that will be your hangman?" asked the old beggar man.

"The three good suits of clothes that the rogues wear and twenty silver pence besides," answered the sheriff.

"I'm the one that needs a suit of good clothes," said the old man, "as you well may see; and if you'll give them to me, I'll hang everybody that is to be hanged in Nottingham to-day."

Then the old man and the sheriff went up the hill to the gallows-tree, and the three young men were brought out to be hanged. The lady who had wept on the rock by the lonely pool was looking out of the upper window and sobbing bitterly.

"Have you sent for a priest to come and pray that their sins may be forgiven, and have you rung the passing bell for the good of their souls?" asked Robin Hood.

"Never a priest shall see them by my sending for him, and never a sound of a passing bell shall they get from me," answered the proud sheriff.

"Then I must even ring the bell myself," said Robin; "'but I suppose a blast on my good horn will do just as well."

Before the sheriff could turn about, Robin had blown on his horn three times, and more than five score of his good brave men had come marching up the hill.

"It would be a shame to waste so fine a gallows-tree," said Robin. "We might just as well hang the worst man in the company to get the good of it," and he looked straight at the sheriff.

This frightened the sheriff badly, for he stood in great fear of the bold outlaw. But Robin laughed and told him that he would put off the hanging until another day. He sent the three young men home to their mother, who was now weeping tears of joy out of the window.

"Farewell," cried Robin, "I never stay out of doors when it rains"; and so Robin and his brave men marched away, singing:

"Robin went to Nottingham,
To Nottingham, to Nottingham,
Robin went to Nottingham
One merry day in the morning."

Robin Hood's best friend was called Little John. The way in which they came to know each other was this: One day Robin came to a brook across which a narrow plank had been laid for a bridge. As Robin stepped upon the plank on one side of the brook, a tall man with a staff in his hand stepped upon it on the other side. They met in the middle of the plank.

"Let me pass," said the man, "or it will be the worse for you."

Robin laughed at the thought of anyone trying to frighten him, and told the man to go back or he would put an arrow through him.

"You are a coward," said the man. "You see I have no bow and arrow."

"If you will wait here a minute, I will show you whether I am a coward or not," answered Robin.

Throwing aside his bow and arrow, Robin soon cut a staff for himself.

"Now we will fight it out," said he, as he faced the man again. So they fought for some time. But the man was much larger and stronger than Robin; and at last he struck Robin a blow that sent him into the water.

As Robin waded out of the water, the big man stood on the bank and laughed at him.

Then Robin put his horn to his mouth and blew long and loud. More than a hundred of his men came running from all sides. They wished to punish the man for knocking their leader into the water, but Robin would not have it.

He asked the big man his name, and the merry men all laughed when he said it was John Little.

John Little and Robin Hood liked each other so well that they agreed to stay together. The outlaws called the big man Little John. He became one of Robin Hood's men, and as long as Robin lived Little John was his best friend.

Some time after this, King Richard had to pass through Sherwood Forest. The king had heard all about Robin—of how he robbed the rich and how brave he was.

The king loved a brave man, and he wished to see for himself what kind of a man Robin was. He did not wish Robin to know that he was the king. So he went riding alone into the forest. He wore plain black armor and no one could have told by looking at him that he was the king. He had not gone far before he met Robin Hood, who commanded him to halt and hand over his money. Robin soon noticed, however, a little red cross on the stranger's shoulder. Now this cross was worn only by those who had fought in far-off lands. When Robin saw this cross, he would not take the money that was offered him. He even asked the stranger to come and have dinner with him.

The king agreed to this, and soon he was feasting, laughing, singing and joking with Robin and his merry men as they sat under the trees of Sherwood Forest. After dinner the king began to talk of archers and arch-

ery. He asked Robin to let his men have a shooting-match, so that he might see how well they could shoot. So Robin had a willow wand set up fifty paces away. At this mark each of his men had to shoot. In a few minutes the wand had been split by the arrows from top to bottom. The king said that he had never seen finer shooting in his life.

After thanking Robin Hood for his kindness, the stranger prepared to leave. When the outlaws had gathered around him to wish him a pleasant journey, he said:

"Such jolly comrades and such good archers must be honest men; so I will tell you that I am Richard, your king."

As the king finished speaking, the outlaws fell on their knees before him; for they loved their king, though they often broke his laws.

Turning to Robin Hood, the king added, "Will you and your men give up this life if I forgive you? Will you cease to be outlaws and become faithful men to your king?"

"That we will, my king," said Robin. So he, Little John and many of his merry men went to live with the king in London. The others, who stayed in Sherwood Forest, were made the king's foresters.

REYNARD THE FOX

AFTER THE PICTURES BY WM. KAULBACH

—I—

THE LION AND HIS COURT

In the springtime, the Lion, the Royal King of Beasts, keeps open Court, at which all beasts, both great and small, are present.

—II—

THE WOLF DRIVEN FROM THE APE'S DEN

They knew Sir Martin to be an ape; though he wore the Lion's robes.

THE SHAM KING.

From the famous story of Reynard, the Fox, one of the first books printed in English by William Caxton.

WHEN Sir Reynard, the Fox, and Sir Martin, the Ape, joined themselves in travel that they might practice their tricks upon the simple, it was a trick of the fox that the ape should pretend to be an old soldier, just home from the wars. So when they came to the house of a farmer, who had a flock of sheep, Sir Martin, in a whining voice, said that the holes in his coat were made by bullets, and that when his arm had been broken, so that he could not fight, he had been turned out of the army to live or die, as might chance.

"That's a bad business," the farmer said.

"O kind gentleman," the Ape went on, "cannot *you* help me? If only you would help me, I would work for you night and day. I would be faithful to you in all I did and in all I thought. I would think of you, sir, always—of you only, and never of myself."

Then Sir Martin fell to weeping and sobbing, and he beat his breast, and exclaimed that the world was harder than a millstone, and that however bold and brave and proud a man's heart may be while he is young and strong and well, misery and sickness and want will drag him down till he is glad to do things of which he would once have despised the very thought.

The farmer was deeply shocked. He could hardly have taken misfortunes of his own more to heart than he took those this infamous and wicked impostor pretended he had suffered. So he began to inquire of Sir Martin whether he could make himself useful on a farm—whether he knew how to plough, or reap, or sow, or thrash, or mow, or thatch a rick, or mend a hedge, or dig a ditch.

It semed to the Ape that the jobs the farmer had in his mind's eye were all jobs that meant hard work, and as hard work was the very last thing he wanted, he tried to slip out of the difficulty by explaining that his wound had left him much too weak to mow, or reap, or thatch, or thrash, but he declared that if there was any light job on the farm, such as paying the men's wages or keeping the farmer's accounts, a job for which a really honest man was wanted, the farmer might give that job to him, and might be sure that he had found the right man to trust.

The farmer stopped and thought a little. Then he asked the Ape if he would like a place as bailiff, or would prefer to look after the cows, or to take charge of a flock of sheep. He was just now himself going to take a look at a flock of sheep he kept at a separate farm, where there was an empty house the shepherd could have to live in.

"The sheep, the sheep," muttered the Fox in a deep whisper—"take the sheep. I tell you, you *are* to take the sheep."

"Sir," said the Ape, who had been coughing to prevent his companion's advice being overheard, "whatever work you find for me, provided it is work I can undertake, I will do to the best of my ability. What I should like best would be to take charge of the sheep you mentioned. Before I turned soldier I was shepherd to my father, and you will find few shepherds understand their business better than I understand it." Then he pointed to Sir Reynard, and added, "You see I still have my old sheep-dog. A capital dog he is. I could not want a better one."

So the farmer took Sir Martin to the farm where the sheep were, and he gave Sir Martin the house to live in and the flock to take care of. For six months everything was to be left in the shepherd's hands. Then there was to be a settling-day, when Sir Martin would account for the sheep and the lambs and the wool. The farmer now said good-bye, and told them he hoped everything would be found comfortable. So he went back to his own home,

and the Ape and the Fox sat down and laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks, so glad were they and so amused at having at last found the sort of man they went out to find.

Thus Sir Martin turned shepherd, and Sir Reynard turned sheep-dog; and a nice pair they were. But though the time went by quickly and merrily, they could not forget that a day of reckoning lay ahead. As the six months drew nearer and nearer to their close, the Ape began to tremble in his shoes, and to wonder more and more what account he could give his master, and how he could escape the punishment he richly deserved; for, of course, he had not what he ought to have had to show. Every lamb that was born they had killed and eaten as soon as it was big enough to be worth eating; and when there were no lambs left, they had killed the sheep and eaten them. It was the cruel, bloodthirsty Sir Reynard who had prompted all this wickedness, and had persuaded Sir Martin to join in it. Yet such was the cunning of the Fox that he never doubted or despaired of getting safe out of the trouble that was coming, and, indeed, he did manage to get safely out of it. He made Sir Martin go and tell the farmer that the sheep had done so well, and there were so many lambs, he had been obliged to send some of the flock away to a distance, and now, before they settled accounts, he asked for one day over and above the six months to give him time to bring back those lambs and sheep. To this his master agreed, and Sir Martin hurried back, skipping with delight. All day long Sir Reynard had been worrying the sheep, and that night, after his model shepherd and his model dog had fallen on what was left of the flock, and killed the poor creatures out of mere cruelty, and eaten as much as they could cram down their throats, they set the house on fire, and ran off into the dark, to start life as beggars once more.

For a long time they were as unlucky as they could be, or as they deserved to be, which comes to much the same thing in this case. Everybody suspected them, and disliked their looks. Hardly anybody would help them, and

the two or three who did soon found out and regretted the frightful mistake they had made.

At last, one day, as the pair were limping along a path through the forest, lame with their long traveling, and half starved, for it was weeks since they had tasted anything but berries and ditch-water, whom should they spy but the king of all the beasts, the Lion himself, fast asleep under the shade of an oak tree. There by his side lay his crown and sceptre, and as it was a very hot afternoon, he had taken off his grand mane and his robe of state, and hung them up to give him some shade and to keep the sun out of his eyes. His own mane, you understand, he wore shaved close.

At the sight of the sleeping Lion, the Ape was so terrified that he turned around, and would have run away had the Fox not caught him by the collar and told him not to be such a coward, for their chance had come at last, such a chance as they could never have hoped for, and such a chance as would never come again.

"How? Why? What chance?" gasped the Ape, his teeth chattering with fear. "What chance? O do let go of me, Reynard dear. Oh that dreadful Lion! The sight of him is enough to kill one. Do let me go!"

"Idiot!" the Fox hissed through his teeth. "Cannot you see that if we steal the crown and sceptre and robe while he's asleep, all the beasts will think we are the king, and will obey us, and we shall be able to do whatever we like. The whole forest will be ours."

"Very likely," said the Ape; "but who is going to venture to steal them? That terrible beast might wake up, and if the thief is caught, think of his fate—certain death. O Reynard, Reynard! let us escape while we can."

"Martin," said the Fox, "you are a coward, a mere coward. I ought never to have allowed a coward to travel with me. Do you know what honour is? do you understand what it means? Would you not rather risk your life on the chance of getting a kingdom than live on for ever as we have been living? Obey me, take my advice; don't be a coward. If this Lion did wake up and catch

you, why need you be put to death? Surely there are ways of explaining things. When did you know me caught without my excuse ready? Nonsense! Besides we could escape. Look at that hole in the rock, look at that tree. I'd be down the hole, you'd be up the tree, before he could wink his eye. Oh, yes, even if the worst comes to the worst, it will be our fault if we don't save our skins. So just make up your mind to take my advice. Do what you are told, and don't play the coward any longer."

This speech put a little more courage into the Ape, though he was still shivering with terror. He had unbounded faith in the cunning of Sir Reynard; and being himself a vain and covetous beast, he was vastly tickled by the idea of having a kingdom to govern. So he put on a bold face and asked how the Fox meant to steal the Lion's royal ornaments.

"Oh, you must be the thief," answered Sir Reynard. "Of course you must. There can be no doubt about that. Fancy your even asking such a question! Why, you are so clever and so nimble, that no other beast alive is half so well fitted for the task. Pluck up your courage, noble Sir Martin—pluck up your courage, and go in and win, my dear old friend. There they are, the crown, the sceptre, and the rest of the royal apparel, ready for you to take them. Remember, it is a kingdom that is waiting; and don't waste time, for that kingdom will not wait for ever."

In spite of this artful flattery, the Ape did not at all like the task assigned to him. Every leaf that stirred on the oak brought his heart into his mouth; every little stick that crackled under his feet made his teeth chatter with fright. He stole along on tiptoe, first going forward a little, then stopping at some sound, then turning round and creeping back, then crawling forward again as he caught sight of Sir Reynard shaking his fist at him in a frantic passion. Still, in spite of his fears, such was his adroitness, and such was his caution, that, without disturbing the Lion, he brought away first the crown, then the sceptre, and last of all the royal robe. With the

Fox's aid, he carried his booty off to a secret corner in the forest, and climbed with it into a hollow tree, where no eye could follow the pair.

Then in that hollow tree began a great dispute. They had the crown, but who should wear it—Sir Martin or Sir Reynard? Which was most worthy to be king—the ambitious Ape or the crafty Fox? Neither of them was willing to share the kingdom with the other. Each wished to reign, but not to reign with a brother king seated at his side.

"I deserve the crown," shrieked the Ape; "I risked my life to steal it, while you stood by in safety. Besides, have I not face and figure of a man, and is not man the lord of all creatures? a clear sign that I was intended and born to be a king."

"Not so quickly, my dear fellow," laughed the Fox—"not quite so quickly, if you please, you really talk too fast. You fetched the crown, I admit that, but whose idea was the robbery? Mine, I think; which settles the whole question. I certainly showed myself much fitter to rule than you. What a ruler wants is wisdom. As for your man's face and your man's figure, what good are they? Brains and wits, not face and figure, make a man a man. I'm sure I have much more of the brains and wits of a man than you dare pretend to have. Yes, I ought to be king. You know how deep, and sly, and wily I can be. Confess you do!"

"I know you are very hard on me," whined the Ape. "All our trouble with the farmer was your fault entirely. But for you I might still be a shepherd—a happy, simple, contented shepherd."

"So I should suppose," answered the Fox. "But after all," he continued, changing his tone, "we must not quarrel. We have traveled too far, and been through too much together, to part company now. You shall be king, if you like; and, to make it fair to me, you shall be king on my terms. Will you make me your prime minister? Will you settle everything as I think it ought to be settled? Will you never on any account permit any one to poison your mind against me? Swear to these conditions

and you may wear the crown that is mine by rights. Swear to them, and I will be satisfied."

The Ape took the oath the Fox proposed; indeed, he would have sworn to anything that enabled him to get the kingdom. Then the Fox helped him to don the royal apparel, and they started off to parade through the forest, so that the wild beasts might see their king in all his splendour.

The first beasts the pair came across were a Sheep and an Ass, grazing peacefully side by side in an open glade. At the sight of Sir Martin in the Lion's robes they ran off as fast as they could put legs to the ground.

"Stop!" shouted the Fox. "In the king's name, I command you to stop! Stop, and come hither!"

They halted just at the edge of the wood, but did not dare to approach, till the Fox went up, and, speaking very softly and smoothly and sweetly, assured them they really had no cause whatever to be alarmed. His majesty the king was far from meaning them any harm. So markedly did they enjoy his royal favour that the Fox was actually bidden to invite them to the court. There no living creature would venture to annoy or molest them, and his majesty would shower on them the benefits he was wont to bestow on such of his subjects as he knew to be true and loyal to his cause. So the Ass and the Sheep drew near, and knelt very humbly before Sir Martin, who received them with a very gracious smile. After a few kind speeches he went again upon his way, while they followed humbly and obediently, as good subjects should follow their prince.

Before long there was heard a fearful roaring and a trampling and crashing of broken branches. Out of the thicket leaped a Camel. After it came rushing a Tiger and a Wild Boar in hot pursuit. At the sight of him whom they imagined to be their king, all three stood still with terror; and the Ape, wishing to see if his commands would again be obeyed, sent the Fox forward to order the Tiger and the Wild Boar to cease from their chase, and to warn them that if the worthy Camel suffered any

hurt, the wrongdoer would have to answer for his deeds at the king's court. In the meantime they were commanded to join the king's escort, and humbly follow in his train.

The Fox played his part so well that the orders he conveyed were at once obeyed; and so Sir Martin, with Sir Reynard by his side, went on his way till they reached the palace. Then turning to the beasts which had followed him at a respectful distance the sham King took leave of them, calling them his faithful subjects, and bidding them return to their own homes, and live there in peace and quietness till he sent for them. So they went back into the forest full of awe and respect for their sovereign, and deeply impressed by the majestic dignity of his bearing and behaviour.

Thus Sir Martin, who had been a shepherd and was an ape, became king of the beasts, and had as his prime minister Sir Reynard the Fox, that once was his sheep-dog; and without losing any time, they set to work to establish themselves firmly and safely in their new kingdom. First of all, and above all, Sir Reynard advised that they should choose soldiers to guard the palace and the person of the king; and, that he might be guarded in every way, they choose beasts that could fly and beasts that could swim as well as live upon dry land. Huge Griffins, and grisly Crocodiles, and fiery Flying Dragons were the animals Sir Reynard chose and Sir Martin approved to be their guards against all enemies, whether they came by land or by water, or flying through the air. And when at last Sir Martin felt that he was safe from all attacks, he and his wicked adviser set to work to make slaves of their subjects, and to rob them of all they possessed. None were spared. Justice and mercy were banished from the forest. Greed and cruelty came to take their place. Everything was left to Sir Reynard, and he extorted bribes from everybody, and ground the poor and the weak to powder beneath his heel. Nor did any beast dare to complain to Sir Martin. They knew the king to be no better than his minister was.

If I were to describe only a tenth part of the wicked

acts of the pair, my story would never come to an end; but one deed Sir Reynard did I will relate, that you may be able to judge for yourselves how the forest was ruled in those evil days.

It was the poor Sheep who followed in Sir Martin's train the day he first came to the palace, the poor Sheep to whom Sir Reynard had promised the king's favour, that appeared and made complaint. Her mortal enemy the Wolf had in most cruel and bloodthirsty fashion slain her only lamb.

The mother, weeping sorely, hurried to the palace, and prayed for an audience of the king, that she might beg him to see justice done.

"Softly, my good old dame," said the Fox, before whom she was brought, and who heard her petition—"softly, good Mistress Sheep. You must not suppose that creatures like you can come bursting in like a whirlwind upon his majesty. The king has weighty business in hand. The king is attending to matters more important than lambs, or lambs' mothers, or the lives of lambs and lambs' mothers. I will take his majesty's place; and, understand, I am going to talk to you somewhat plainly. I am very far from being satisfied with the look of this business of yours. The Wolf is my cousin. I don't like these plots you are hatching and contriving against him. I cannot make out your coming here with these malicious stories against him. I know my cousin. I honour his disposition; it is a noble one. Depend upon it, I know my cousin well—better, perhaps, than you do. Whatever my cousin the Wolf does, he has some excellent reason for doing it. Of that I am satisfied, and when I am satisfied, the king is satisfied too. If you are wise, my good dame, you'll go home and let this matter drop—unless, of course, you have something fresh to put before me, something which might influence me, but which you have not mentioned yet. You understand me, I suppose?"

But the simple Sheep did not understand him, and went home heartbroken, as many others had to go who came with petitions, and did not guess what the Fox

meant, or could not pay him the bribe he hinted they should offer and which he expected from them.

Time went on, and still the Ape sat on the throne, and all the crimes the Fox told him to commit he committed, and between them they misgoverned the beasts so foully that the fairies who lived in the forest could no longer bear the sight of the suffering that surrounded them. They knew Sir Martin to be only an Ape, though he wore the Lion's robes; and they knew where the real king was hiding, too proud to show himself till he had recovered the symbols of royalty which he had lost. In pity for him and for his subjects, the Fairy Queen set all her workmen to work. The moles delved for gold, the silkworms spun their strongest threads at her command, the fairy smiths and weavers toiled day and night till they had made a crown and scepter and royal robe and mane the king himself could not tell from those which the Ape had stolen. These the Fairy Queen took and left by night in the cave where the king of the beasts was sleeping.

Who then so proud and so happy as the Lion when day dawned and he awoke and saw restored the treasures he was seeking? Quickly did he don them and start off to the place, roaring like thunder, so that all the beasts fled before him in terror.

He came to his palace. The gates were locked, and barred, and guarded. Round and round the walls raged and ramped the noble Lion, roaring till the palace rocked and quivered from the top of the highest tower to the bottom of the deepest dungeon. Far away in the innermost chamber of all the Ape heard the Lion's voice, and springing from his bed in terror fled from room to room in search of a hiding-place. The guards—those dreadful animals the Griffins, the Crocodiles, the Flying Dragons —all fainted at their posts. The Fox alone had wits enough left to set about saving himself. In truth he was a cunning villain, and had every reason to feel that, come what might, his crafty brain would devise some trick to ward off the punishment he deserved.

While the Lion stood roaring before the great gate of

his palace, sly Sir Reynard opened an upper window and put his head out and cried,—

"Ah, King Lion, my king, have you indeed returned at last? Oh happy, happy day! Oh what a happy, happy day it is that brings you back! Ah, King Lion, all honest people have wanted you back, but not one of them has desired your return as earnestly as I have desired it. And now, King Lion, you really have come to deliver us from this wretched pretender. A cruel tyrant has he been, a cruel and evil tyrant; and by cruel and evil ways has he made us all, made even me, obey him and do his wicked will. O King Lion, enter the palace and utterly destroy the shameless, heartless thief who crept into your place. O King Lion, if I risk my life by coming down and opening the gate to you, will you forgive all the shocking deeds they forced poor Reynard to do against his own wish? Will you forgive me, most noble king? Surely you will."

"Open the gate; I forgive you," roared the Lion, "but only if you open the gate at once."

Down slipped Sir Reynard, laughing in his sleeve, and unbarred the gate and threw it open. In dashed the Lion, roaring more fiercely than ever, and as he burst into the courtyard, he saw all round him, lying on their backs, with their feet in the air, the terrible beasts the Ape had chosen to be his body-guard. They had swooned with fear, as well they might, when they found out what a fearful mistake they had made, and that the real king was come to his own again. Every one of them the Lion tore in pieces, limb from limb and bone from bone; and the Fox stood by and squeezed tears of joy into his eyes, and vowed the sight reminded him of old times, those happy old times before ever a wicked pretender came to oppress the kingdom.

Then Sir Reynard led the king through the palace in search of Sir Martin, and at last they found him hidden in an oven. The Fox cried out, "Kill him, kill him! It is much safer to put him out of the way!" But the Lion fell into a frenzy of rage at the mere idea of his having anything to fear whether such a pitiful wretch as Sir

Martin was alive or dead. So he bade Sir Reynard take the miscreant and hurl him into the deepest dungeon in the palace. This the Fox did, and there the Ape remained till the Lion had called together all the beasts to see the impostor punished; and as there was no beast for which the Lion felt greater scorn and contempt than he felt for the Rat, he chose the Rat to be the executioner.

The Fox was ordered to bring the Ape up for judgment. Fearing that his old companion, now that he was desperate, might confess all and tell the Lion what tricks they had played together, and who the scoundrel was that had devised all their rascally schemes and wicked rogueries, Sir Reynard brought Sir Martin up from the dungeon gagged, as well as loaded with fetters, and so he handed him over to the Rat. The Rat, at the Lion's bidding, cut off half the Ape's ears, and trimmed what was left of them to a point. Then the chains were struck off, and the beasts hunted the Ape out into the forest, where he and his descendants have lived ever since. But from that day to this there has never been an Ape of Sir Martin's family who has dared to live anywhere except up a tree.

As for the Fox, the Lion spared his life in virtue of the promise he gave when Sir Reynard opened the palace gate, but he knew perfectly well that he was dealing with a rogue. Therefore, to punish him for his knavish ways, and for all the wickedness in which he had taken part, the Lion kicked Sir Reynard out of doors, and forbade him ever to show his face by day. For this reason no fox dare venture out till after dark, nor has any one, either man or beast, ever been found willing to make a fox his friend or trust him at all.

This is the end of the story which relates how two knaves found life hard and very full of trouble! how they set out in search of the share of the world which they fancied was theirs by right; and how, though for a time they prospered, in the end they were found out and punished with the punishment they deserved. So, after all, the rascals got what they desired—the share of the world which was properly theirs; and if it turned out something

altogether different from what they expected, so much the better for all honest people whoever they may be, and wherever they may be found.

THE LORE-LEI.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

I know not whence it rises,
  This thought so full of woe;—
But a tale of times departed
  Haunts me—and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
  And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
  In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
  The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
  And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
  And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
  And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
  With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
  His gaze is fixed above,

Till over the boat and boatman
  The Rhine's deep waters run;
And this with her magic singing
  The Lore-Lei hath done.

—*From the German of Heinrich Heine.*

A STORY FROM CERVANTES

Adapted from the Adventures of Don Quixote

The Knight and the Giants

In a certain village of La Mancha in Spain, lived a gentleman, who, having neither wife nor child, spent his time in reading romances in which knights fought with giants, until he could not awake himself from such day-dreams and nightmares. His whole head was filled with dragons and flying serpents and battles with false knights until he made up his mind to leave home and conquer all who would not say he was the greatest knight in the world, with the most beautiful maiden in the world for his lady-love.

He was near fifty years old, and had never had a lady-love of his own, but he had sometimes gazed at the daughter of a farmer who pleased his sight. Though he told her nothing of it, he chose her for his lady, and, that she might seem to be of high degree, he gave the name of Donna Dulcinea del Toboso. Some say his own name was Quesada or Quixada, but intending now to be a knight-errant, he called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha, and clad himself in a suit of old and rusty armor which he cleaned and mended as best he could. One of his plowhorses he named Rozinante, and, when he rode away on this steed in search of knightly adventures, he had with him, mounted on a donkey, one Sancho Panza, a peasant neighbor of his, whom he persuaded to go with him by promising to conquer a kingdom or an island of which he would make Sancho governor.

"You must know, Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote as they rode together, "that in former ages, it was the practice of knight-errants to make their squires governors of islands or of kingdoms they had conquered, but I mean to outdo them, for sometimes their squires grew old and

gray without being rewarded. Now before we have passed a week together, I may conquer an empire, with several kingdoms in it, and I will have you crowned king of one of them."

"Should that come to pass," said Sancho, "my wife would be a Queen and my children Princes and Princesses."

"Who doubts it?" said Don Quixote.

"I doubt," said Sancho, "that if we had all the kingdoms on the face of the earth, my wife would be fit for a queen in one of them. No, it will be better for her to be made a countess, for that is all she will know how to manage."

"Trust that to heaven," said Don Quixote, "and be sure it will give you what is best for you."

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills in the plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our

affairs better than we could have wished; look yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and killing of that cursed brood will be a service to heaven."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray, look better, sir," said Sancho; "those things yonder are not giants, but windmills, and the arms are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou are but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse without giving ear to his squire, who bawled out to him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with his dreams that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them.

"Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, base creatures, and fly not from a single knight, who dares fight you all."

At the same time, the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her help in this perilous adventure; and so, covering himself with his shield and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill

he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness that the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying flat and not able to stir.

"Did not I give your worship fair warning?" cried he; "did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, Friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote! "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that cursed necromancer, Freston, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his malice against me; but in the end, all his wicked wiles and stratagems shall fail against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"So let it be," replied Sancho.

And heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, who was half disjointed with his fall. . . . .

Then they made their way into a wood, where Don Quixote broke off the branch of a tree, with which to mend his lance, broken by the windmill, and on this, when he had fixed the lance-head, he was ready to slay other giants wherever he could find them. Though at times Sancho had so much of his own common sense, as to think his master a madman, yet his wish to be governor of an island with his wife made a countess was yet stronger than his sense, such as it was. On his well-loved donkey, named "Dapple," he followed his master still,—"for," said he, "if we expect the gift of a calf, we must be ready with the halter to lead it." But when Don Quixote promised to make him an earl, Sancho asked: "Do you think I will know how to behave under such an indignity?"

"Dignity, thou shouldst say, not 'indignity'," said Don Quixote. "I doubt it not, if you but trim your beard oftener, but that is now so matted it can be seen at the distance of a bowshot."

"As for that," said Sancho, "it is but a matter of taking a barber into the house and giving him a salary."

[Then being well-content with all they expected to win in the land of Make-Believe, they rode on to find an emperor, who would give them a kingdom for slaying the giant who had carried off his daughter.]

WILLIAM TELL AND ALBRECHT GESSLER

The legend of the Swiss hero Tell, who shot an apple from his son's head, in obedience to the orders of the Austrian tyrant Gessler, is famous. Before that final test, Tell had met his enemy on a narrow mountain path and had spared him, as the illustration shows.

A LEGEND FROM SCHILLER

Adapted from Schiller's Drama, "William Tell"

Tell and His Son

A long time ago,—more than a hundred years ago,—a man stood on the banks of the Mississippi River, very still and straight with a glass brimful of whiskey on his head. He was so still that not a drop of the whiskey spilled, while another man, a friend of his, took aim with a rifle. The shot broke the glass. This the two friends did often, and the rest of the story is in Henry Howe's Historical Collections of the Great West. It shows how foolish they were to take such risks in sport.

They had never read of William Tell shooting the apple from his son's head, or how, long before that, Saxo, "the Grammarian," told of another father who had shot an apple from his son's head. They were rough pioneers who could not read, but they had heard stories of this kind that had come down for hundreds of years. When there is a very striking deed in a story so striking that it is told for hundreds of years in hundreds of ways, the striking deed is sure to be done over and over again. So some may conclude it was never done at all. We may take it that way if we like, or we may study the power of tradition,—of stories "told by word of mouth." In that case, we can read the legend of Mike Fink on the Mississippi River, and that of William Tell, in Switzerland, without supposing, as some may do, that there was no William Tell, and hence no Mike Fink.

About six hundred years ago, a pole with a cap upon it stood on the green at Altdorf, a village of Switzerland where Hermann Gessler, the Austrian, had his force of armed men to keep the Swiss under the power of Austria. As all must pass the cap in going to market, he had decreed that all must bow to it that, by doing so, they might own his power and show themselves vassals of Austria.

Hundreds may have passed and bowed to save their rank and wealth before William Tell and his little son, Walter, passed and did not bow. When they were brought before Gessler, in his knightly array, there was much talk among those around him and between him and William Tell, until at last Gessler said he would have

proof of the stories he had heard of Tell's skill as an archer with the cross-bow. An apple was plucked from a tree hard by and Gessler ordered that the boy should be bound to a tree with the apple on his head. Then, if Tell split the apple without touching the boy, both should go free. Otherwise, William Tell was to be held captive as a rebel and a traitor.

For a long time William Tell refused, but his son urged him to make the shot, and when Gessler said: "Bind him to yonder limetree," Walter answered: "What, bind me? No, I will not be bound. I will be still,—still as a lamb. I will not even draw my breath." When they would have bandaged his eyes, Walter said: "No! Do you think I fear an arrow from my father's hand? Not I! I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink! Quick, father, show them what your bow can do! He doubts your skill. He thinks to ruin us. Shoot then and hit, though but to spite the tyrant." And while the crowd around Gessler was still disputing or begging, William Tell shot and split the apple without touching a hair of his son's head.

There was a great shout. When it was over, Gessler asked Tell why he had stuck a second arrow in his belt. Finally Tell said: "If that my hand had struck my darling child, this second arrow I had aimed at you, and be assured, I should not then have missed."

Enraged by this, Gessler determined to send William Tell to a dungeon beyond the lake, but in a storm he managed to escape and there is a chapel ("Tell's Chapel") built long ago to show where he leaped ashore.

Learned men will long dispute over this, but when Swiss boys think of Walter Tell, standing unbound and unwinking to wait his father's arrow, they may always think of his faith in his father as a part of the power of freedom for themselves and for all men.

THE LEGEND OF SEMPACH

Retold from the Ballad of Albert Tchudi and the Book of Golden Deeds

By Charlotte Yonge

More than five hundred years ago, there was war everywhere, for the knights loved fighting and the fame of mastering other men. They followed their dukes and kings to battle, and when there was no other battle to fight, they fought each other. At their call to war, all the common people, who had no costly armor, were forced to follow them, fighting on foot, with only leather coats through which knights might easily run their spears.

In the days of William Tell, the people of Switzerland made up their minds to stay in their homes and work for

their wives and children, instead of following dukes and kings to battle. From that time, when they would no longer follow any duke or king to war, there was war upon them and they were forced to fight to hold their own ground. The knights in shining steel armor, with waving plumes, rode them down before their own doors for the glory of conquering with their dukes. But the Swiss peasants had made up their minds that it was better to die than to be vassals, since a vassal is one who must fight and die at the order of someone else, who has power to put him in prison or to slay him if he asks why he must fight and refuses to fight others who do not invade his country.

Thus it was that Leopold, the Duke of Austria, a fair and strong man, who was called "the Handsome," rode into the country of the Swiss, with a great army of his knights, with shining armor and prancing horses and tossing plumes and waving flags, to make the Swiss his vassals. It was a beautiful sight to see his chivalry, with the sunlight glittering on their armor, as they rode to conquer the Swiss, who had no shining armor and waving plumes. The Knights called them base knaves and churls, because, if they had no swords, they fought with their reaping hooks and their axes.

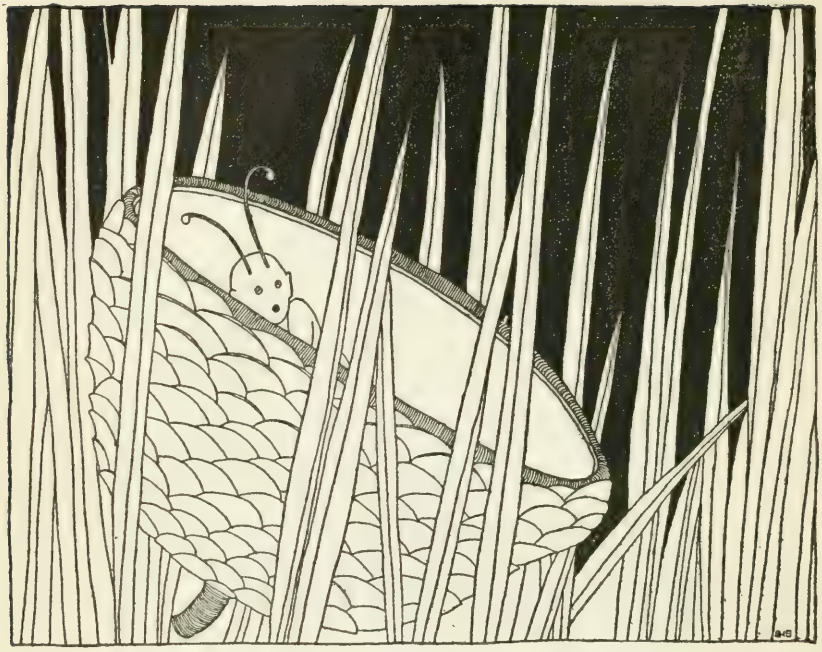
As they had to defend themselves on foot, the Swiss gathered in rocky ground near the little Lake of Sempach, where it was too rough for the plumed knights to ride them down, and there they hoped that they might fight man to man, but the knights, when they left their horses, joined their shields together and made a wall of their spears, with the points outward, they thought none could break. This is called a "phalanx" and when the Swiss met it, they could not break through. They were trodden down and slain until at last Arnold Winkelried, whom they knew only as a peasant, with a little farm he worked to gain bread for his family, said to them: "I will break their line—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
The field shall yet be won."

This verse was written by Albert Tchudi, the master-singer, who was a Swiss shoemaker, fighting there with Winkelried. From his poem, we know how the Swiss won the first great battle that was won in those days against knights, protected by their steel armor. For as he asked his neighbors to care for his widow and their child, Winkelried ran out alone from the line:—

"He rushed against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast and hand,
Bare down each hostile spear;
Four lances splintered on his crest,
Six shivered in his side;
'Make way for liberty!' he cried;
Still on their serried spears he pressed,—
He broke their ranks and died."

Through the gap he made in the wall of Austrian spears, the Swiss broke with their axes and swords. Duke Leopold, the Handsome, fell fighting and two thousand of his brave knights and vassals, who dearly loved fighting, died where they stood before the rest fled. But though they thought it great shame to flee from common farmers and peasants, they did flee until not one of them was left in the country of the Swiss. And to this day, the Swiss remember Arnold Winkelried, who made way for their liberty, when there was then no liberty in the world, and no freedom except for ravagers in steel armor.



A STORY FROM SHAKESPEARE

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Retold by

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

There was a law in the city of Athens, which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father had power by this law to cause her to be put to death; but as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, this law was seldom or never put in force, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were often threatened with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus

(at that time the reigning duke of Athens) to complain that his daughter, Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of noble family, refused to obey him because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend, Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius; but this reason, which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command, moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider it; and if at the end of that time, she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the Duke, she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius, or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret, but the

poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood, in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet, was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies.*

Oberon the king, and Titania the queen of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement; they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood, but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill meet by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied: "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am I not thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. "Well, go your way," said Oberon; "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy counsellor.

Puck (or as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfel-

low) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages, sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairy-maid would labor to change her cream into butter; nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink, he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old

gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower which maids call *Love in Idleness;* the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep; and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly pleased with this frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood: he overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps,—as Lysander said, they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood,—Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favorite: "Take a part of this flower; there has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears."

Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously; and then Oberon went, unseen by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night—her coverlet the enameled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves, while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leather wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me: but first sing me to sleep!" Then they began to sing this song:—

"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night, with lullaby!"

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying,—

"What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take!"

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was

doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued, that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady, who had proved her love for him even by risking her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he thought that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke; so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eye. But it so fell out, that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck made would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed!

Thus the misfortune happened. Helena, as has been told, tried to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, sad and forlorn, she came to the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!"

said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground; is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said: "Good sir, if you are alive, awake!" Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of love and admiration; telling her she was as much above Hermia in beauty as a dove is above a raven and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake; and many more such speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend in this manner to court me? I thought, Lysander you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what had become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime Demetrius not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learned by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover) made his appear-

ance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia, were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena: she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

"Unkind Hermia," said Helena, "it is you who have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover, Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me Goddess, Nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgotten our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles worked the same flower, both on the same sampler; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted? Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your words," said Hermia: "I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me." "Ay, do," returned Helena, "pretend serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up! If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they

departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him: "This is your carelessness, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?" "Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, "it was a mistake; did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport." "You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark, that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this, till they are so weary they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood, and was likewise asleep: "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love;" and clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect: "are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, whose name was Bottom, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies: their names were, Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman; hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

"Where is Pease-blossom?" said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red bumble bee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflown with the honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed, "what is your will?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch; I must go to a barber's Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried peas," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite.

"But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O how I love you! how I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping, he laughed at his queen for being charmed with the ears and hairy cheeks of a common donkey.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling-boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgrace into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying that she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now friends, he told her the story of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his

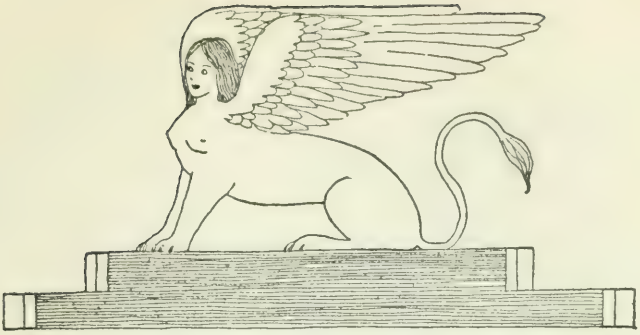
eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death, which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this meeting, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history, brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure, that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.



THE RIDDLES OF THE SPHYNX

From "The Wisdom of the Ancients"

By Francis, Lord Bacon

They say that the Sphynx was a monster of various forms, having the face and voice of a young girl, the wings of a bird and the claws of a griffin. Her home was on a mountain, near the city of Thebes, in Greece. She watched the highways and used to lie in ambush for travelers and so to surprise them. Having them in her power, she asked them the answer to riddles, she made dark and hard to guess, which it was said, she had been taught by the Muses, Goddesses of Education.

Now if her wretched captives were not able to answer her riddles in an instant, in the midst of their trouble and doubt, she would rend and tear them to pieces. The country groaning a long time under this great trouble, the people of Thebes at last promised their kingdom to him who would answer the riddle of the Sphynx, there being no other way to destroy her. Œdipous was a man of keen wit and a deep mind, though he was lame, by reason of holes that had been bored in his feet when a child. Moved by the hope of the great reward, he made up his mind to take the risk, and so, with a dauntless and bold spirit, he went before the monster.

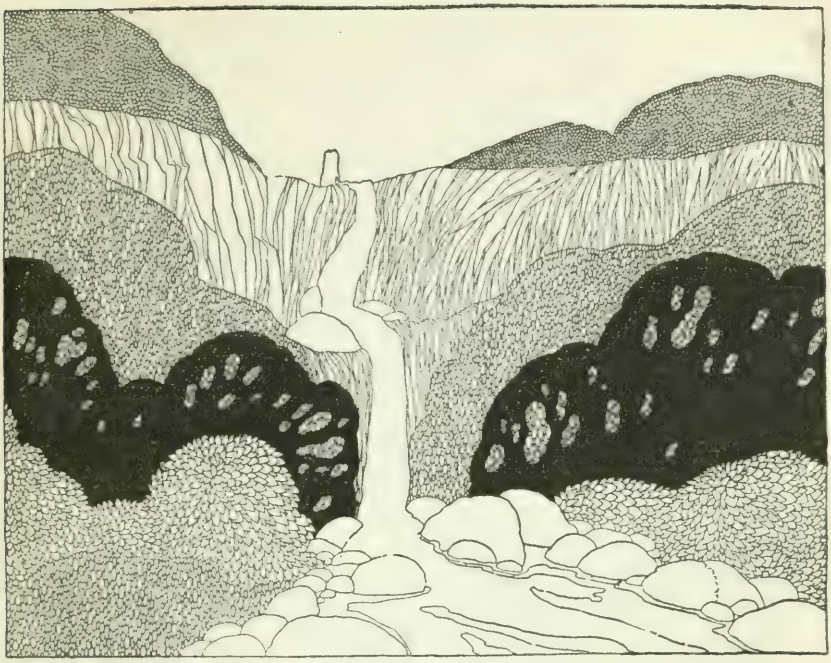
She asked him what creature it was that, after birth, went first upon four feet, next upon two and then upon three and lastly upon four again. He answered at once that it was man, who as a young child soon after birth, begins to crawl upon all fours, scarce venturing to creep, and not long after, stands upright upon two feet. Then growing old, he leans upon a staff on which he supports himself, so that he may be said to have three feet. And in his last years of weakness, when his strength is gone, he falls and lies bedridden, no longer able to move except by crawling again as when a child.

This was the true answer, and [some say that when the Sphynx heard it, she threw herself down from her cliff on the mountain and was killed on the rocks below, but as others say] he slew her, and laying her body upon an ass, as it were in triumph, was made King of Thebes, according to the promise.

This fable seems to point at Science, for Science is in various shapes by reason of its many subjects. . . . The Sphynx is said to have had her riddles from the Muses, who are free from savage cruelty, for so long as there is no other end of study than to learn, the mind is not troubled but has its joy in freedom and liberty. But when the riddles are given by the Muses to the Sphynx,—that is to say,—when Science is to be put into practice, then these riddles begin to be troublesome and raging. They do wonderfully torment and vex the minds of men, as it were tearing them to pieces. These riddles are of two kinds; for one kind has to do with the nature of man himself and one with the nature of things.

It must not be overlooked that the Sphynx was overcome by a man lame in his feet. For when men are too swift and too speedy in trying to answer the riddles of the Sphynx, it comes to pass that,—she getting the upper hand of them,—their wits and minds are torn apart by disputes, instead of put to use in doing their best for good ends.

—*Adapted.*



THE WINGED HORSE

Adapted from the "Wonder Book"

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Once, in the old, old times (for all the strange things which I tell you about happened long before anybody can remember) a fountain gushed out of a hillside in the marvelous land of Greece. And, for aught I know, after so many thousand years, it is still gushing out of the very self-same spot. At any rate, there was the pleasant fountain welling freshly forth and sparkling adown the hillside in the golden sunset when a handsome young man named Bellerophon drew near its margin. In his hand he held a bridle studded with brilliant gems and adorned with a golden bit. Seeing an old man and another of

middle age and a little boy near the fountain, and likewise a maiden who was dipping up some of the water in a pitcher, he paused and begged that he might refresh himself with a draught.

"This is very delicious water," he said to the maiden as he rinsed and filled her pitcher after drinking out of it. "Will you be kind enough to tell me whether the fountain has any name?"

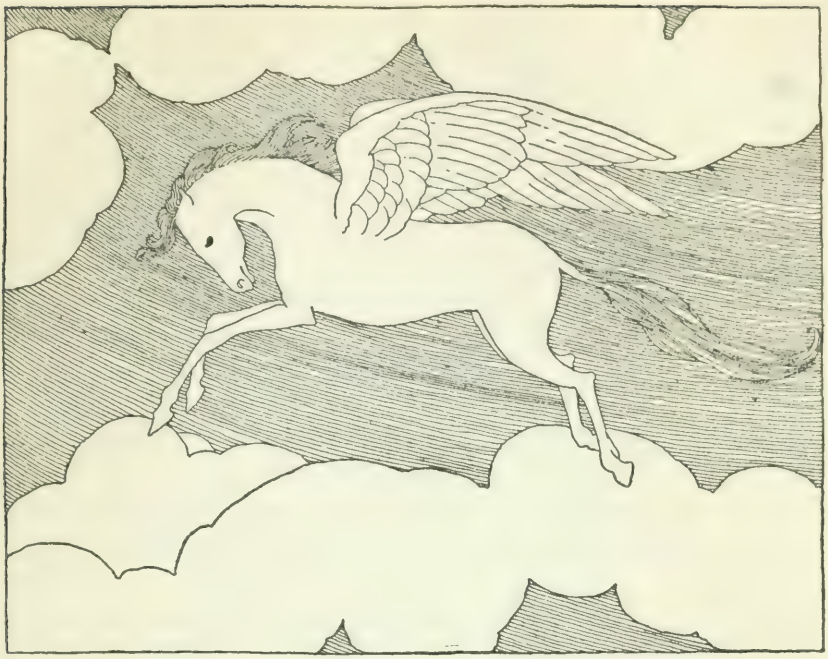
"Yes, it is called the Fountain of Pirene," answered the maiden; and then she added: "My grandmother has told me that this clear fountain was once a beautiful woman, and when her son was killed by the arrows of the huntress Diana, she melted all away into tears. And so the water which you find so cool and sweet is the sorrow of that poor mother's heart."

"I should not have dreamed," said the young man, "that so clear a well-spring, with its gush and gurgle and its cheery dance out of the shade into the sunlight, had so much as one tear-drop in its bosom. And, this, then, is Pirene? I thank you, pretty maiden, for telling me its name. I have come from a far-away country to find this very spot."

A middle-aged country fellow (he had driven his cow to drink out of the spring) stared hard at young Bellerophon and at the handsome bridle which he carried in his hand.

"The watercourses must be getting low, friend, in your part of the world," he said, "if you come so far only to find the Fountain of Pirene. But pray, have you lost a horse? I see you carry the bridle in your hand; and a very pretty one it is, with that double row of bright stones upon it. If the horse was as fine as the bridle, you are much to be pitied for losing him."

"I have lost no horse," said Bellerophon with a smile, "but I happen to be seeking a very famous one, which, as wise people have told me, must be found hereabouts if anywhere. Do you know whether the winged horse,



Pegasus, still haunts the Fountain of Pirene, as he used to do in your forefather's days?"

But then the country fellow laughed.

Some of you, my little friends, have probably heard that this Pagasus was a snow-white steed with beautiful silvery wings who spent most of his time on the summit of Mount Helicon. He was as wild and as swift in his flight through the air as any eagle that ever soared into the clouds. There was nothing else like him in the world. He had no mate, he had never been backed or bridled by a master, and for many long years, he led a happy life.

Oh, how fine a thing it is to be a winged horse! Sleeping at night, as he did, on a lofty mountain-top, and passing the greater part of the day in the air, Pegasus seemed hardly to be a creature of the earth. Whenever he was seen up very high above people's heads, with the sunshine on his silvery wings, you would have thought that he be-

longed to the sky, and that, skimming a little too low, he had got astray among our mists and vapors and was seeking his way back again. It was very pretty to behold him plunge into the fleecy bosom of a bright cloud and be lost in it for a moment or two, and then break forth from the other side. Or in a sullen rainstorm, when there was a gray pavement of clouds over the whole sky, it would sometimes happen that the winged horse came down right through it, and the glad light of the upper region would gleam after him. In another instant, it is true, both Pegasus and the pleasant light would be gone away together. But anyone that was fortunate enough to see this wondrous sight, felt cheerful the whole day afterward.

In the Summer and in the most beautiful of weather, Pegasus often alighted on the solid earth; closing his silvery wings, he would gallop over hill and dale for pastime as fleetly as the wind. Oftener than in any other place, he had been seen near the Fountain of Pirene, drinking the delicious water or rolling himself upon the soft grass of the margin. Sometimes, too (but Pegasus was very dainty in his food) he would crop a few of the clover-blossoms that happened to be sweetest.

To the Fountain of Pirene, therefore, people's great-grandfathers had been in the habit of going (as long as they were young and kept their faith in winged horses) in hopes of getting a glimpse at the beautiful Pegasus. But of late years, he had been very seldom seen. Indeed, there were many of the country folks dwelling within half an hour's walk of the fountain who had never seen Pegasus, and did not believe there was any such creature. The country fellow to whom Bellerophon was speaking, chanced to be one of these, and that was the reason why he laughed.

"Pegasus, indeed!" cried he. "A winged horse, truly! Why, friend, are you in your senses? Of what use would wings be to a horse? Could he drag the plow so well, think you? To be sure, there might be a little saving in

the expense of shoes, but then how would a man like to see his horse flying out of the stable window?—yes, or whisking him up above the clouds when he only wanted to ride to mill? No, no! I don't believe in Pegasus. There never was such a ridiculous kind of a horse-fowl made."

"I have some reason to think otherwise," said Bellerophon quietly.

And then he turned to an old gray man who was leaning on a staff and listening with his head stretched forward and one hand at his ear, because for the last twenty years he had been getting rather deaf.

'And what say you, venerable sir?" inquired he. "In your younger days, you must have seen the winged steed."

"Ah, young stranger, my memory is very poor," said the aged man. "When I was a lad, I used to believe there was such a horse, and so did everybody else. But nowadays, I hardly know what to think, and very seldom think about the winged horse at all. If I ever saw the creature, it was a long, long while ago; and, to tell the truth, I doubt whether I ever did see him. One day, to be sure, when I was quite a youth, I remember seeing some hoof-tramps round about the brink of the fountain. Pegasus might have made those hoof-marks, and so might some other horse."

"And have you never seen him, my fair maiden?" asked Bellerophon of the girl, who stood with the pitcher on her head while this talk went on. "You surely could see Pegasus if anybody can, for your eyes are very bright."

"Once I thought I saw him," replied the maiden with a smile and a blush. "It was either Pegasus or a large white bird a very great way up in the air. And one other time, as I was coming to the fountain with my pitcher, I heard a neigh. Oh, such a brisk and melodious neigh as that was! My very heart leaped with delight at the sound. But it startled me, nevertheless, so that I ran home without filling my pitcher."

"That was truly a pity!" said Bellerophon.

And he turned to a child, who was gazing at him, as children are apt to gaze at strangers, with his rosy mouth wide open.

"Well, my little fellow," cried Bellerophon, playfully pulling one of his curls, "I suppose you have often seen the winged horse."

"That I have," answered the child very readily. "I saw him yesterday and many times before."

"You are a fine little man!" said Bellerophon, drawing the child closer to him. "Come, tell me all about it."

"Why," replied the child, "I often come here to sail little boats in the fountain and to gather pretty pebbles out of its basin. And sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the image of the winged horse in the picture of the sky that is there. I wish he would come down and take me on his back and let me ride him up to the moon. But if I so much as stir to look at him, he flies far away, out of sight."

And Bellerophon put his faith in the child, who had seen the image of Pegasus in the water, and in the maiden who had heard him neigh so melodiously, rather than in the middle-aged clown who believed only in cart-horses, or in the old man who had forgotten the beautiful things of his youth.

Therefore he haunted the Fountain of Pirene for many days. He kept on the watch, looking upward at the sky or else down into the water, hoping forever that he should see either the reflected image of the winged horse or the marvelous reality. He held the bridle with its bright gems and golden bit always ready in his hand.

Now, you will perhaps wish to be told why it was that Bellerophon had undertaken to catch the winged horse, and we shall speak about this matter while he is waiting for Pegasus to appear.

If I were to tell the whole of Bellerophon's adventures, they might grow into a very long story. It will be quite enough to say that in a certain country of Asia, a terrible

monster called a Chimera had made its appearance, and was doing more mischief than could be talked about between now and sunset. According to the best accounts which I have been able to obtain, this Chimera was nearly, if not quite, the ugliest and most poisonous creature, and the strangest and the hardest to fight with and the most difficult to run away from, that ever came out of the earth's inside. It had a tail like a boa constrictor, its body was like I do not care what, and it had three separate heads, one of which was a lion's, the second a goat's, and the third an abominably great snake's, and a hot blast of fire came flaming out of each of its three mouths. Being an earthly monster, I doubt whether it had any wings; but, wings or no, it ran like a goat and a lion and wriggled along like a serpent, and thus contrived to make about as much speed as all the three together.

Oh, the mischief and mischief and mischief that this foul nightmare did! With its flaming breath, it could set a forest on fire or burn up a field of grain, or, for that matter, a village with all its fences and houses. (Mercy on us, little children! I hope neither you nor I will ever happen to meet a Chimera!) While the hateful beast was doing all these horrible things, it so chanced that Bellerophon came to that part of the world on a visit to the King. The King's name was Iobates and Lycia was the country he ruled over. Bellerophon was one of the bravest youths in the world. King Iobates, seeing the courage of his visitor, proposed to him to fight the Chimera, which everybody else was afraid of. Bellerophon said he would either slay this dreaded Chimera or perish in the attempt.

But, as the monster was so swift, he bethought himself that he should never win the victory by fighting on foot. The wisest thing he could do, therefore, was to get the very fleetest horse that could anywhere be found. And what other horse in all the world was half so fleet as the marvelous horse Pegasus, who had wings as well as legs, and was even more active in the air than on the earth?

And this was the purpose with which he had traveled from Lycia to Greece and had brought the beautiful bridle in his hand. It was an enchanted bridle. If he could put the golden bit into the mouth of Pegasus, the winged horse would own Bellerophon for his master.

Well was it for Bellerophon that the gentle child had grown so fond of him and was never weary of keeping him company. Every morning the child gave him a new hope to put in his bosom instead of yesterday's withered one.

"Dear Bellerophon," he would cry, looking up hopefully into his face, "I think we shall see Pegasus today."

And at length, if it had not been for the little boy's faith, Bellerophon would have given up all hope, and would have gone back to Lycia, and have done his best to slay the Chimera without the help of the winged horse. And in that case, poor Bellerophon would have been terribly scorched by the creature's breath, and would most probably have been killed and devoured. Nobody should ever try to fight an earth-born Chimera unless he can first get upon the back of an aerial steed.

One morning the child spoke to Bellerophon even more hopefully than usual.

"Dear, dear Bellerophon," cried he, "I know not why it is, but I feel as if we should certainly see Pegasus today."

And when he least thought of it, Bellerophon felt the pressure of the child's little hand and heard a soft, almost breathless whisper:

"See there, dear Bellerophon! There is an image in the water."

The young man looked down into the dimpling mirror of the fountain, and saw what he took to be the reflection of a bird which seemed to be flying at a great height in the air, with a gleam of sunshine on its snowy or silvery wings.

"What a splendid bird it must be!" said he. "And how very large it looks, though it must really be flying higher than the clouds!"

"It makes me tremble," whispered the child. "I am afraid to look up into the air. It is very beautiful, and yet I dare only look at its image in the water. Dear Bellerophon, do you not see that it is no bird? It is the winged horse Pegasus."

Bellerophon's heart began to throb. He gazed keenly upward, but could not see the winged creature, whether bird or horse, because just then it had plunged into the fleecy depths of a summer cloud. It was but a moment, however, before the object reappeared, sinking lightly down out of the cloud, although still at a vast distance from the earth. Bellerophon caught the child in his arms and shrank back with him, so that they were both hidden among the thick shrubbery which grew all around the fountain. Not that he was afraid of any harm, but he dreaded lest, if Pegasus caught a glimpse of them, he would fly far away. For it was really the winged horse. After they had expected him so long, he was coming to quench his thirst with the water of Pirene. At last, with so light a pressure as hardly to bend the grass about the fountain or imprint a hoof-tramp in the sand of its margin, he alighted, and stooping his wild head, began to drink. He drew in the water with long and pleasant sighs and tranquil pauses of enjoyment, and then another draught, and another and another. For nowhere in the world or up among the clouds did Pegasus love any water as he loved this of Pirene. And when his thirst was slaked, he cropped a few of the honey blossoms of the clover, delicately tasting them, but not caring to make a hearty meal, because the herbage just beneath the clouds on the lofty sides of Mount Helicon suited his palate better than this grass.

At length, Pegasus folded his wings and lay down on the soft green turf. But, being too full of life to remain quiet for many moments together, he soon rolled over on his back with his four slender legs in the air. It was beautiful to see him, this one solitary creature whose mate

had never been created, but who needed no companion, and living a great many hundred years, was as happy as the centuries were long. The more he did such things as mortal horses are accustomed to do, the less earthly and more wonderful he seemed. Bellerophon and the child almost held their breath, partly from a delightful awe, but still more because they dreaded lest the slightest stir or murmur should send him up with the speed of an arrow-flight into the furthest blue of the sky. Finally, when he had enough of rolling over and over, Pegasus turned himself about, and, indolently, like any other horse, put out his forelegs in order to rise from the ground; and Bellerophon, who had guessed that he would do so, darted suddenly from the thicket and leaped astride of his back. Yes, there he sat, on the back of the winged horse!

But what a bound did Pegasus make, when, for the first time, he felt the weight of a mortal man upon his loins! A bound, indeed! Before he had time to draw a breath, Bellerophon found himself five hundred feet aloft, and still shooting upward, while the winged horse snorted and trembled with terror and anger.

I cannot tell you half what he did. He skimmed straight forward and sideways and backward. He reared himself erect, with his forelegs on a wreath of mist and his hind legs on nothing at all. He flung out his heels behind and put down his head between his legs, with his wings pointing right upward. At about two miles height above the earth, he turned a somersault, so that Bellerophon's heels were where his head should have been, and he seemed to look down into the sky, instead of up. He twisted his head about, and looking Bellerophon in the face with fire flashing from his eyes, made a terribe attempt to bite him. He fluttered his pinions so wildly that one of the silver feathers was shaken out, and, floating earthward, was picked up by the child, who kept it as long as he lived in memory of Pegasus and Bellerophon.

But the latter (who, as you may judge, was as good a

horseman as ever galloped) at last clapped the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between the winged steed's jaws. No sooner was this done, than Pegasus became as manageable as if he had taken food all his life out of Bellerophon's hand. To speak what I really feel, it was almost a sadness to see so wild a creature grow suddenly so tame. And Pegasus seemed to feel it so likewise. He looked round to Bellerophon with tears in his beautiful eyes, instead of the fire that so recently flashed from them. But when Bellerophon patted his head and spoke a few kind and soothing words, another look came into the eyes of Pegasus, for he was glad at heart, after so many lonely centuries, to have found a companion and a master.

While Pegasus had been doing his utmost to shake Bellerophon off his back, he had flown a very long distance, and they had come within sight of a lofty mountain by the time the bit was in his mouth. Bellerophon had seen this mountain before and knew it to be Helicon, on the summit of which was the winged horse's home. Thither (after looking gently into his rider's face, as if to ask leave) Pegasus now flew, and, alighting, waited until Bellerophon should please to dismount. The young man accordingly leaped from his steed's back, but still held him fast by the bridle. Meeting his eyes, however, he was so affected by his beauty, and by the thought of the free life which Pegasus had heretofore lived, that he could not bear to keep him a prisoner.

Obeying this generous impulse, he slipped the enchanted bridle off the head of Pegasus, and took the bit from his mouth.

"Leave me, Pegasus!" said he. "Either leave me or love me."

In an instant the winged horse shot almost out of sight, soaring straight upward from the summit of Mount Helicon. Being long after sunset, it was now twilight on the mountain-top and dusky evening over all the country round about. But Pegasus flew so high that he overtook

the departed day and was bathed in the upper radiance of the sun. Ascending higher and higher, he looked like a bright speck, and at last could no longer be seen in the hollow waste of the sky. And Bellerophon was afraid that he should never behold him more. But while he was lamenting his own folly, the bright speck reappeared, and drew nearer and nearer until it descended lower than the sunshine, and behold Pegasus had come back! After this trial, there was no more fear of the winged horse making his escape. He and Bellerophon were friends and put loving faith in one another. That night they lay down and slept together, with Bellerophon's arm about the neck of Pegasus, not as a caution, but for kindness. And they awoke at peep of day and bade one another good-morning, each in his own language.

At daybreak, Pegasus immediately started from the ground and pranced about a quarter of a mile aloft and made a grand sweep around the mountain-top by way of showing that he was wide awake and ready for any kind of an excursion. During the whole of this little flight he uttered a loud, brisk, and melodious neigh, and finally came down at Bellerophon's side as lightly as ever you saw a sparrow hop upon a twig.

"Well done, dear Pegasus! well done, my sky-skimmer!" cried Bellerophon, fondly stroking the horse's neck. "And now, my fleet and beautiful friend, we must break our fast. Today we are to fight the terrible Chimera."

As soon as they had eaten their morning meal and drank some sparkling water from a spring called Hippocrene, Pegasus held out his head of his own accord so that his master might put on the bridle. Then with a great many airy caperings, he showed his impatience to be gone while Bellerophon was girding on his sword and hanging his shield about his neck and preparing himself for battle. When everything was ready, the rider mounted and turned the head of Pegasus toward the east for Lycia. In their flight, they overtook an eagle, and came so nigh

him, before he could get out of their way, that Bellerophon might easily have caught him by the leg. Hastening onward at this rate, it was still early in the forenoon when they beheld the lofty mountains of Lycia with their deep and shaggy valleys. If Bellerophon had been told truly, it was in one of those dismal valleys that the hideous Chimera had taken up its abode.

On looking behind him, Bellerophon saw something that induced him first to draw the bridle and then to turn Pegasus about. He made a sign, which the winged horse understood, and sunk slowly through the air until his hoofs were scarcely more than a man's height above the rocky bottom of the valley. In front, as far off as you could throw a stone, was a cavern's mouth with three smoke-wreaths oozing out of it. And what else did Bellerophon behold there?

There seemed to be a heap of strange and terrible creatures curled up within the cavern. Their bodies lay so close together that Bellerophon could not distinguish them apart; but, judging by their heads, one of these creatures was a huge snake, the second a fierce lion and the third an ugly goat. The lion and the goat were asleep; the snake was broad awake, and kept staring around him with a great pair of fiery eyes. But,—and this was the most wonderful part of the matter,—the three spires of smoke issued from the nostrils of these three heads. So strange was the spectacle, that though Bellerophon had been all along expecting it, the truth did not occur to him that here was the terrible three-headed Chimera. He had found out the Chimera's cavern. The snake, the lion and the goat, as he supposed them to be, were not three separate creatures, but one monster.

A long and dreadful battle followed. The Chimera breathed out fire against the winged horse and his rider. But they dared the monster's worst and slew him, leaving him to burn to ashes in his own flames.

In the middle of a field there was left a heap of whitened

bones a great deal higher than a haystack. Nothing else was ever seen of the dreadful Chimera.

And when Bellerophon had won the victory he bent forward and kissed Pegasus, while the tears stood in his eyes.

"Back now, my beloved steed!" said he. "Back to the fountain of Pirene."

Pegasus skimmed through the air quicker than ever he did before, and reached the fountain in a very short time. And there he found the old man leaning on his staff, and the country fellow watering his cow and the pretty maiden filling her pitcher.

"I remember now," quoth the old man. "I saw this winged horse once before, when I was quite a lad. But he was ten times handsomer in those days."

"I own a cart-horse worth three of him," said the country fellow. "If this pony were mine, the first thing I should do would be to clip his wings."

But the poor maiden said nothing, for she had always the luck to be afraid at the wrong time. So she ran away and let her pitcher tumble down and broke it.

"Where is the gentle child," asked Bellerophon, "who used to keep me company, and never lost his faith, and never was weary of gazing into the fountain?"

"Here am I, dear Bellerophon!" said the child softly.

For the little boy had spent day after day on the margin of Pirene, waiting for his friend to come back, and when he saw Bellerophon mounted on the winged horse, he had shrunk back into the shrubbery. He was a delicate child, and dreaded lest the old man and the country fellow should see the tears gushing from his eyes.

"Thou hast won the victory," said he joyfully, running to the knee of Bellerophon, who still sat on the back of Pegasus. "I knew thou wouldst!"

"Yes, dear child!" replied Bellerophon, alighting from the winged horse. "But if thy faith had not helped me, I should never have waited for Pegasus, and never have

gone up above the clouds, and never have conquered the terrible Chimera. Thou, my beloved little friend, hast done it all. And now let us give Pegasus his liberty."

So he slipped off the enchanted bridle from the head of the marvelous steed.

"Be free forever more, my Pegasus!" cried he, with a shade of sadness in his tone. "Be as free as thou art fleet."

But Pegasus rested his head on Bellerophon's shoulder, and would not be persuaded to take flight.

"Well, then," said Bellerophon, caressing the airy horse, "thou shalt be with me as long as thou wilt, and we will go together forthwith and tell King Iobates that the Chimera is slain."

Then Bellerophon embraced the gentle child and promised to come to him again, and departed. But in after years, that child took higher flights upon the aerial steed than ever did Bellerophon. For gentle and tender as he was, he grew to be a mighty poet.

A STORY FROM HOMER

By Fielding Lewis

Adapted from the Greek, Compared with Clark's Latin, and Perry's Tales from the Odyssey.

Let us listen to a tale of Ulysses, while he was tossed about on the sea, after having destroyed the sacred city of Troy, suffering many things, seeing many countries, learning the many-fold minds of men, while he greatly longed to bring his comrades safely home. But that he could not: They perished in their silliness, being in all things foolish, but in one thing foolish above all, for they dared at last to sin against the Light, even against Apollo, the God of the Lyre and the Bow, who gives light to all men.

In spite of their foolishness, Ulysses might have turned them and saved them, but in his own foolishness, he had uttered a wild word of boasting before the listening gods, forgetting his wisdom, after he had prevailed against the giant Polyphemus, son of the Sea-god. For though Ulysses turned from his own foolishness, the Sea-god had heard his boasting and was greatly angered against him. Hence it was that though he might turn about and save himself, he could not turn his comrades when he knew they must turn, or else die by the white flame of the thunderbolt of Jove that falls on all who will not stop when they reach at last the line, which if they cross, the lightning strikes.

Now in the ninth year of his wanderings, Ulysses was in the island of the fair sea-goddess, Calypso, longing for his home and his wife, the prudent Penelope. Being fairer than Helen, for whom the Greeks had fought ten years, the divine Calypso willed that Ulysses might forget his home and wife, and live with her in her charmed island, forever, far from the griefs of mortals. But

Ulysses held his own purpose dearer than all things. He would not do what the goddess willed and he sat by the shore of the dark-blue sea, looking ever towards his home in rock-bound Ithaca, and when no one saw him, the tears fell from his eyes in his sore longing to see once more the cliffs of his native island.

Then in the council of the high gods, Jove, father of gods and men, who wields the white flame of the thunderbolt, sat in his lofty seat, and his daughter, the Virgin, Pallas Athene, who loves all men when they turn from their foolishness and will to use their immortal minds, rose among the gods, who live always, and said to her father and the other gods that it was shame for them to forget Ulysses, when he alone among so many others was wont always to try to escape from the worst by thinking for the best. And her Father, Jove, said to her: "My daughter, what sort of language is this you have let get

by the guard of your teeth?" He told her that he was watching over Ulysses, and all other men, but that in spite of all he could do, they defied the fates and died by their own foolishness. He remembered the wild word of boasting that set his brother, Neptune, the Sea-god, in hot anger against Ulysses, but his daughter Pallas had her way with him as was her wont, and his winged messenger, Hermes, was bidden to go straight to the fair island of Calypso and command her to send Ulysses to his own land. And Hermes went far beyond the lands in which men live, over the wide welter of the dark sea until he came to the dwelling of Calypso, to whom he told the mandate of Jove, the cloud-compeller. And she feared and lamented to hear it.

She held Ulysses to be her own of right, because he had come shipwrecked to her island, clinging to a fragment of his black ship, and she had saved him.

Now, before he came to her island, the patient, godlike Ulysses had left the island of Circe and had passed the Isle of the Sirens, who bewitch all men with their sweet voices and draw them to death, so that none who hears them ever has the joy of seeing again his wife and his sweet children. But Ulysses, thinking to learn their spell and yet escape them, commanded that all his comrades should stop their ears with wax, and tie him with many cords to the mast of the black ship. And so it was done. Then as his comrades struck the hoary sea with their oars and the swift ship neared the island, Ulysses heard the sweet music and magical song of these false sisters who bring death and doom on men. They called him great and glorious; their music promised to teach him all things known to men and gods, and so greatly he willed to learn this from them that he strained hard against the ropes that bound him, and called loudly to his comrades to loose him from the mast. But they, having their ears sealed with the wax, heard him not, and as he had strongly charged them beforehand, they left him bound until the charmed

voices of the Sirens could be heard no more. Then they took the wax from their ears and unbound him, and struck the sea with their oars, hoping to reach home and their dear birthplace.

Soon they heard a mighty roaring, as they neared the narrow way between the worst danger, both on the right hand and the left, for there was no way to strive for home in their swift, black ship except between the rock of Scylla and the rock of Charybdis, a narrow way in which the sea boils with the noise of thunder. In the rock of Scylla, there is a dim cave in which she sits, a monster, an immortal evil no man may slay, and with her long arms, like the arms of the cuttle fish, she reaches down into ships as they pass. And on the other side, at the foot of a fig-tree growing in a cleft, the whirlpool Charybdis sucks in the ships and carries them down and down to the dark sands below. Now Ulysses had his ship steered on the side of the rock of Scylla to escape certain doom in the whirlpool. Though he had been bidden by the witch-goddess, Circe, not to fight the monster Scylla, yet for love of his dear comrades, he went armed on the deck, ready to die for the rest, and stood forward with his spear to meet her arms as she stretched them down from her dim cave. But she touched him not, nor could he reach her with his spear when she reached over him and carried into her cave one of his dear comrades in each of her arms. And as they called to him for help, and he could not help them, that was sadder to the godlike Ulysses than all he had known in all the years of his sufferings on the waves and in war.

But so it was, and their day of return was cut off. They were of those, who when he had brought them to the sight of the smoke from their own cottages, by grace of the God of the Winds, had brought on themselves sufferings beyond fate. For the God of the Winds had tied up in a strong bullhide all the storm-winds that might drive them from home And being so near home, they thought that there was gold and treasure in the bullhide sack, that

Ulysses ought to share with them. When he had steered the ship nine days and nights until he swooned for lack of sleep, in sight of home, they had cut the cords and loosed the winds from the sack. When the storm drove the swift ship far back into the vast, wine-colored deep, Ulysses woke and willed that he might die there, nor suffer longer! But it was not to be, for he was to suffer still, because of the wild word of his boasting, until he learned to save himself by trying to save his dear comrades.

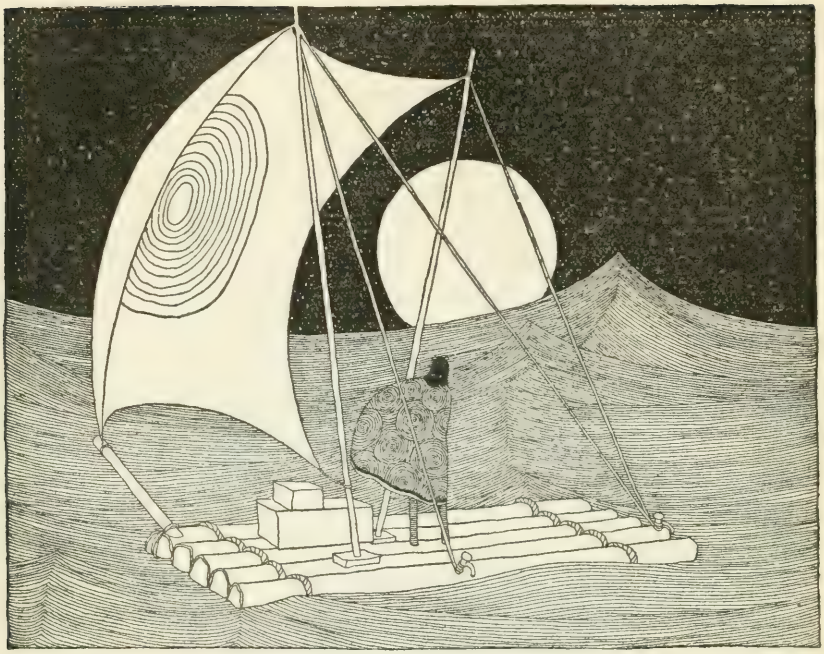
Then after the swift ship had passed the whirlpool of Charybdis, they came to the island of the God of Light, where he has his joy in his fair flock of cattle, and his daughters, nymphs of the sunlight. There the patient, god-like Ulysses gave his dear comrades the warning of Circe and of the prophet, Tiresias, that though there might be escape from death beyond fate through all other foolishness, yet they whose hunger should lead them to eat the sacred cattle of the Sungod, would surely die and go down to black night far from their dear children. And his dear comrades swore to Ulysses that they would by no means disobey the warning, but a great storm came and kept them in that island until they had nothing to eat, and they said it was better to die of the anger of the gods than to die of hunger and they slew the sacred cattle while Ulysses had gone apart from them that he might pray the deathless gods for their return to their well-loved homes. When he knew that they had eaten their fill of the flesh of the sacred cattle, he abode with them, waiting their doom, that he might die with them. At last the storm ceased and the swift ship was once more driven by their oars over the hoary sea. But neither could he save them nor die with them, for when Jove with his flaming lightning struck the swift ship, they perished, but the patient, much-thinking Ulysses caught fragments of the wreck of the ship for a raft, and was borne back by the wild winds over the way they had come until once more he heard the roar of the dread Charybdis. It sucked into its

swirl the fragment of his ship on which he sat, but he grasped the root of the fig-tree above the whirl-pool. Then if that brittle root brake not, while he clung on like a bat until the fragment of wreck was whirled outward again by Charybdis, he might live, if he missed not his aim in clutching at his raft. So he held on and endured and his aim was sure, and the whirlpool whirled him out into the dark sea, and enduring long, he had come at last to the island of the fair-haired Calypso, who cherished him as a god and wished to make him divine and undying if he would give up his beloved home and his dear wife. But he chose to hold his own manful purpose to the end, rather than to live in endless youth and pleasure as one of the deathless gods.

When Hermes, messenger of the gods, had departed from the fair and pleasant Island of Calypso, she murmured against the high gods and sorely chided Ulysses that he willed to leave a place of such beauty in which there was no mortal care, and refused to become immortal, living always in her love. "Am not I a goddess, fairer than the wife for whom you grieve always?" she asked. "Shall a mortal woman, born of a mother who faded and died, compare with me, a goddess? Besides, if you knew what great distress the anger of the Sea-god will bring upon you, you would surely remain with me."

Then the patient, godlike Ulysses answered with soft and fair words, saying that he knew her to be a goddess, fairer than any mortal woman, and that he might worship and love her as a goddess. "But, O Goddess," he said, "I long always for my home and if any god will bring distress upon me on the gray sea, I will say to my heart, 'Be strong! Endure it!' For I have endured many things already in war and on the waves, until I have learned to endure, and I will go through this also."

Then since he might not be persuaded, Calypso gave him all that was needed to make himself a strong raft. She gave him all that was best for his voyage and sent



the wind behind him to bear him safely. He steered content, until Neptune, King of the Sea, saw him and let loose upon him the wrath of all the winds. The storm was as the mad whirlwind in the minds of men and women in the wild world-storm of wars, and at last Ulysses was swept from his raft and sunk deep under the waves. But always his head appeared as a black spot in the raging of the waves, for Pallas kept him and he had the help of Ino, the sea-goddess, who gave her magic girdle that he might not be kept under by the waves. So he came at last to the rockbound coast of the land of the Phæacians. The waves drove him against the rocks and he clung until the skin was torn from his hands. Again and again he was driven on the rocks and back to sea, until at last he prayed and the stream of a fair river received him. He reached the shore and fell upon it and the salt water he had swallowed, gushed from his mouth, until he could speak and he cried:

"Woe is me," and lamented sorely. But the gray-eyed goddess, Pallas, gave him sleep and it was from this land that she brought about his return to his own land of Ithaca. There when he came in the guise of a beggar, no living creature knew him save his old dog, Argos, who would have fawned upon him, wishing to lick his hands, but had not the strength, and died trying to reach him, for it was the twentieth year since Ulysses had left his dear home. But not even now were his troubles over. He had a sore struggle to win his own, as it had been taken from him, but always he prayed to the gray-eyed goddess, Pallas, helper of all who would use their minds to save themselves, to win their own and to help others! And by her help he won his own and lived with his beloved wife, the prudent Penelope, and his dear son, Telemachus, as long as it pleases the deathless gods, who know all things, that men should live upon the fruitful earth. And of him, because he endured all things, as befits the enduring soul in all men who strive to win their own best according to the will of heaven, it is said:

"Friends, still the hopes of Man shall grow;
Still shall Ulysses win his crown;
The seas may whelm him, but we know,
They cannot keep him down."*

*See also "Odysseus and His Wiles" in this volume. "Ulysses" is the English of the Greek name, "Odysseus."

A STORY FROM VIRGIL

Adapted from the Latin of Virgil's Aeneid

By Fielding Lewis

The Golden Bough

In the days when the sacred city of Troy was burned because of the beauty of the white-armed Helen, Æneas of Troy was of the race of the half-gods, and he is called "the Pious Æneas" to this day. This is because through the flames and fighting in the doomed city, he brought away safely his old father, the hero Anchises, who was so stricken in years that except he had been saved by his son, he had been surely slain. Because of this, Æneas was saved from the doom of other heroes and half-gods, for the triple Fates had written that the heroes and half-gods, who would master all men, and be as gods on earth, should destroy each other unless they learned no longer to be foolish beyond what was fated for all men.

Being one of the half-gods, the Pious Æneas had in him a baser half, and most basely he had deserted the Queen of Carthage, the fair Dido, who loved him because of the tales of war he told her. Yet though the baseness of every half-god is worse than that of mortal men, who do not claim kinship with the deathless gods in heaven, Æneas will always be praised as the Pious Æneas because he did not desert his gray-haired father, Anchises, in his greatest need. So it was, as poets believe, that his father, in spite of being dead,—as we say on earth,—could yet keep watch over his son, and care for him when the time of greatest need of help had come to him. And in a dream, the gray-haired Anchises came to his son and charged him to learn from the Sybil how, by the will of heaven, he might come to the Elysian Fields, the home of the blessed dead.

At Cumæ in Italy, when Æneas had come there, he

knew how to find the Sybil, who served Apollo, the god of the lyre and the bow, who knows the future and gives light to all men. In her cave, she sat when men sought her, and wrote on leaves the truth of life that they might read it. But if they delayed to read and learn, the wind might scatter the leaves and they would live ignorant as they had lived before. For the Sybil, awful to look upon in the majesty of her old age, persuaded them not and scolded them not, but left them to grow more foolish or more wise, as they themselves willed to be. But when Æneas prayed her to speak to him instead of writing her words upon the leaves, she knew that he had come to seek his father in the House of Hades, and because he had honored his father, she granted his prayer. When he asked her the way to the House of Hades, she said: "The gate is always open, and the way downhill is easy, but to retrace your steps,—to turn back and regain the upper air,—that

is the labor, that is the test!" Then she bade him seek in the deep forest a tree, which bore a single bough with twigs and leaves of gold, sacred to Proserpina, Queen of Hades, which is the underworld. Except by her will, no one could find it or pull it from the tree. Going to seek it, Æneas was led by two doves which flew before him and showed him the tree, and he pulled the Golden Bough easily from the trunk. When he returned with it to the Sybil, she knew it was her duty to lead him down the dark way to the Kingdom of Hades. Through the mouth of a fearful cave, downward and still downward and far downward, she led him until they came to the sluggish stream of the River Styx, where the grim ferryman, Charon, threatened them aloud, but yielded when he saw the Golden Bough, and set them across the stream. They passed the three-headed dog, Cerberus, who guards the gate of the Kingdom of Hades and he harmed them not, through the spell of the Sybil, who turned all evil from Æneas, as they passed the ways the wicked must walk downward to find what they have deserved through the love of their own worst. Then when the Golden Bough was returned to Queen Proserpina, they were allowed to enter the joyful home of the blessed dead.

There each one has his pleasure in what he loved best on earth. They saw the great poets and singers and teachers of old time, and they heard the harp of Orpheus, sweetest of poets. There, too, they saw all who had done their best to make life easier for all men, and with them, those who had died on their own ground, defending their homes from invaders, who came to subdue them. For the godlike Hector, when he knew his countrymen were wrong and must perish, chose to die with them, and he had said that if men must die in war, the best omen is to die like men, fighting in front of their own doors, for their own homes.

Before he came to the Elysian Fields, and before he saw his father, the Pious Æneas saw the sad Queen Dido, he

had betrayed and deserted. He swore to her that he was forced to do it by the will of heaven, but she turned from him and spoke no words. She was not in the home of the blessed, because she had slain herself for love of the Pious Æneas.

In the home of the blessed, there were clear streams and delightful groves where happiness abounds, and they have light fairer than the light of the sun. When Æneas found his father, they would have fallen into each other's arms, but the gray-haired hero, Anchises, had a shape rarer than mortal, and they could not touch each other. Long they talked together, and Æneas learned all that he must do to make a beginning for the great city of Rome and the empire of the Romans. As bees swarm around the flowers in a field of lilies on a fair day in Summer, Æneas saw the spirits swarming on the banks of the river of Lethe, waiting to be born again on earth. For after they are freed from all evil, they drink of the water of Lethe, which

makes them forget their past. Then they return to life on earth, once more to strive against all the evil they did not help in their first lives on earth. There Æneas saw all the great men who were to be born in Rome,—Brutus, who drove out the tyrant, Tarquin; Regulus, who died to keep his word; Cato, the Just; and many more whose names live always.

At last, when all was told, the father and son parted and the Sybil led Æneas back to earth again. The gray-haired Anchises had said that it was the destiny of Rome to conquer the world, making war on all the proud, and sparing those who were humble enough to own themselves conquered. So this became the law of Roman rule, and under it Rome, as the proudest of all, was conquered at last as Troy was conquered when the Pious Æneas fled from it, bearing his father and on his shoulders through the flames. But this his father did not tell him, nor did the Sybil,—since it maybe, not more than half can be learned by any half-god, even though he boasts himself, as did Æneas, to be the grandson of Jove, King of the Gods, who hurls the lightning.

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS.

Adapted from Thomas Bulfinch's Age of Fable.

By Anna Klingensmith.

Of these stories, "The Wooden Horse," was adapted and enlarged by Virgil from Homer. In his Metamorphoses, Ovid told in musical verse the stories Bulfinch turned into interesting English prose. Ovid adapted from Homer, Hesiod and many other Greek writers.

Prometheus and Pandora.

THE creation of the world is a problem naturally fitted to excite the liveliest interest of man. The ancient pagans had their own way of telling the story, which is as follows:

Before earth and sea and heaven were created, all things wore one aspect, to which we give the name of Chaos—a confused and shapeless mass, nothing but dead weight, in which, however, slumbered the seeds of things. Earth, sea, and air were all mixed up together; so the earth was not solid, the sea was not fluid, and the air was not transparent. God and Nature at last interposed, and put an end to this discord, separating earth from sea, and heaven from both. The fiery part, being the lightest, sprang up, and formed the skies; the air was next in weight and place. The earth, being heavier, sank below; and the water took the lowest place, and buoyed up the earth.

Here some god—it is not known which—gave his good offices in arranging and disposing the earth. He appointed rivers and bays their places, raised mountains, scooped out valleys, distributed woods, fountains, fertile fields, and stony plains. The air being cleared, the stars began to appear, fishes took possession of the sea, birds of the air, and four-footed beasts of the land.

But a nobler animal was wanted, and Man was made.

It is not known whether the creator made him of divine materials, or whether in the earth, so lately separated from heaven, there lurked still some heavenly seeds. Prometheus took some of this earth, and kneading it up with water, made man in the image of the gods. He gave him an upright stature, so that while all other animals turn their faces downward, and look to the earth, he raises his to heaven, and gazes on the stars.

Prometheus was one of the Titans, a gigantic race, who inhabited the earth before the creation of man. To him and his brother Epimetheus was committed the office of making man, and providing him and all other animals with the faculties necessary for their preservation. Epimetheus undertook to do this, and Prometheus was to overlook his work, when it was done. Epimetheus accordingly proceeded to bestow upon the different animals the various gifts of courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity; wings to one, claws to another, a shelly covering to a third, etc. But when man came to be provided for, who was to be superior to all other animals, Epimetheus had been so prodigal of his resources that he had nothing left to bestow upon him. In his perplexity he resorted to his brother Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up to heaven, and lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun, and brought down fire to man. With this gift man was more than a match for all other animals. It enabled him to make weapons wherewith to subdue them; tools with which to cultivate the earth; to warm his dwelling, so as to be comparatively independent of climate; and finally to introduce the arts and to coin money, the means of trade and commerce.

Woman was not yet made. The story (absurd enough!) is that Jupiter made her, and sent her to Prometheus and his brother, to punish them for their presumption in stealing fire from heaven; and man, for accepting the gift. The first woman was named Pandora. She was made in heaven, every god contributing something to perfect her. Venus gave her beauty, Mercury persuasion, Apollo music, etc. Thus equipped, she was conveyed to earth, and presented to Epimetheus,

who gladly accepted her, though cautioned by his brother to beware of Jupiter and his gifts. Epimetheus had in his house a jar, in which were kept certain noxious articles, for which, in fitting man for his new abode, he had had no occasion. Pandora was seized with an eager curiosity to know what this jar contained; and one day she slipped off the cover and looked in. Forthwith there escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man—such as gout, rheumatism, and colic for his body, and envy, spite, and revenge for his mind,—and scattered themselves far and wide. Pandora hastened to replace the lid! but alas! the whole contents of the jar had escaped, one thing only excepted, which lay at the bottom, and that was *hope*. So we see at this day, whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us; and while we have *that*, no amount of other ills can make us completely wretched.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Pyramus was the handsomest youth, and Thisbe the fairest maiden, in all Babylonia, where Semiramis reigned. Their parents occupied adjoining houses; and neighborhood brought the young people together, and acquaintance ripened into love. They would gladly have married, but their parents forbade. One thing, however, they could not forbid—that love should glow with equal ardor in the bosoms of both. They conversed by signs and glances, and the fire burned more intensely for being covered up. In the wall that parted the two houses there was a crack, caused by some fault in the structure. No one had remarked it before, but the lovers discovered it. What will not love discover! It afforded a passage to the voice; and tender messages used to pass backward and forward through the gap. As they stood, Pyramus on this side, Thisbe on that, their breaths would mingle. "Cruel wall," they said, "why do you keep two lovers apart? But we will not be ungrateful. We owe you, we confess, the privilege of transmitting loving words to willing ears." Such words they uttered on different sides of the wall; and when night came and they

must say farewell, they pressed their lips upon the wall, she on her side, he on his, as they could come no nearer.

Next morning, when Aurora had put out the stars, and the sun had melted the frost from the grass, they met at the accustomed spot. Then, after lamenting their hard fate, they agreed that next night, when all was still, they would slip away from watchful eyes, leave their dwellings and walk out into the fields; and to insure a meeting, repair to a well-known edifice standing without the city's bounds, called the Tomb of Ninus, and that the one who came first should await the other at the foot of a certain tree. It was a white mulberry tree, and stood near a cool spring. All was agreed on, and they waited impatiently for the sun to go down beneath the waters and night to rise up from them. Then cautiously Thisbe stole forth, unobserved by the family, her head covered with a veil, made her way to the monument and sat down under the tree. As she sat alone in the dim light of the evening she descried a lioness, her jaws reeking with recent slaughter, approaching the fountain to slake her thirst. Thisbe fled at the sight and sought refuge in the hollow of a rock. As she fled she dropped her veil. The lioness after drinking at the spring turned to retreat to the woods, and seeing the veil on the ground, tossed and rent it with her bloody mouth.

Pyramus, having been delayed, now approached the place of meeting. He saw in the sand the footsteps of the lion, and the color fled from his cheeks at the sight. Presently he found the veil all rent and bloody. "O hapless girl," said he, "I have been the cause of thy death! Thou, more worthy of life than I, hast fallen the first victim. I will follow. I am the guilty cause, in tempting thee forth to a place of such peril, and not being myself on the spot to guard thee. Come forth, ye lions, from the rocks, and tear this guilty body with your teeth." He took up the veil, carried it with him to the appointed tree and covered it with kisses and with tears. "*My* blood shall also stain your texture," said he, and drawing his sword plunged it into his heart. The blood spurted from the wound, and tinged the white mulber-

ries of the tree all red; and sinking into the earth reached the roots, so that the red color mounted through the trunk to the fruit.

By this time Thisbe, still trembling with fear, yet wishing not to disappoint her lover, stepped cautiously forth, looking anxiously for the youth, eager to tell him the danger she had escaped. When she came to the spot and saw the changed color of the mulberries she doubted whether it was the same place. While she hesitated she saw the form of one in the agonies of death. She started back, a shudder ran through her frame as a ripple on the face of the still water when a sudden breeze sweeps over it. But as soon as she recognized her lover, she screamed and beat her breast, embracing the lifeless body, pouring tears into its wounds, and imprinting kisses on the cold lips. "O Pyramus," she cried, "what has done this? Answer me, Pyramus; it is your own Thisbe that speaks. Hear me, dearest, and lift that drooping head!" At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus opened his eyes, then closed them again. She saw her veil stained with blood and the scabbard empty of its sword. "Thy own hand has slain thee, and for my sake," she said. "I too can be brave for once, and my love is as strong as thine. I will follow thee in death, for I have been the cause; and death which alone could part us shall not prevent my joining thee. And ye, unhappy parents of us both, deny us not our united request. As love and death have joined us, let one tomb contain us. And thou, tree, retain the marks of slaughter. Let thy berries still serve for memorials of our blood." So saying she plunged the sword into her breast. Her parents ratified her wish, the gods also ratified it. The two bodies were buried in one sepulchre, and the tree ever after brought forth purple berries, as it does to this day.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

Cephalus was a beautiful youth and fond of manly sports. He would rise before the dawn to pursue the chase. Aurora saw him when she first looked forth, fell

in love with him, and stole him away. But Cephalus was just married to a charming wife whom he devotedly loved. Her name was Procris. She was a favorite of Diana, the goddess of hunting, who had given her a dog which could outrun every rival, and a javelin which would never fail of its mark; and Procris gave these presents to her husband. Cephalus was so happy in his wife that he resisted all the entreaties of Aurora, and she finally dismissed him in displeasure, saying, "Go, ungrateful mortal, keep your wife, whom, if I am not much mistaken, you will one day be very sorry you ever saw again."

Cephalus returned, and was as happy as ever in his wife and his woodland sports. Now it happened some angry deity had sent a ravenous fox to annoy the country; and the hunters turned out in great strength to capture it. Their efforts were all in vain; no dog could run it down; and at last they came to Cephalus to borrow his famous dog, whose name was Lelaps. No sooner was the dog let loose than he darted off, quicker than their eye could follow him. If they had not seen his footprints in the sand they would have thought he flew. Cephalus and others stood on a hill and saw the race. The fox tried every art; he ran in a circle and turned on his track, the dog close upon him, with open jaws, snapping at his heels, but biting only the air. Cephalus was about to use his javelin, when suddenly he saw both dog and game stop instantly. The heavenly powers who had given both were not willing that either should conquer. In the very attitude of life and action they were turned into stone. So lifelike and natural did they look, you would have thought, as you looked at them, that one was going to bark, the other to leap forward.

Cephalus, though he had lost his dog, still continued to take delight in the chase. He would go out at early morning, ranging the woods and hills unaccompanied by any one, needing no help, for his javelin was a sure weapon in all cases. Fatigued with hunting, when the sun got high he would seek a shady nook where a cool stream flowed, and, stretched on the grass, with his gar-

ments thrown aside, would enjoy the breeze. Sometimes he would say aloud, "Come, sweet breeze, come and fan my breast, come and allay the heat that burns me." Some one passing by one day heard him talking in this way to the air, and, foolishly believing that he was talking to some maiden, went and told the secret to Procris, Cephalus's wife. Love is credulous. Procris, at the sudden shock, fainted away. Presently recovering, she said, "It cannot be true; I will not believe it unless I myself am a witness to it." So she waited, with anxious heart, till the next morning, when Cephalus went to hunt as usual. Then she stole out after him, and concealed herself in the place where the informer directed her. Cephalus came as he was wont when tired with sport, and stretched himself on the green bank, saying, "Come, sweet breeze, come and fan me; you know how I love you! you make the groves and my solitary rambles delightful." He was running on in this way when he heard, or thought he heard a sound as of a sob in the bushes. Supposing it some wild animal, he threw his javelin at the spot. A cry from his beloved Procris told him that the weapon had too surely met its mark. He rushed to the place, and found her bleeding, and with sinking strength endeavoring to draw forth from the wound the javelin, her own gift. Cephalus raised her from the earth, strove to stanch the blood, and called her to revive and not to leave him miserable, to reproach himself with her death. She opened her feeble eyes, and forced herself to utter these few words: "I implore you, if you have ever loved me, if I have ever deserved kindness at your hands, my husband, grant me this last request; do not marry that odious Breeze!" This disclosed the whole mystery: but alas! what advantage to disclose it now? She died; but her face wore a calm expression, and she looked pityingly and forgivingly on her husband when he made her understand the truth.

THE STORY OF CALLISTO.

Callisto was a maiden who excited the jealousy of Juno, and the goddess changed her into a bear. "I will

take away," said she, "that beauty with which you have captivated my husband." Down fell Callisto on her hands and knees; she tried to stretch out her arms in supplication—they were already beginning to be covered with black hair. Her hands grew rounded, became armed with crooked claws, and served for feet; her mouth, which Jove used to praise for its beauty, became a horrid pair of jaws; her voice, which if unchanged would have moved the heart to pity, became a growl more fit to inspire terror. Yet her former disposition remained, and with continual groaning, she bemoaned her fate, and stood upright as well as she could, lifting up her paws to beg for mercy, and felt that Jove was unkind, though she could not tell him so. Ah, how often, afraid to stay in the woods all night alone, she wandered about the neighborhood of her former haunts; how often, frightened by the dogs, did she, so lately a huntress, fly in terror from the hunters! Often she fled from the wild beasts, forgetting that she was now a wild beast herself; and, bear as she was, was afraid of the bears.

One day a youth espied her as he was hunting. She saw him and recognized him as her own son, now grown a young man. She stopped and felt inclined to embrace him. As she was about to approach, he, alarmed, raised his hunting spear, and was on the point of transfixing her, when Jupiter, beholding, arrested the crime, and snatching away both of them, placed them in the heavens as the Great and Little Bear.

Juno was in a rage to see her rival so set in honor, and hastened to ancient Tethys and Oceanus, the powers of ocean, and in answer to their inquiries thus told the cause of her coming: "Do you ask why I, the queen of the gods, have left the heavenly plains and sought your depths? Learn that I am supplanted in heaven—my place is given to another. You will hardly believe me; but look when night darkens the world, and you shall see the two of whom I have so much reason to complain exalted to the heavens, in that part where the circle is the smallest, in the neighborhood of the pole. Why should any one hereafter tremble at the thought of offending

Juno, when such rewards are the consequence of my displeasure? See what I have been able to effect! I forbade her to wear the human form—she is placed among the stars! So do my punishments result—such is the extent of my power! Better that she should have resumed her former shape, as I permitted Io to do. Perhaps he means to marry her, and put me away! But you, my foster-parents, if you feel for me and see with displeasure this unworthy treatment of me, show it, I beseech you, by forbidding this guilty couple from coming into your waters." The powers of the ocean assented, and consequently the two constellations of the Great and Little Bear move round and round in heaven, but never sink, as the other stars do, beneath the ocean.

THE STORY OF MIDAS.

Bacchus, on a certain occasion, found his old schoolmaster and foster-father, Silenus, missing. The old man had wandered away, and was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas. Midas recognized him, and treated him hospitably, entertaining him for ten days and nights with an unceasing round of jollity. On the eleventh day he brought Silenus back and restored him in safety to his pupil. Whereupon Bacchus offered Midas his choice of a reward, whatever he might wish. He asked that whatever he might touch should be changed into *gold*. Bacchus consented, though sorry that he had not made a better choice. Midas went his way, rejoicing in his newly acquired power, which he hastened to put to the test. He could scarce believe his eyes when he found a twig of an oak, which he plucked from the branch, become gold in his hand. He took up a stone; it changed to gold. He touched a sod; it did the same. He took an apple from the tree; you would have thought he had robbed the garden of the Hesperides. His joy knew no bounds, and as soon as he got home, he ordered the servants to set a splendid repast on the table. Then he found to his dismay that whether he touched bread, it hardened in his hand; or put a morsel

to his lips, it defied his teeth. He took a glass of wine, but it flowed down his throat like melted gold.

In consternation at the unprecedented affliction, he strove to divert himself of his power; he hated the gift he had lately coveted. But all in vain; starvation seemed to await him. He raised his arms, all shining with gold, in prayer to Bacchus, begging to be delivered from his glittering destruction. Bacchus, merciful deity, heard and consented. "Go," said he, "to the River Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain-head, there plunge your head and body in, and wash away your fault and its punishment." He did so, and scarce had he touched the waters before the gold-creating power passed into them, and the river sands became changed into *gold*, as they remain to this day.

Thenceforth Midas, hating wealth and splendor, dwelt in the country, and became a worshipper of Pan, the god of the fields. On a certain occasion Pan had the temerity to compare his music with that of Apollo, and to challenge the god of the lyre to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted, and Tmolus, the mountain god, was chosen umpire. The senior took his seat, and cleared away the trees from his ears to listen. At a given signal Pan blew on his pipes, and with his rustic melody gave great satisfaction to himself and his faithful follower Midas, who happened to be present. Then Tmolus turned his head toward the Sun-god, and all his trees turned with him. Apollo rose, his brow wreathed with Parnassian laurel, while his robe of Tyrian purple swept the ground. In his left hand he held the lyre, and with his right hand struck the strings. Ravished with the harmony, Tmolus at once awarded the victory to the god of the lyre, and all but Midas acquiesced in the judgment. He dissented, and questioned the justice of the award. Apollo would not suffer such a depraved pair of ears any longer to wear the human form, but caused them to increase in length, grow hairy, within and without, and movable on their roots; in short, to be on the perfect pattern of those of an ass.

Mortified enough was King Midas at this mishap; but

he consoled himself with the thought that it was possible to hide his misfortune, which he attempted to do by means of an ample turban or head-dress. But his hair-dresser of course knew the secret. He was charged not to mention it, and threatened with dire punishment if he presumed to disobey. But he found it too much for his discretion to keep such a secret; so he went out into the meadow, dug a hole in the ground, and stooping down, whispered the story, and covered it up. Before long a thick bed of reeds sprang up in the meadow, and as soon as it had gained its growth, began whispering the story, and has continued to do so, from that day to this, every time a breeze passes over the place.

Midas was king of Phrygia. He was the son of Gordius, a poor countryman, who was taken by the people and made king, in obedience to the command of the oracle, which had said that their future king should come in a wagon. While the people were deliberating, Gordius with his wife and son came driving his wagon into the public square.

Gordius, being made king, dedicated his wagon to the deity of the oracle, and tied it up in its place with a fast knot. This was the celebrated *Gordian knot*, which, in after times it was said, whoever should untie should become lord of all Asia. Many tried to untie it, but none succeeded, till Alexander the Great, in his career of conquest, came to Phrygia. He tried his skill with as ill success as others, till growing impatient he drew his sword and cut the knot. When he afterwards succeeded in subjecting all Asia to his sway, people began to think that he had complied with the terms of the oracle according to its true meaning.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

On a certain hill in Phrygia stands a linden tree and an oak, enclosed by a low wall. Not far from the spot is a marsh, formerly good habitable land, but now indented with pools, the resort of fen-birds and cormorants. Once on a time Jupiter, in human shape, visited this country, and with him his son Mercury (he of the cadu-

ceus), without his wings. They presented themselves, as weary travellers, at many a door, seeking rest and shelter, but found all closed, for it was late, and the inhospitable inhabitants would not rouse themselves to open for their reception. At last a humble mansion received them, a small thatched cottage, where Baucis, a pious old dame, and her husband Philemon, united when young, had grown old together. Not ashamed of their poverty, they made it endurable by moderate desires and kind dispositions. One need not look there for master or for servant; they two were the whole household, master and servant alike. When the two guests crossed the humble threshold, and bowed their heads to pass under the low door, the old man placed a seat, on which Baucis, bustling and attentive, spread a cloth, and begged them to sit down. Then she raked out the coals from the ashes, and kindled up a fire, fed it with leaves and dry bark, and with her scanty breath blew it into a flame. She brought out of a corner split sticks and dry branches, broke them up, and placed them under the small kettle. Her husband collected some pot-herbs in the garden, and she shred them from the stalks, and prepared them for the pot. He reached down with a forked stick a flitch of bacon hanging in the chimney, cut a small piece, and put it in the pot to boil with the herbs, setting away the rest for another time. A beechen bowl was filled with warm water, that their guests might wash. While all was doing, they beguiled the time with conversation.

On the bench designed for the guests was laid a cushion stuffed with sea-weed; and a cloth, only produced on great occasions, but ancient and coarse enough, was spread over that. The old lady, with her apron on, with trembling hand set the table. One leg was shorter than the rest, but a piece of slate put under restored the level. When fixed, she rubbed the table down with some sweet-smelling herbs. Upon it she set some of chaste Minerva's olives, some cornel berries preserved in vinegar, and added radishes and cheese, with eggs lightly cooked in the ashes. All were served in earthen

dishes, and an earthenware pitcher, with wooden cups, stood beside them. When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was set on the table. Some wine, not of the oldest, was added; and for dessert, apples and wild honey; and over and above all, friendly faces, and simple but hearty welcome.

Now while the repast proceeded, the old folks were astonished to see that the wine, as fast as it was poured out, renewed itself in the pitcher, of its own accord. Struck with terror, Baucis and Philemon recognized their heavenly guests, fell on their knees, and with clasped hands implored forgiveness for their poor entertainment. There was an old goose, which they kept as the guardian of their humble cottage; and they bethought them to make this sacrifice in honor of their guests. But the goose, too nimble, with the aid of feet and wings, for the old folks, eluded their pursuit, and at last took shelter between the gods themselves. They forbade it to be slain; and spoke in these words: "We are gods. This inhospitable village shall pay the penalty of its impiety; you alone shall go free from the chastisement. Quit your house, and come with us to the top of yonder hill." They hastened to obey, and, staff in hand, labored up the steep ascent. They had reached to within an arrow's flight of the top, when turning their eyes below, they beheld all the country sunk in a lake, only their own house left standing. While they gazed with wonder at the sight, and lamented the fate of their neighbors, that old house of theirs was changed into a temple. Columns took the place of the corner posts, the thatch grew yellow and appeared a gilded roof, the floors became marble, the doors were enriched with carving and ornaments of gold. Then spoke Jupiter in benignant accents: "Excellent old man, and woman worthy of such a husband, speak, tell us your wishes; what favor have you to ask of us?" Philemon took counsel with Baucis a few moments; then declared to the gods their united wish. "We ask to be priests and guardians of this your temple; and since here we have passed our lives in love and concord, we wish that one and the same hour may

take us both from life, that I may not live to see her grave, nor be laid in my own by her." Their prayer was granted. They were the keepers of the temple as long as they lived. When grown very old, as they stood one day before the steps of the sacred edifice, and were telling the story of the place, Baucis saw Philemon begin to put forth leaves, and old Philemon saw Baucis changing in like manner. And now a leafy crown had grown over their heads, while exchanging parting words, as long as they could speak. "Farewell, dear spouse," they said, together, and at the same moment the bark closed over their mouths. The Tyanean shepherd still shows the two trees, standing side by side, made out of the two good old people.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

Pygmalion saw so much to blame in women that he came at last to abhor the sex, and resolved to live unmarried. He was a sculptor, and had made with wonderful skill a statue of ivory, so beautiful that no living woman came anywhere near it. It was indeed the perfect semblance of a maiden that seemed to be alive, and only prevented from moving by modesty. His art was so perfect that it concealed itself and its product looked like the workkmanship of nature. Pygmalion admired his own work, and at last fell in love with the counterfeit creation. Oftentimes he laid his hand upon it as if to assure himself whether it were living or not, and could not even then believe that it was only ivory. He caressed it, and gave it presents such as young girls love,—bright shells and polished stones, little birds and flowers of various hues, beads and amber. He put raiment on its limbs, and jewels on its fingers, and a necklace about its neck. To the ears he hung earrings, and strings of pearls upon the breast. Her dress became her, and she looked not less charming than when unattired. He laid her on a couch spread with cloths of Tyrian dye, and called her his wife, and put her head upon a pillow of the softest feathers, as if she could enjoy their softness.

The festival of Venus was at hand—a festival cele-

To the ears he hung earrings, and strings of pearls upon the breast

brated with great pomp at Cyprus. Victims were offered, the altars smoked, and the odor of incense filled the air. When Pygmalion had performed his part in the solemnities, he stood before the altar and timidly said, "Ye gods, who can do all things, give me, I pray you, for my wife"—he dared not say "my ivory virgin," but said instead—"one like my ivory virgin." Venus, who was present at the festival, heard him and knew the thought he would have uttered; and as an omen of her favor, caused the flame on the altar to shoot up thrice in a fiery point into the air. When he returned home, he went to see his statue, and leaning over the couch, gave a kiss to the mouth. It seemed to be warm. He pressed its lips again, he laid his hand upon the limbs; the ivory felt soft to his touch and yielded to his fingers like the wax of Hymettus. While he stands astonished and glad, though doubting, and fears he may be mistaken, again and again with a lover's ardor he touches the object of his hopes. It was indeed alive! The veins when pressed yielded to the finger and again resumed their roundness. Then at last the votary of Venus found words to thank the goddess, and pressed his lips upon lips as real as his own. The virgin felt the kisses and blushed, and opening her timid eyes to the light, fixed them at the same moment on her lover. Venus blessed the nuptials she had formed, and from this union Paphos was born, from whom the city, sacred to Venus, received its name.

THE HALCYONE BIRDS.

Ceyx was king of Thessaly, where he reigned in peace, without violence or wrong. He was son of Hesperus, the Day-star, and the glow of his beauty reminded one of his father. Halcyone, the daughter of Æolus, was his wife, and devotedly attached to him. Now Ceyx was in deep affliction for the loss of his brother, and direful prodigies following his brother's death made him feel as if the gods were hostile to him. He thought best, therefore, to make a voyage to Carlos in Ionia, to consult the oracle of Apollo. But as soon as he disclosed his intention to his wife Halycone, a shudder ran through

her frame, and her face grew deadly pale. "What fault of mine, dearest husband, has turned your affection from me? Where is that love of me that used to be uppermost in your thoughts? Have you learned to feel easy in the absence of Halcyone? Would you rather have me away?" She also endeavored to discourage him, by describing the violence of the winds, which she had known familiarly when she lived at home in her father's house, —Æolus being the god of the winds, and having as much as he could do to restrain them. "They rush together," said she, "with such fury that fire flashes from the conflict. But if you must go," she added, "dear husband, let me go with you, otherwise I shall suffer not only the real evils which you must encounter, but those also which my fears suggest."

These words weighed heavily on the mind of King Ceyx, and it was no less his own wish than hers to take her with him, but he could not bear to expose her to the dangers of the sea. He answered, therefore, consoling her as well as he could, and finished with these words: "I promise, by the rays of my father the Day-star, that if fate permits I will return before the moon shall have twice rounded her orb." When he had thus spoken, he ordered the vessel to be drawn out of the shiphouse, and the oars and sails to be put aboard. When Halcyone saw these preparations she shuddered, as if with a presentiment of evil. With tears and sobs she said farewell, and then fell sensless to the ground.

Ceyx would still have lingered, but now the young men grasped their oars and pulled vigorously through the waves, with long and measured strokes. Halcyone raised her streaming eyes, and saw her husband standing on the deck, waving his hand to her. She answered his signal till the vessel had receded so far that she could no longer distinguish his form from the rest. When the vessel itself could no more be seen, she strained her eyes to catch the last glimmer of the sail, till that too disappeared. Then, retiring to her chamber, she threw herself on her solitary couch.

Meanwhile they glide out of the harbor, and the breeze

plays among the ropes. The seamen draw in their oars, and hoist their sails. When half or less of their course was passed, as night drew on, the sea began to whiten with swelling waves, and the east wind to blow a gale. The master gave the word to take in sail, but the storm forbade obedience, for such is the roar of the winds and waves his orders are unheard. The men, of their own accord, busy themselves to secure the oars, to strengthen the ship, to reef the sail. While they thus do what to each one seems best, the storm increases. The shouting of the men, the rattling of the shrouds, and the dashing of the waves, mingle with the roar of the thunder. The swelling sea seems lifted up to the heavens, to scatter its foam among the clouds; then sinking away to the bottom assumes the color of the shoal—a Stygian blackness.

The vessel shares all these changes. It seems like a wild beast that rushes on the spears of the hunters. Rain falls in torrents, as if the skies were coming down to unite with the sea. When the lightning ceases for a moment, the night seems to add its own darkness to that of the storm; then comes the flash, rending the darkness asunder, and lighting up all with a glare. Skill fails, courage sinks, and death seems to come on every wave. The men are stupefied with terror. The thought of parents, and kindred, and pledges left at home, comes over their minds. Ceyx thinks of Halcyone. No name but hers is on his lips, and while he yearns for her, he yet rejoices in her absence. Presently the mast is shattered by a stroke of lightning, the rudder broken, and the triumphant surge curling over looks down upon the wreck, then falls, and crushes it to fragments. Some of the seamen, stunned by the stroke, sink, and rise no more; others cling to fragments of the wreck. Ceyx, with the hand that used to grasp the sceptre, holds fast to a plank, calling for help,—alas, in vain,—upon his father and his father-in-law. But oftenest on his lips was the name of Halcyone. To her his thoughts cling. He prays that the waves may bear his body to her sight, and that it may receive burial at her hands. At length the waters overwhelm him, and he sinks. The Day-star looked dim that

night. Since it could not leave the heavens, it shrouded its face with clouds.

In the meanwhile Halcyone, ignorant of all these horrors, counted the days till her husband's promised return. Now she gets ready the garments which he shall put on, and now what she shall wear when he arrives. To all the gods she offers frequent incense, but more than all to Juno. For her husband, who was no more, she prayed incessantly: that he might be safe; that he might come home; that he might not, in his absence, see any one that he would love better than her. But of all these prayers, the last was the only one destined to be granted. The goddess, at length, could not bear any longer to be pleaded with for one already dead, and to have hands raised to her altars that ought rather to be offering funeral rites. So, calling Iris, she said, "Iris, my faithful messenger, go to the drowsy dwelling of Somnus, and tell him to send a vision to Halycone in the form of Ceyx, to make known to her the event."

Iris puts on her robe of many colors, and tinging the sky with her bow, seeks the palace of the King of Sleep. Near the Cimmerian country, a mountain cave is the abode of the dull god Somnus. Here Phœbus dares not come, either rising, at midday, or setting. Clouds and shadows are exhaled from the ground, and the light glimmers faintly. The bird of dawning, with crested head, never there calls aloud to Aurora, nor watchful dog, nor more sagacious goose disturbs the silence. No wild beast, nor cattle, nor branch moved with the wind, nor sound of human conversation, breaks the stillness. Silence reigns there; but from the bottom of the rock the River Lethe flows, and by its murmur invites to sleep. Poppies grow abundantly before the door of the cave, and other herbs, from whose juices Night collects slumbers, which she scatters over the darkened earth. There is no gate to the mansion, to creak on its hinges, nor any watchman; but in the midst a couch of black ebony, adorned with black plumes and black curtains. There the god reclines, his limbs relaxed with sleep. Around him lie dreams, resembling all various forms, as many

as the harvest bears stalks, or the forest leaves, or the seashore sand grains.

As soon as the goddess entered and brushed away the dreams that hovered around her, her brightness lit up all the cave. The god, scarce opening his eyes, and ever and anon dropping his beard upon his breast, at last shook himself free from himself, and leaning on his arm, inquired her errand,—for he knew who she was. She answered, "Somnus, gentlest of the gods, tranquillizer of minds and soother of care-worn hearts, Juno sends you her commands that you despatch a dream to Halcyone, in the city of Trachine, representing her lost husband and all the events of the wreck."

Having delivered her message, Iris hasted away, for she could not longer endure the stagnant air, and as she felt drowsiness creeping over her, she made her escape, and returned by her bow the way she came. Then Somnus called one of his numerous sons,—Morpheus,—the most expert in counterfeiting forms, and in imitating the walk, the countenance, and mode of speaking, even the clothes and attitudes most characteristic of each. But he only imitates men, leaving it to another to personate birds, beasts, and serpents. Him they call Icelos; and Phantasos is a third, who turns himself into rocks, waters, woods, and other things without life. These wait upon kings and great personages in their sleeping hours, while others move among the common people. Somnus chose, from all the brothers, Morpheus, to perform the command of Iris; then laid his head on his pillow and yielded himself to grateful repose.

Morpheus flew, making no noise with his wings, and soon came to the Hæmonian city, where, laying aside his wings, he assumed the form of Ceyx. Under that form, but pale like a dead man, naked, he stood before the couch of the wretched wife. His beard seemed soaked with water, and water trickled from his drowned locks. Leaning over the bed, tears streaming from his eyes, he said, "Do you recognize your Ceyx, unhappy wife, or has death too much changed my visage? Behold me, know me, your husband's shade, instead of himself.

Your prayers, Halcyone, availed me nothing. I am dead. No more deceive yourself with vain hopes of my return. The stormy winds sunk my ship in the Ægean Sea, waves filled my mouth while it called aloud on you. No uncertain messenger tells you this, no vague rumor brings it to your ears. I come in person, a shipwrecked man, to tell you my fate. Arise! give me tears, give me lamentations, let me not go down to Tartarus unwept." To these words Morpheus added the voice, which seemed to be that of her husband; he seemed to pour forth genuine tears; his hands had the gestures of Ceyx.

Halycone, weeping, groaned, and stretched out her arms in her sleep, striving to embrace his body, but grasping only the air. "Stay!" she cried; "whither do you fly? let us go together." Her own voice awakened her. Starting up, she gazed eagerly around, to see if he was still present, for the servants, alarmed by her cries, had brought a light. When she found him not, she smote her breast and rent her garments. She cares not to unbind her hair, but tears it wildly. Her nurse asks what is the cause of her grief. "Halcyone is no more," she answers, "she perished with her Ceyx. Utter not words of comfort, he is shipwrecked and dead. I have seen him, I have recognized him. I stretched out my hands to seize him and detain him. His shade vanished, but it was the true shade of my husband. Not with the accustomed features, not with the beauty that was his, but pale, naked, and with his hair wet with sea-water, he appeared to wretched me. Here, in this very spot, the sad vision stood,"—and she looked to find the mark of his footsteps. "This it was, this that my presaging mind foreboded, when I implored him not to leave me, to trust himself to the waves. Oh, how I wish, since thou wouldst go, thou hadst taken me with thee! It would have been far better. Then I should have had no remnant of life to spend without thee, nor a separate death to die. If I could bear to live and struggle to endure, I should be more cruel to myself than the sea has been to me. But I will not struggle, I will not be separated from thee, unhappy husband. This time, at least, I will keep thee com-

pany. In death, if one tomb may not include us, one epitaph shall; if I may not lay my ashes with thine, my name, at least, shall not be separated." Her grief forbade more words, and these were broken with tears and sobs.

It was now morning. She went to the seashore, and sought the spot where she last saw him, on his departure. "While he lingered here, and cast off his tacklings, he gave me his last kiss." While she reviews every object, and strives to recall every incident, looking out over the sea, she descries an indistinct object floating in the water. At first she was in doubt what it was, but by degrees the waves bore it nearer, and it was plainly the body of a man. Though unknowing of whom, yet, as it was of some shipwrecked one, she was deeply moved, and gave it her tears, saying, "Alas! unhappy one, and unhappy, if such there be, thy wife!" Borne by the waves, it came nearer. As she more and more nearly views it, she trembles more and more. Now, now it approaches the shore. Now marks that she recognizes appear. It is her husband! Stretching out her trembling hands towards it, she exclaims, "O dearest husband, is it thus you return to me?"

There was built out from the shore a mole, constructed to break the assaults of the sea, and stem its violent ingress. She leaped upon this barrier and (it was wonderful she could do so) she flew, and striking the air with wings produced on the instant, skimmed along the surface of the water, an unhappy bird. As she flew, her throat poured forth sounds full of grief, and like the voice of one lamenting. When she touched the mute and bloodless body, she enfolded its beloved limbs with her new-formed wings, and tried to give kisses with her horny beak. Whether Ceyx felt it, or whether it was only the action of the waves, those who looked on doubted, but the body seemed to raise its head. But indeed he did feel it, and by the pitying gods both of them were changed into birds. They mate and have their young ones. For seven placid days, in winter time, Halcyone broods over her nest, which floats upon the sea. Then the way is safe to

seamen. Æolus guards the winds and keeps them from disturbing the deep. The sea is given up, for the time, to his grandchildren.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

In very ancient times there lived in Thessaly a king and queen named Athamas and Nephele. They had two children, a boy and a girl. After a time Athamas grew indifferent to his wife, put her away, and took another. Nephele suspected danger to her children from the influence of the stepmother, and took measures to send them out of her reach. Mercury assisted her, and gave her a ram with a *golden fleece*, on which she set the two children, trusting that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. The ram vaulted into the air with the children on his back, taking his course to the East, till when crossing the strait that divides Europe and Asia, the girl, whose name was Helle, fell from his back into the sea, which from her was called the Hellespont,—now the Dardanelles. The ram continued his career till he reached the kingdom of Clochis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, where he safely landed the boy Phryxus, who was hospitably received by Æetes, king of the country. Phryxus sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the *Golden Fleece* to Æetes, who placed it in a consecrated grove, under the care of a sleepless dragon.

There was another kingdom in Thessaly near to that of Athamas, and ruled over by a relative of his. The king Æson, being tired of the cares of government, surrendered his crown to his brother Pelias on condition that he should hold it only during the minority of Jason, the son of Æson. When Jason was grown up and came to demand the crown from his uncle, Pelias pretended to be willing to yield it, but at the same time suggested to the young man the glorious adventure of going in quest of the Golden Fleece, which it was well known was in the kingdom of Colchis, and was, as Pelias pretended, the rightful property of their family. Jason was pleased with the thought, and forthwith made preparations for the expedition. At that time the only species of navigation known

to the Greeks consisted of small boats or canoes hollowed out from trunks of trees, so that when Jason employed Argus to build him a vessel capable of containing fifty men, it was considered a gigantic undertaking. It was accomplished, however, and the vessel named "Argo," from the name of the builder. Jason sent his invitation to all the adventurous young men of Greece, and soon found himself at the head of a band of bold youths, many of whom afterwards were renowned among the heroes and demigods of Greece. Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, and Nestor were among them. They are called the Argonauts, from the name of their vessel.

The "Argo" with her crew of heroes left the shores of Thessaly and having touched at the Island of Lemnos, thence crossed to Mysia and thence to Thrace. Here they found the sage Phineus, and from him received instruction as to their future course. It seems the entrance of the Euxine Sea was impeded by two small rocky islands, which floated on the surface, and in their tossings and heavings occasionally came together, crushing and grinding to atoms any object that might be caught between them. They were called the Symplegades, or Clashing Islands. Phineus instructed the Argonauts how to pass this dangerous strait. When they reached the islands they let go a dove, which took her way between the rocks, and passed in safety, only losing some feathers of her tail. Jason and his men seized the favorable moment of the rebound, plied their oars with vigor, and passed safe through, though the islands closed behind them, and actually grazed their stern. They now rowed along the shore till they arrived at the eastern end of the sea, and landed at the kingdom of Colchis.

Jason made known his message to the Colchian king, Æetes, who consented to give up the golden fleece if Jason would yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and show the teeth of the dragon which Cadmus had slain, and from which it was well known that a crop of armed men would spring up, who would turn their weapons against their producer. Jason accepted the conditions, and a time was set for making the experi-

ment. Previously, however, he found means to plead his cause to Medea, daughter of the king. He promised her marriage, and as they stood before the altar of Hecate, called the goddess to witness his oath. Medea yielded, and by her aid, for she was a potent sorceress, he was furnished with a charm, by which he could encounter safely the breath of the fire-breathing bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

At the time appointed, the people assembled at the grove of Mars, and the king assumed his royal seat, while the multitude covered the hill-sides. The brazen-footed bulls rushed in, breathing fire from their nostrils that burned up the herbage as they passed. The sound was like the roar of a furnace, and the smoke like that of water upon quick-lime. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. His friends, the chosen heroes of Greece, trembled to behold him. Regardless of the burning breath, he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with fearless hand, and adroitly slipped over them the yoke, and compelled them to drag the plough. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy. Jason next proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth and plough them in. And soon the crop of armed men sprang up, and, wonderful to relate! no sooner had they reached the surface than they began to brandish their weapons and rush upon Jason. The Greeks trembled for their hero, and even she who had provided him a way of safety and taught him how to use it, Medea herself, grew pale with fear. Jason for a time kept his assailants at bay with his sword and shield, till, finding their numbers overwhelming he resorted to the charm which Medea had taught him, seized a stone and threw it in the midst of his foes. They immediately turned their arms against one another, and soon there was not one of the dragon's brood left alive. The Greeks embraced their hero, and Medea, if she dared, would have embraced him too.

It remained to lull to sleep the dragon that guarded the fleece, and this was done by scattering over him a few drops of a preparation which Medea had supplied. At the smell he relaxed his rage, stood for a moment motion-

less, then shut those great round eyes, that had never been known to shut before, and turned over on his side, fast asleep. Jason seized the fleece and with his friends and Medea accompanying, hastened to their vessel before Æetes the king could arrest their departure, and made the best of their way back to Thessaly, where they arrived safe, and Jason delivered the fleece to Pelias, and dedicated the "Argo" to Neptune. What became of the fleece afterwards we do not know, but perhaps it was found after all, like many other golden prizes, not worth the trouble it had cost to procure it.

THE STORY OF ATALANTA.

Atlanta was a maiden whose face you might truly say was boyish for a girl, yet too girlish for a boy. Her fortune had been told, and it was to this effect: "Atlanta, do not marry; marriage will be your ruin." Terrified by this oracle, she fled the society of men, and devoted herself to the sports of the chase. To all suitors (for she had many) she imposed a condition which was generally effectual in relieving her of their persecutions,—"I will be the prize of him who shall conquer me in the race; but death must be the penalty of all who try and fail." In spite of this hard condition some would try. Hippomenes was to be judge of the race. "Can it be possible that any will be so rash as to risk so much for a wife?" said he. But when he saw her lay aside her robe for the race, he changed his mind, and said, "Pardon me, youths, I knew not the prize you were competing for." As he surveyed them he wished them all to be beaten, and swelled with envy of any one that seemed at all likely to win. While such were his thoughts, the virgin darted forward. As she ran she looked more beautiful than ever. The breezes seemed to give wings to her feet; her hair flew over her shoulders, and the gay fringe of her garment fluttered behind her. A ruddy hue tinged the whiteness of her skin, such as a crimson curtain casts on a marble wall. All her competitors were distanced, and were put to death without mercy. Hippomenes, not daunted by this result, fixing

his eyes on the virgin, said, "Why boast of beating those laggards? I offer myself for the contest." Atalanta looked at him with a pitying countenance, and hardly knew whether she would rather conquer him or not. "What god can tempt one so young and handsome to throw himself away? I pity him, not for his beauty(yet he is beautiful), but for his youth. I wish he would give up the race, or if he will be so mad, I hope he may outrun me." While she hesitates, revolving these thoughts, the spectators grow impatient for the race, and her father prompts her to prepare. Then Hippomenes addressed a prayer to Venus: "Help me, Venus, for you have led me on." Venus heard and was propitious.

In the garden of her temple, in her own island of Cyprus, is a tree with yellow leaves and yellow branches and golden fruit. Hence she gathered three golden apples, and, unseen by any one else, gave them to Hippomenes, and told him how to use them. The signal is given; each starts from the goal and skims over the sand. So light their tread, you would almost have thought they might run over the river surface or over the waving grain without sinking. The cries of the spectators cheered Hippomenes,—"Now, now, do your best! haste, haste! you gain on her! relax not! one more effort!" It was doubtful whether the youth or the maiden heard these cries with the greater pleasure. But his breath began to fail him, his throat was dry, the goal yet far off. At that moment he threw down one of the golden apples. The virgin was all amazement. She stopped to pick it up. Hippomenes shot ahead. Shouts burst forth from all sides. She redoubled her efforts, and soon overtook him. Again he threw an apple. She stopped again, but again came up with him. The goal was near; one chance only remained. "Now, goddess," said he, "prosper your gift!" and threw the last apple off at one side. She looked at it, and hesitated; Venus impelled her to turn aside for it. She did so, and was vanquished. The youth carried off his prize.

She gathered three golden apples, and, unseen by any one else, gave them to Hippomenes

THE DEEDS OF HERCULES.

Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. As Juno was always hostile to the offspring of her husband by mortal mothers, she declared war against Hercules from his birth. She sent two serpents to destroy him as he lay in his cradle, but the precocious infant strangled them with his own hands. He was, however, by the arts of Juno rendered subject to Eurystheus and compelled to perform all his commands. Eurystheus enjoined upon him a succession of desperate adventures, which are called the "Twelve Labors of Hercules." The first was the fight with the Nemean lion. The valley of Nemea was infested by a terrible lion. Eurystheus ordered Hercules to bring him the skin of this monster. After using in vain his club and arrows against the lion, Hercules strangled the animal with his hands. He returned carrying the dead lion on his shoulders; but Eurystheus was so frightened at the sight of it and at this proof of the prodigious strength of the hero, that he ordered him to deliver the account of his exploits in future outside the town.

His next labor was the slaughter of the Hydra. This monster ravaged the country of Argos, and dwelt in a swamp near the well of Amymone. This well had been discovered by Amymone when the country was suffering from drought, and the story was that Neptune, who loved her, had permitted her to touch the rock with his trident, and a spring of three outlets burst forth. Here the Hydra took up his position, and Hercules was sent to destroy him. The Hydra had nine heads, of which the middle one was immortal. Hercules struck off its heads with his club, but in the place of the head knocked off, two new ones grew forth each time. At length with the assistance of his faithful servant Iolaus, he burned away the heads of the Hydra, and buried the ninth or immortal one under a huge rock.

Another labor was the cleaning of the Augean stables. Augeas, king of Elis, had a herd of three thousand oxen whose stalls had not been cleansed for thirty years. Hercules brought the rivers Alpheus and Peneus

through them, and cleansed them thoroughly in one day.

His next labor was of a more delicate kind. Admeta, the daughter of Eurystheus, longed to obtain the girdle of the queen of the Amazons, and Eurystheus ordered Hercules to go and get it. The Amazons were a nation of women. They were very warlike and held several flourishing cities. It was their custom to bring up only the female children; the boys were either sent away to the neighboring nations or put to death. Hercules was accompanied by a number of volunteers, and after various adventures at last reached the country of the Amazons. Hippolyta, the queen, received him kindly, and consented to yield him her girdle, but Juno, taking the form of an Amazon, went and persuaded the rest that the strangers were carrying off their queen. They instantly armed and came in great numbers down to the ship. Hercules, thinking that Hippolyta had acted treacherously, slew her, and taking her girdle made sail homewards.

Another task enjoined him was to bring to Eurystheus the oxen of Geryon, a monster with three bodies, who dwelt in the island Erytheia (the red), so called because it lay at the west, under the rays of the setting sun. This description is thought to apply to Spain, of which Geryon was king. After traversing various countries, Hercules reached at length the frontiers of Libya and Europe, where he raised the two mountains of Calpe and Abyla, as monuments of his progress, or, according to another account, rent one mountain into two and left half on each side, forming the straits of Gibraltar, the two mountains being called the Pillars of Hercules. The oxen were guarded by the giant Eurytion and his two-headed dog, but Hercules killed the giant and his dog and brought away the oxen in safety to Eurystheus.

The most difficult labor of all was getting the golden apples of the Hesperides, for Hercules did not know where to find them. These were the apples which Juno had received at her wedding from the goddess of the Earth, and which she had intrusted to the keeping of the daughters of Hesperus, assisted by a watchful dragon.

After various adventures Hercules arrived at Mount Atlas in Africa. Atlas was one of the Titans who had warred against the gods, and after they were subdued, Atlas was condemned to bear on his shoulders the weight of the heavens. He was the father of the Hesperides, and Hercules thought might, if any one could, find the apples and bring them to him. But how to send Atlas away from his post, or bear up the heavens while he was gone? Hercules took the burden on his own shoulders, and sent Atlas to seek the apples. He returned with them, and though somewhat reluctantly, took his burden upon his shoulders again, and let Hercules return with the apples to Eurystheus.

A celebrated exploit of Hercules was his victory over Antæus. Antæus, the son of Terra, the Earth, was a mighty giant and wrestler, whose strength was invincible so long as he remained in contact with his mother Earth. He compelled all strangers who came to his country to wrestle with him, on condition that if conquered (as they all were) they should be put to death. Hercules encountered him, and finding that it was of no avail to throw him, for he always rose with renewed strength from every fall, he lifted him up from the earth and strangled him in the air.

Cacus was a huge giant, who inhabited a cave on Mount Aventine, and plundered the surrounding country. When Hercules was driving home the oxen of Geryon, Cacus stole part of the cattle, while the hero slept. That their footprints might not serve to show where they had been driven, he dragged them backwards by their tails to his cave; so their tracks all seemed to show that they had gone in the opposite direction. Hercules was deceived by this stratagem, and would have failed to find his oxen, if it had not happened that in driving the remainder of the herd past the cave where the stolen ones were concealed, those within began to low, and were thus discovered. Cacus was slain by Hercules.

The last exploit we shall record was bringing Cerberus from the lower world. Hercules descended into Hades, accompanied by Mercury and Minerva. He obtained per-

mission from Pluto to carry Cerberus to the upper air, provided he could do it without the use of weapons; and in spite of the monster's struggling, he seized him, held him fast, and carried him to Eurystheus, and afterwards brought him back again. When he was in Hades he obtained the liberty of Theseus, his admirer and imitator, who had been detained a prisoner there for an unsuccessful attempt to carry off Proserpine.

Hercules in a fit of madness killed his friend Iphitus, and was condemned for this offence to become the slave of Queen Omphale for three years. While in this service the hero's nature seemed changed. He lived effeminately, wearing at times the dress of a woman, and spinning wool with the hand-maidens of Omphale, while the queen wore his lion's skin. When this service was ended he married Dejanira and lived in peace with her three years. On one occasion as he was travelling with his wife, they came to a river, across which the Centaur Nessus carried travellers for a stated fee. Hercules himself forded the river, but gave Dejanira to Nessus to be carried across. Nessus attempted to run away with her, but Hercules heard her cries and shot an arrow into the heart of Nessus. The dying Centaur told Dejanira to take a portion of his blood and keep it, as it might be used as a charm to preserve the love of her husband.

Dejanira did so and before long fancied she had occasion to use it. Hercules in one of his conquests had taken prisoner a fair maiden, named Iole, of whom he seemed more fond than Dejanira approved. When Hercules was about to offer sacrifices to the gods in honor of his victory, he sent to his wife for a white robe to use on the occasion. Dejanira, thinking it a good opportunity to try her love-spell, steeped the garment in the blood of Nessus. We are to suppose she took care to wash out all traces of it, but the magic power remained, and as soon as the garment became warm on the body of Hercules the poison penetrated into all his limbs and caused him the most intense agony. In his frenzy he seized Lichas, who had brought him the fatal robe, and hurled him into the sea. He wrenched off the garment,

THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI MOTTE

"The Greeks then constructed an immense wooden horse, which they gave out was intended as a propitiatory offering to Minerva, but in fact was filled with armed men. The remaining Greeks then betook themselves to their ships and sailed away, as if for a final departure."

but it stuck to his flesh, and with it he tore away whole pieces of his body. In this state he embarked on board a ship and was conveyed home. Dejanira, on seeing what she had unwittingly done, hung herself. Hercules, prepared to die, ascended Mount Œta, where he built a funeral pile of trees, gave his bow and arrows to Philoctetes, and laid himself down on the pile, his head resting on his club, and his lion's skin spread over him. With a countenance as serene as if he were taking his place at a festival board he commanded Philoctetes to apply the torch. The flames spread apace and soon invested the whole mass.

THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY AND THE DEATH OF LAOCOÖN.

Troy still held out, and the Greeks began to despair of ever subduing it by force, and by advice of Ulysses resolved to resort to stratagem. They pretended to be making preparations to abandon the siege, and a portion of the ships were withdrawn and lay hid behind a neighboring island. The Greeks then constructed an immense *wooden horse,* which they gave out was intended as a propitiatory offering to Minerva, but in fact was filled with armed men. The remaining Greeks then betook themselves to their ships and sailed away, as if for a final departure. The Trojans, seeing the encampment broken up and the fleet gone, concluded the enemy to have abandoned the siege. The gates were thrown open, and the whole population issued forth rejoicing at the long-prohibited liberty of passing freely over the scene of the late encampment. The great *horse* was the chief object of curiosity. All wondered what it could be for. Some recommended to take it into the city as a trophy; others felt afraid of it.

While they hesitate, Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, exclaims, "What madness, citizens, is this? Have you not learned enough of Grecian fraud to be on your guard against it? For my part, I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts." So saying he threw his lance at the horse's side. It struck, and a hollow sound reverberated like a groan. Then perhaps the people might have taken

his advice and destroyed the fatal horse and all its contents; but just at that moment a group of people appeared, dragging forward one who seemed a prisoner and a Greek. Stupefied with terror, he was brought before the chiefs, who reassured him, promising that his life should be spared on condition of his returning true answers to the questions asked him. He informed them that he was a Greek, Sinon by name, and that in consequence of the malice of Ulysses he had been left behind by his countrymen at their departure. With regard to the wooden horse, he told them that it was a propitiatory offering to Minerva, and made so huge for the express purpose of preventing its being carried within the city; for Calchas the prophet had told them that if the Trojans took possession of it they would assuredly triumph over the Greeks. This language turned the tide of the people's feelings and they began to think how they might best secure the monstrous horse and the favorable auguries connected with it, when suddenly a prodigy occurred which left no room to doubt. There appeared, advancing over the sea, two immense serpents. They came upon the land, and the crowd fled in all directions. The serpents advanced directly to the spot where Laocoön stood with his two sons. They first attacked the children, winding round their bodies and breathing their pestilential breath in their faces. The father, attempting to rescue them, is next seized and involved in the serpents' coils. He struggles to tear them away, but they overpower all his efforts and strangle him and the children in their poisonous folds. This event was regarded as a clear indication of the displeasure of the gods at Laocoön's irreverent treatment of the wooden horse, which the Trojans then dragged within their walls. When they slept after drunken feasting, the Greek army came back, the warriors inside the horse opened the gates, the Trojans were put to the sword and their great city was utterly destroyed.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

A Greek Myth of the Soul, adapted from

APPULEIUS.

2d Century, A.D.

THERE was once born to a king and his queen a daughter whose beauty was so great that none could behold her without loving her passionately. She was the youngest of three sisters, and her name was Psyche, which means, in Greek, a butterfly, and, by adaptation, a soul. So lovely was she that men likened her to Venus, the queen of love, one of the most powerful and most jealous goddesses of heaven.

When Venus heard of the worship that was being paid to the young princess, she was much enraged, and declared that she would punish such a presumptuous mortal. Accordingly, she sent for her son Cupid, himself the god of love, a mischievous and tricksy youth. He promised readily enough to undertake her request, and flew down to the room where Psyche was sleeping, where he drenched her with the waters of unhappiness from his mother's garden. Then he touched her side with one of his golden love-shafts, which caused her to awake.

As Psyche opened her eyes, her full beauty was revealed, and the young love-god was so startled that he wounded himself with the same arrow that had just pierced her. Invisible as he was, he tried to undo the harm of the waters he had cast upon her, and sprinkled joy upon her. Then he flew away.

Now Venus' hatred soon began to make itself manifest. Great though the beauty of Psyche was, no man wished to marry her, and her parents were in despair. At last they sent messengers to consult the oracle of the gods; and these brought back a strange, disquieting answer. It was somewhat after this fashion: "Psyche is

destined for no mortal lover. The husband whom the gods have decreed for her dwells on a mountain-top afar off. He is a monster most fearful to behold, and none can withstand his power."

This terrible doom filled all the people with grief, and particularly the unhappy parents, whose cries of despair echoed through the palace. Psyche herself was the least troubled. She did what she could to console her mother and father, and begged them to make haste to obey the command of the oracle and take her to the place where she should await the husband whom the gods had chosen. Accordingly this was done.

Psyche, left alone on the top of the mountain to which she had been conducted, suddenly felt herself being lifted up by the strong arms of the gentle wind-god, Zephyr, and carried away, she knew not where. At last he set her down on a flowery bank, where she fell asleep. When she woke, she beheld near by a beautiful grove, with a path which led to the doorway of a beautiful palace.

She entered the great hall, and, though she saw nobody, she perceived that all was in readiness for some expected guest. Everywhere there was great richness and luxury, but not a soul in sight. Soon, however, a voice whispered in her ear, saying,

"Lady, all that you see is yours. There are many of us here, unseen, to serve you, and to obey your lightest behest. Do but command, and we will perform your bidding."

Quickly the time sped away, and at last it grew dark and Psyche was left alone in her chamber. As yet she had not seen her husband. He came only at night, and departed before the day dawned. There was no doubt of his love for her; it was manifest in every action, in his many caresses, and in his passionate eagerness for her welfare. On one point alone did he deny her least wish.

"Can you not love me, unseen?" he would ask, when she begged that she might see him face to face. "I would not have your love for me rest upon that which you beheld; who knows but you might hate the sight of me? Neither would I have you adore me, lest thus we bring down the anger of the gods."

When she woke, she beheld near by a beautiful grove, with a path which led up to the doorway of a beautiful palace

For a time this satisfied Psyche, and she asked no more. But after a time the memory of her parents came to trouble her, and one day she begged her husband to let them come to visit her. He did not enjoy the thought, but at last agreed to let her sisters come for a visit. It was not long before Zephyr brought them, as she commanded him, and she made haste to show them the treasures of her palace, the like of which they had never seen before.

Now the two older sisters, when they beheld the magnificence of their sister's home, were filled with a great envy, and they began to ask many questions concerning the palace and its master. Psyche assured them that her husband was a singularly loving and beautiful young man, but not satisfied with this, they forced her to admit that she had never seen him.

When they heard this, the two elder sisters proceeded to suggest all sorts of dreadful possibilities, and began to advise Psyche what to do.

"You remember the oracle," they said; "perhaps this is some horrible being. You ought to find out about it. Why don't you take a knife and a lamp, and steal to your husband's side while he sleeps, to look at him. If he is a monster, you can kill him at once; and he need never know that you have seen him."

As long as her sisters were in the house, Psyche managed to refuse all that they asked; but when they had gone back to their homes, she found her curiosity so great that she could not resist doing as they had suggested. What she beheld was no monster, but the young god Cupid, so much more beautiful than she could have believed that in her surprise she stooped over him, and by accident let fall a drop of oil on his shoulder as he slept. This wakened him, and without a word he rose, and flew toward the window.

With a cry of longing Psyche was after him; but she fell to the ground, unable to follow his flight. He stopped a moment, to tell her that he could not bear her suspicion, and therefore must leave her forever, since in marrying her he had braved his mother's wrath. Without another word he departed.

When the day came, she found herself on the top of a hill near the city where her sisters lived. To them she went for comfort, but in their hearts they rejoiced over her misfortune, and thought that they themselves might succeed in winning the lost husband. Therefore they made haste to the hilltop, stretched out their arms to Zephyr, and leaped forth. But as there was nothing to receive them, they fell, and perished miserably, as they deserved.

As for Psyche, she determined to seek throughout the world till she found her husband, and she wandered day and night, hither and yon, hoping to learn something of him. One day she beheld a temple in the distance, and went toward it, praying that she might find her lord within. It was a strange place, she found when she entered, strewn with grain, harvest-implements, fruit, and many other offerings, all dropped without order or purpose. And Psyche, knowing nothing better to do, set the place to rights.

Now the temple belonged to Ceres, goddess of the harvest, a kindly mother; and she remembering her own daughter Proserpina, inquired of Psyche how she came there. When she had heard the whole tale, Ceres offered her own opinion. This was, that Psyche would do well to go to Venus, acknowledge her wrong-doing, and beg forgiveness. This Psyche agreed to do.

Now, Venus received her in no friendly spirit. Indeed, she was most angry and declared that there was but one way to find out whether she were fit to be the wife of Cupid, who, she declared, was grievously ill from the burn which she had given him with the drop of oil. She led Psyche to a great storehouse full of all sorts of grain, mixed in a tremendous heap, and bade her sort them all into their proper bins before the eventide. Then she left the girl to her task.

Then Psyche realized that Venus wished to destroy her, and she sat still crying. But Cupid had overheard his mother's commands, and he sent a company of ants who swiftly sorted the grain, and disappeared before night. When Venus returned, all was as she had desired it to be.

But she was not pleased. She declared that on the morrow Psyche must go to a certain grove and bring a lock from the fleeces of each of the golden-haired sheep feeding in a nearby pasture.

Psyche obediently undertook this commission, and with the help of the river-god, who told her what to do, she was able to complete the task. Venus was no better pleased than before, and told her in round terms that she was certain she had not performed the task without help of some sort. She had planned another task. "You shall go down to the kingdom of Proserpina, and ask her for a jar of her beauty for my use. Bring it to me without fail, and look you do not presume to open it on the way," she commanded.

Then Psyche was sure that Venus wished to kill her, and she was on the point of throwing herself down from the hill, when a voice whispered to her a better way, and instructed her how to reach the country of the shades through a cavern near by. Faithfully Psyche descended, and received the jar of beauty; but as she had almost reached home, she was so tempted that she opened it, intending to adorn herself for her husband's sight. But the jar held Sleep, and instantly she fell down in a sound slumber.

Now Cupid, having fully recovered, went to help her, and gathered up the Sleep, and restored it to the jar, and sent Psyche onward to Venus. He himself made all haste to Jove, and begged for her so earnestly that Jupiter gladly consented to the wedding. Thus at last Psyche was united to Cupid, and was made an immortal like the other gods.

ORION AND DIANA.

This is a very old Greek story, one of the kind the Greeks invented to make the study of astronomy interesting. It was retold in Latin by Ovid.

NEPTUNE, the god of the ocean, had a number of children, among them being a son, whose name was Orion. This son was a tall, handsome fellow, a great hunter, and possessed of the power of walking on the water, a power given to him by his father. This and his great strength made him a very skilful and clever man.

It so happened that he fell in love with a maiden named Merope, and wished to marry her. But she was not interested in him at all, and although he did everything he could think of to please her, he did not succeed. He killed all the wild beasts on the island, and brought all kinds of game to her as presents, but her father refused to give his consent to the marriage, and Orion seemed no nearer than ever. It was necessary to try some other means.

Accordingly, one night when it was very dark, Orion attempted to carry the nymph away by force. As fortune would have it, however, her father discovered him, and prevented him from stealing her away. He made him drunk, and then, when Orion was unconscious and unable to defend himself, the king put out his eyes, and threw him out on the seashore, to shift for himself.

Orion was in a pitiable state. He wandered about helplessly for a long time, until at last he heard the sound of a hammer. He followed the sound and at last it brought him to the forge of Vulcan, where one of the Cyclops was busy working under the direction of his master. Now Vulcan himself was lame, from a fall from Mount Olympus, from which he had been thrown in anger by one of the other gods; so he was full of sympathy for the un-

fortunate Orion. He chose one of his men to serve as a guide for Orion, and told him to go to the home of the sun-god, Apollo, whom he might persuade to restore his sight.

For many a weary month Orion travelled eastward, coming nearer and nearer to the palace where the sun-god made his home. Apollo was as sorry for him as Vulcan had been, and readily agreed to give back the sight of his eyes. Then he took him to the abode of the gods.

It was not long before Orion had speech with Diana, the lovely goddess of the hunt, and also queen of the moon. He pleased her by his skill in the chase, and soon she fell deeply in love with him. This was great good fortune for him, and at last they determined to be married. This, if Orion had but known it, was the worst thing he could have done, for when his friend Apollo heard of it, he was very angry indeed.

It was not strange that Apollo should dislike the intimacy between Diana and Orion, for she was his twin sister, and they were the closest of companions. In order to prevent her marriage to Orion, therefore, he did everything he could. He scolded her, he reasoned with her, he warned her, but all to no purpose. At last, one day, when he found Orion alone, wading through the water with only his head showing above its surface, he thought of a plan.

Orion was so far away that it was not possible to see clearly what he was, and Apollo called to his sister to come and try her skill with him. Both of them were excellent archers, and, pointing out the head to her, Apollo declared that she could not shoot to hit it. She replied indignantly that she was quite able to do so, and, to prove it, she launched an arrow so accurately that she killed Orion instantly. The waves rolled his body to the shore, and only then did she discover what she had done.

Great was Diana's grief when she realized that Orion was dead, and Apollo sympathized with her, though he was glad that she could no longer marry him. In order that she might never forget him, Diana set Orion among the stars in heaven, where he may still be seen, wearing

his wide girdle, his broad sword, and his club. Even the dog who followed him in the chase is there with him, Sirius, the dog-star; and placed in the sky he can still watch his mistress, the moon, as she journeys through the heavens at night, and can follow her silvery chariot as it crosses the firmament.

ODYSSEUS AND HIS WILES.

(GREEK)

ONE of the most powerful of the Greek chieftains was the king of rocky Ithaca, Odysseus, to whom the Greeks all turned in their perplexities. A short, strongly built man, he was not handsome, like Agamemnon, but whenever he spoke, men made haste to follow his advice.

At the time when the princes of Greece were come to seek the beautiful Helen in marriage, Odysseus, himself a young man, made one of them. Even then he was wiser than the rest, and he observed with anxiety the numbers of young men who were gathered together. One afternoon, when they were considering the possibilities of Helen's choice, he came to them with a suggestion.

"Friends," said he thoughtfully, "the lady cannot choose all of us, and it were pity if we should break our friendship one with the other on her account."

"What you say is true," admitted one of the suitors, "but what can we do? How should we foresee trouble as yet far off?"

"Think, friend," replied Odysseus. "Shall you rest contented if you are not chosen to wed the beautiful Helen?"

"It may be so," replied the other, "but I think he would be a fool who would grow quarrelsome over a woman."

"Mayhap you are wiser than most," laughed Odysseus," but there are others here who would gladly seize the excuse to make war on their neighbors."

"What do you wish us to do?" asked another, speaking

for the group which had gathered about them as they talked.

"This," said Odysseus. "Let us pledge ourselves now, before we have learned who shall be the choice of the woman, to support her husband, whoever he may be, in all his wars. Then, if a man be angered at the choice of Helen, and seek to steal her away by force, or to attack her husband's kingdom for her sake, we will all rise up against him to conquer him. So shall Greece be saved from wars and tumult because of this woman."

The princes listened thoughtfully, and instantly agreed. They realized that it would be good to do what he suggested, and before night came they had persuaded all the others to adopt Odysseus' plan. On the following day all took an oath to support the husband of Helen, so soon as he should be chosen, against any man who dared to do him any harm. Not long after the choice was announced, and fell upon Menelaus. The suitors waited long enough to see the marriage performed, and then left for their different homes.

In time the proof of Odysseus' wisdom was shown. For the Trojan prince, Paris, came one night and carried away Helen, and Menelaus called upon all his friends to help him punish the offender. Now it so happened that Odysseus himself had just married, and he was much distressed when the summons came. He told no one, and waited quietly at home, hoping that nobody would come for him.

But that was not to be his fate. One day a trusty runner arrived, bearing the news that the Greek kings were sending to bring him to join their forces in the expedition to Troy. Odysseus thought of his wife and his baby son, and more than ever he wished to stay at home. It was necessary for him to think of something to do to prevent it if he could. At last an idea occurred to him.

As soon as the news was brought to him that the ship containing Palamedes, the envoy of Menelaus, was in sight, Odysseus went out into his courtyard, and called for the keeper of the stables.

"Bring out the finest ox in the byre," he commanded, and the wondering servant obeyed. Odysseus examined the beast all over, from the wide-spreading horns to the sleek sides, and smiled craftily.

"He will plough well," he said, and he flung the yoke over the animal's shoulders. "Where is the yoke-fellow for this beast?"

The servants knew the tone, and they brought out another ox, closely matching the first, and would have set him beside the other, had not Odysseus interfered.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you would not put that beast beside this? See you not that an ass is needed? Quick, lest you incur my anger!" The tone frightened the men, and they made haste to bring out an old ass, one that had seen service for many years. Odysseus looked at him thoughtfully, and nodded in approval.

"A fine team!" he said appreciatively. "I shall show you all how to plough the ground. Bring me the salt which is stored in the barn."

The servants gasped. It was clear that their master was mad. They did not dare to disobey him, and fetched the salt as he bade them, and helped him as he fastened the beasts to the plough and turned their heads toward the seashore. The ox and the ass were not accustomed to each other, and moved slowly and haltingly forward. Odysseus appeared well pleased.

When he had reached the seashore, he began to plough industriously. Furrow after furrow of shining sand was turned over, and the salt he scattered about as he went. Those who watched him were sure that he was mad. Even Penelope, his wife, stood in the distance with white lips, and troubled eyes. In the midst of the commotion, the ship bearing Palamedes dropped anchor, and the envoy came toward Odysseus.

All watched to see what would happen. But the king of Ithaca gave no sign of recognition, and went on with his work, following the waves as they receded with the ebbing tide.

"This is very strange," said Palamedes, as he watched. He questioned the servants closely, but they could tell

him little. "Surely this is the work of a man distraught."

Now Palamedes himself was a clever man, and presently he thought of a plan to test the madness of Odysseus. He himself went to the palace, and into the room where Penelope sat playing with her baby Telemachus. In words of grave politeness he begged her to give the child to him for a time, promising that no harm should come to him, and declaring that the mother must remain peacefully indoors. Then, having calmed her fears, he went back to the place where he had left Odysseus.

The ox and the ass were coming merrily toward him as he approached, and Palamedes smiled to himself as he watched them. Then he laid the baby down, right in the path of the plough, and stepped back to watch the result. On came Odysseus, singing a queer song to himself, and apparently interested in nothing save his strange team. But suddenly he caught sight of the child, almost under the feet of the beasts, and with a quick and skilful movement he guided the creatures past his son, so that the child was not harmed in the least. With a laugh of satisfaction Palamedes took up the baby, and gave him back into his mother's charge. He had made sure that Odysseus was not mad.

It was no longer possible for Odysseus to pretend that he was unfit to go to Troy with the Greeks, and he waited only long enough to make preparations for his journey before leaving Ithaca—for more than thirty years, as it proved.

The same quick wit that he had used in trying to avoid going to Troy made Odysseus one of the most trusted advisers of the Grecian host. There were many others, like himself, who had no wish to engage in a long and bitter war, and these Odysseus was sent to bring in. Chief among them was Achilles, a mighty hero, son of the sea-nymph Thetis, and a mortal. Thetis herself was immortal, but she knew that her son was only human, and that if he went to the siege of Troy, he would never come back. Accordingly she persuaded him to keep away from the chiefs who were preparing the expedition.

"It will only be for a short time," she told him, as she carried him away in her chariot to the court of a friend of hers, King Lycomedes, among whose many daughters she hoped he would find safety. With much difficulty she persuaded him to put on the dress of a girl, and to take up the loom and distaff of a woman. He was sufficiently awkward, but, because he revered the goddess, his mother, he accepted the humiliation, and did as she wished.

In some way Odysseus learned of the hiding-place of Achilles, and he set himself the task of winning him back. He was clever at changing his own appearance, and he sent his servants to procure for him the dress of a peddler, and a pack full of jewels, embroideries, needles and pins, and such objects as would gladden the hearts of a household of women. Among these he put a few weapons, slender daggers, and a short spear of marvellous strength and temper. With these on his back, he made his way to the place where Achilles was living in disguise.

The young princesses were overjoyed when word was brought to them that there was a merchant at the door with goods to offer for sale, and they brought him into the chamber where they sat about weaving and spinning, and chattering softly together. Odysseus, with the cringing manner of a peddler, opened his pack, and began to show the things which he had brought, praising the girls one after the other, and glancing keenly around him in the search for Achilles.

One after one the girls took up the jewels, and tried them on, but they scarcely noticed the spear, which lay on the floor beside the peddler. At last, however, one of them spied it, picked it up, and handled it, felt its weight, and tested its edge, and laid it down, only to take up another of the weapons. Odysseus smiled to himself, for he recognized Achilles in the girl who studied the weapons so intelligently. A few swift words, and he had persuaded him to abandon his disguise; and Achilles was enlisted with the Greek armies.

As time went on, Odysseus was called upon to use all

his tact and skill in planning campaigns, and in preventing the dissensions among the leaders from imperilling the success of the cause. But it was not until his return home that his wisdom was most needed.

When the Greeks finally left Troy behind them, Odysseus and the ship-loads of men who came with them set sail with a favorable wind, and soon found themselves in sight of an island at which they stopped for water and provisions. This island belonged to Æolus, the king of the winds, who greeted Odysseus kindly, and made a great feast for him and his companions. When at last they came to depart, he presented Odysseus with a bag, tightly fastened at the mouth.

"Here," said he, "are all the unfavorable winds, safely shut up so that they cannot trouble you on your journey. Guard them carefully, and you will have no trouble."

Odysseus thanked him courteously, and went on board with his men. For several days they sailed, and they were almost within sight of home before he permitted himself to relax in vigilance. At last, wearied by continual care, he lay down to sleep for a little while. During that time the trouble began.

The sailors had noticed the bag containing the winds, and were certain that in it was hidden a special treasure which the king of the winds had given their master. Accordingly, they took the occasion to find out what was in it. Very carefully they opened it, when suddenly, with a great noise, the winds inside broke loose, raging and storming about the ships, and driving them in all directions save that in which they wanted to go. The tumult waked Odysseus, who was in despair when he saw what the men had done.

In the storm that followed some of the ships were lost, and Odysseus found himself as far from home as ever, with many of his sailors lost, and unknown perils before him. From most of them he could not protect himself, and his men were often disobedient, to their cost and his. One day Odysseus perceived that they were nearing the abode of the Sirens, and he set himself to think of a way to escape from them.

The Sirens were three beautiful sprites, who were accustomed to sit on the cliffs overlooking the channel. Here they sang, from morning to night, a strange, beautiful song, so exquisite that whoever heard it forgot to notice the dangers of the channel, and was dashed to death on the jagged rocks at the base of the cliff.

At last Odysseus decided what to do. He brought out some wax, and called the sailors to him one by one. Then he filled their ears, so that they could hear nothing. When the last one came, a trusted lieutenant, he explained to him what was to be done. He himself was to be bound to the mast, and fastened so firmly that he could not break loose to try to reach the Sirens, no matter how hard he might struggle. When they had passed the cliffs, so far that they could no longer hear the song, the sailors were to release their master, but not until then.

The thing occurred as Odysseus had foreseen. The sailors rowed stolidly past the Sirens, while Odysseus pulled and struggled at his bonds, but could not break them. At last the danger was over, and the faithful lieutenant released him. This was only the first of many trials which were in store for him.

Perhaps the greatest instance of the resourcefulness of Odysseus was shown in the manner in which he escaped from the cave of Polyphemus the one-eyed Cyclops. The giant had shut them all in, and closed the mouth of the cave with a stone so large that they could not move it, even with the greatest effort. They dared not kill him, lest they find themselves shut in for good. But Odysseus thought of a plan.

They had a little wine left, and this Odysseus gave to the giant, until he grew very drunken and sleepy. Then, when he was fairly asleep, with a sharpened pole Odysseus put out the single eye in the giant's head. The giant woke, and went raging about the cavern, but the men were sufficiently well hidden so that he was not able to catch them.

Now the giant's flocks were kept inside the cave at night, and it was by their help that Odysseus planned to

escape when day came. He chose the strongest of the rams, and tied a man to the belly of each one, for he had found that the giant was in the habit of sitting at the door of the cave and counting them as they went out, passing a hand over their backs to make sure that there was nobody on them. Odysseus himself, the last of the men, saved two of the strongest rams. These he fastened together, and clinging to their fleeces, was dragged out, past the giant in the doorway. In this way he effected his escape.

But the dangers of Odysseus did not end when he reached his home, for in his absence many things had occurred. A number of men, believing that he was surely dead, came to beg Penelope to choose another husband from among them; and they settled down to live at the palace until she had made her choice. They grew daily more and more insolent and overbearing, till Telemachus could endure it no longer.

At last, when Odysseus arrived, and made himself known, he and Telemachus agreed to kill all the suitors where they stood. They arranged a contest, in which the young men should try to bend the great bow which Odysseus had left behind when he went to the war. This was so stiff that only Odysseus himself could use it; and he was to take his place among them, and bend it when the time came.

Meanwhile, all the arms were carried out of the hall. The suitors tried in vain to bend the bow, until at last, Odysseus, disguised as an old beggar, lifted it and fitted the string to it. Then he began to shoot at them, and they fled for their lives, but all the doors were locked. With the help of Telemachus, all were killed, and Odysseus stood forth, the acknowledged king of Ithaca. His wiles and wisdom had saved his life and brought him home safe after ten years of fighting, and twenty years of wandering.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

(GREEK)

THERE was once a musician whose skill was so great that even the gods themselves took the greatest delight in his playing, and rejoiced whenever he was near. This was not strange, for he was the son of Apollo, god of music, as well as of the sun, and of Calliope, one of the Muses, and had been taught to play on the lyre by his father himself. So great was his skill that even the rocks and trees were moved whenever he touched the strings, and the wild beasts would not harm him, but crept out of their lairs whenever he approached.

Orpheus was married to a very beautiful woman named Eurydice, whom he loved dearly, and from whom he was never separated. Together they wandered through the forests, playing and singing, and leaving gladness wherever they had been.

One day, however, all this was changed, for Eurydice, following her husband through the wood, stepped on a poisonous adder, which drove its fangs into her foot. In vain did Orpheus apply soothing herbs, and balm to cleanse the wound; Eurydice was doomed. In a few hours she died, and was carried away to the lower world, where Pluto reigns as king with his queen Proserpina.

Orpheus was inconsolable. He drew such pitiful strains from his lyre that the forest wept with him in his grief, and it seemed almost as if he too would die, if only to rejoin his wife. At last he made up his mind to seek her in the regions of the dead, if by chance he might persuade Pluto to restore her to him.

It was a terrible journey. Down the weary road he went, crossing the river Styx in the boat which Charon poled across for him, and which creaked under the weight of a living mortal, for it had never before borne anything heavier than a shade, and coming at last to the grim three-headed dog, Cerberus, who guards the gates of the lower world. But the dog had only caresses for Orpheus, so charmed was he by the music of the lyre. Onward he went, until at last he stood before the throne of Pluto,

who gazed in surprise at a living man who so boldly entered the realm of the dead.

"What do you wish with me?" demanded Pluto, and Orpheus told how he had lost his wife, and begged that he might be permitted to take her back with him to the upper world. Then he touched his instrument, and sang of his grief in tones so melting that both the king and the queen wept to hear him. After much consideration, they granted his request.

"But," said the king, "there is one condition which I must lay on you. Do not look back upon Eurydice until you reach the upper air, lest you lose her forever." To this Orpheus joyfully agreed, and the happy pair set forth on their journey back to earth.

One by one the dangers were passed, and they had almost reached the sunlight when Orpheus, in a burst of longing and affection, turned to gaze upon his wife, when lo and behold, she vanished into thin air, calling mournfully her farewell as she was drawn backward by invisible hands. Then did Orpheus lament in earnest, and he tried to go back along the road he had travelled. But this time he found the gates fast closed to him, and Charon no longer could be persuaded to ferry him across the river. For seven days he lingered about, without food or drink, and at last in despair he returned to the sunlight.

Woods and forests, beasts and birds, all showed their sympathy for him, but they could not rouse him from his melancholy. He lived alone, continually mourning for Eurydice, and shunning the society of women. This angered the Thracian maidens, who were anxious to win him with their charms, and they became his enemies.

One day, as Orpheus was sitting alone beside a river, singing the story of his woe, these girls approached him, armed with spears and javelins, and determined to punish him for his neglect of them. With a cry they hurled their weapons at him, but no sooner did the steel come within reach of his music, than it dropped harmless at his feet. Again and again they tried to wound him, but in vain, until at last they raised such a shout of rage and fury that the music was drowned in their clamor and the steel

reached his breast. Then they all rushed upon him, and tore his body limb from limb, and scattered the parts on the waves of the river, where they floated down with the current, the head and the lyre still murmuring as they went.

And now Orpheus was with his beloved Eurydice at last, a shade with her, and while Jupiter set his lyre in the heavens, he wandered through the Elysian fields with his wife, content only in his possession of her, and happy in the freedom to gaze upon her to his heart's content.

ISIS AND OSIRIS.

(EGYPTIAN)

ON one occasion Isis, the queen of heaven, and her husband, Osiris, determined to do what they could to help mortals. After much thoughtful consideration, they descended from their palace in the skies, bearing gifts which they had chosen especially for the children of men. Isis carried the seeds of corn and barley and wheat, while her husband showed men the use of the tools of farming, and showed them how to harness the oxen that grazed on their fields, and train them to help in tilling the soil.

The human beings showed themselves most grateful for this service, and this encouraged Osiris to show them other aids to civilized living. He gave them laws, government, and religion, and then passed on from the Nile valley, where he had begun his work, to give equal benefit to the remoter parts of the world. Isis remained at home to govern in his absence.

Now it so happened that the brother of Osiris, Typhon, thought that while his brother was away he might take the government of the kingdom into his own hands, and accordingly he endeavored to place himself upon the throne. But always there was some faithful servant to warn Isis of the danger, and she was able to prevent him from carrying out his plan. Typhon grew more and more angry, but could do nothing. At last he learned that a day had been set for his brother's return.

Typhon set himself to think of a plan that would finally remove his brother from the kingdom. He spent many hours contriving, and at last an idea came to him. He sent for the cleverest workmen in the country, and bade them make a box for him, according to the exact measurements of Osiris. A wonderful thing it was when it was finished, for it was lined with gold, on the outside and the inside, and there were marvelous traceries of silver, and precious jewels set in its lid. Spices and perfume were placed inside it, and all that could make it goodly to behold.

As soon as the box was completed, Typhon summoned the best cooks that were to be found in all the land of Egypt, and told them to prepare a feast for the return of the king, with all the rarest and most delicate foods which they could devise, served in the most lavish manner. He proclaimed that on the day when Osiris returned from his journey he would give a great banquet in celebration, and invited all the great nobles, taking care to choose all those who were friendly to his own great ambition.

After the feast was over, the great box was brought in, and Typhon declared that it should be a gift to the man who could fit himself into it most perfectly. One by one the nobles tried it, while Osiris watched them laughingly, never for an instant suspecting that treachery was intended. At last, when all had tried and failed, he was persuaded to enter, and his frame filled it completely. At a signal, Typhon's friends pushed down the cover, and hurled the box over the parapet into the river below.

Now as soon as Isis heard of the murder of her husband, she was bitterly grieved, and she mourned greatly. Then she rose, and clothed herself in the garments of widowhood and went forth to seek for the body of Osiris.

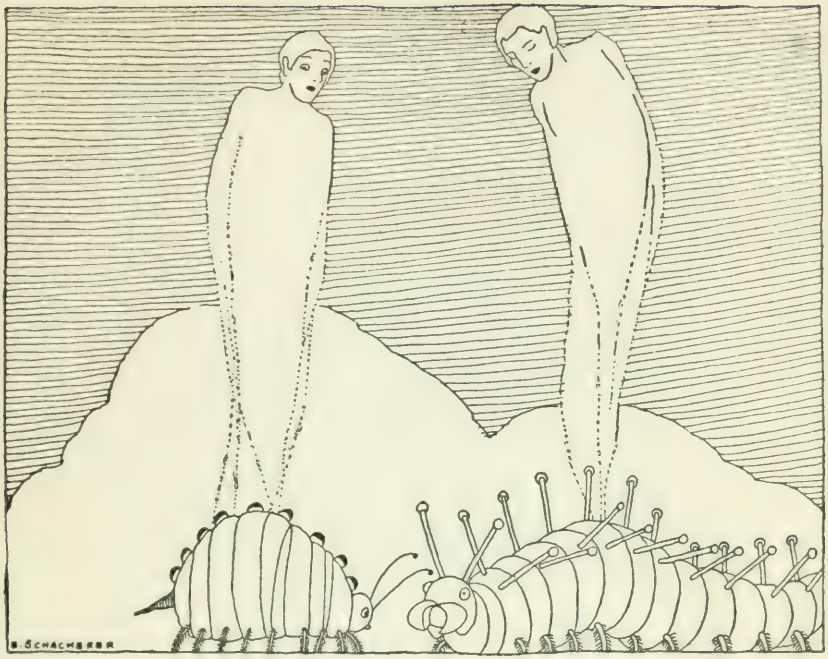
For a long time she could find no trace of the body. The box had floated down the river, and she followed its course for days and days without success. At last she came to a city where she learned of a marvelous thing. A clump of reeds beside the river had been cut for a pillar for the palace of the king, and among them the men had dis-

covered the box which held the body of Osiris. It had caught in the reeds, and the reeds, conscious of the great treasure which they held, grew with unusual vigor, until they held the chest far above the reach of the waters.

Isis at once disguised herself as a slave, and so gained entrance to the palace of the king. As soon as she entered, she noticed the reeds, set up to form a column in one of the royal palace chambers. She threw off her disguise, and showed herself for the goddess she was, and with a touch of her wand caused the pillar to open and reveal the coffin of Osiris. Immediately she returned to her home with it, and carefully hid the body from the vengeance of Typhon.

Now the spies of Typhon were at work, and they soon discovered that the body had been found, and where it had been placed, and they went to tell their master all that they knew. Typhon was greatly enraged, and he determined to make Isis suffer still more, if that were possible. Accordingly, he went by stealth to the place where the coffin was lying, and cut the body of his brother into fourteen pieces. These he scattered broadcast, as far apart as his malice could reach. Well satisfied, he returned to the palace.

It was not long before Isis discovered this new treachery. With all kinds of lamentation she set about the search for the body so cruelly maltreated. Piece by piece she picked it up, and laid the fragments in a golden jar with sweet essences to preserve it. All over the earth she went, and at last there was but one piece lacking. This the fishes of the river had devoured, and Isis made haste to call together the cunning artificers, who made her a wooden part to replace it. Then, when this was finished, she had made a magnificent tomb, in which she placed the body, where soon the power of Osiris performed such wonders that the people came from far and near to worship at the shrine, and to tell of the wonderful devotion and self-sacrifice of the goddess, who had undertaken so much hardship to do honor to the remains of her lord.



THE LEGEND OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS

Adapted from the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and the Book of Golden Deeds by

CHARLOTTE YONGE

It is more than two thousand years since Damon and Pythias were boys together in the most famous school in the world. That is a long time, but except for what was taught in that school, we could not now make our steamships, or our aeroplanes, or do anything else which depends on knowing how to measure truly.

For this was the school of Pythagoras. Scholars came to him from far off, some boys like Damon and Pythias, some old men, with long gray beards. Before he would

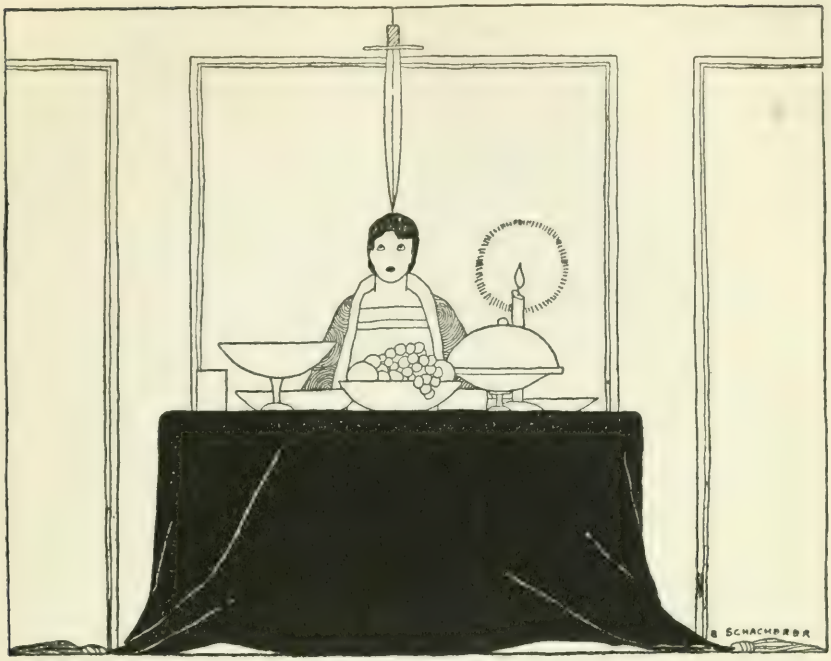
begin to teach them, they took a vow to help each other and all men as much as they could, to tell the simple truth as far as they could and not to dispute with others. They vowed to keep silence and listen for seven years before they undertook to teach any one else anything whatever.

Their schoolmaster taught them the best that was known on earth then and some things that are hardly known now. He intended that they should learn to think for themselves,—that they should learn to use their own minds to help others to use theirs, but not to dispute with others. He drew three straight lines joined together in the sand, and when they could think out all those three lines meant in measuring the earth, the sea and the sky, it was said they had "crossed the Dunce's bridge." That was a hard saying, for most of us now on earth have not even tried to think out all those three lines may mean.

Another thing he taught Damon and Pythias was that they ought to take the greatest care of their souls, since they would live forever. He expected every one who seems to die, to be born over in that very minute, in the exact shape in which the way he had lived had fitted his soul for. He wished Damon and Pythias to live such good lives that they would not be born again as biting bugs or black beetles, with pinching horns on their heads.

He might have expected tyrants like King Dionysius of Syracuse to be born over as black beetles or worse. Dionysius wished to do exactly as he pleased, and to force every one else to do as he pleased. He had a hard time of it, both ways. Sometimes he was drunk, sometimes sober, sometimes noble and good, sometimes so base and vile that there are no words for it. With the army under his control, he defeated the army of Carthage and made his city rich and powerful, but he feared every one and every one feared him.

It is of him the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he



might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music; but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horsehair! This was to show the condition in which a tyrant lived!

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; but by-and-by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his

beard with hot nut-shells! He was said to have put a man named Antiphon to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass: "That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton were made." These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisistratus, the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive, but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly: "Carry me back to prison!" This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true; but they show what was the character of the man of whom they were told,—how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was roused. Among those who came under it was Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and kindred in Greece, and he entreated as a favour to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, his schoolmate, Damon came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging that, if Pythias did not return according to promise, he would suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marvelling what would be the end of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans

watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was sure of his friend's truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect that he did not even grieve at having to die for a friend, who had left him to the fate to which he had pledged himself. It was not Pythias' own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias hurried in, embraced his friend, and stood forward to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship. Yet all the time he must have known it was a mockery that he should ever be such as they were to each other,—he who had lost the very power of trusting, and constantly sacrificed others to secure his own life, while they counted not their lives dear to them in comparison with their truth to their word, and love to one another.

THE THREE LEMONS.

AN ITALIAN FAIRY TALE.

There is in this tale an echo of the Greek and Roman legend of the three Fates who controlled the birth, life and death of every man. These were named Clotho, who held the distaff; Lachesis who spun the thread of life; and Atropos, who cut it off when life was ended. They were called the cruel Fates because they worked without any regard to the wishes or desires of any one.

ONCE upon a time there lived a monarch who was called the Prince of the Tower of Rubies. He had one only son, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. The old king wished above all things to find a wife for his son, whose name was Carlino, but Carlino, with many virtues, had one fault: at the mere mention of a woman, he would shake his head and flee into the woods. He was not moved by the prayers of the whole nation, nor the good of the country; all failed to touch his flinty heart. The greatest preachers wasted their powers of eloquence in reasoning with him, and the wisest senators failed to move him.

One morning while they were seated at table, the prince, who as usual was being lectured by his father, amused himself with watching the flies which were buzzing around them; and forgetting that he had a knife in his hand, by an impatient movement cut his finger. The blood dropped into a plate of cream which had just been placed before Carlino, whereupon a mad whim seized him.

"Sir," he said to his father, "if I do not soon find a wife whose complexion is as purely red and white as this cream tinged with my blood, I am lost. This wondrous maiden must exist somewhere. I love her; I have completely lost my heart to her, and win her I must. Fortune always favors the brave. If you value my life, permit me to travel in search of the realization of my dream, otherwise I shall die of longing and *ennui*."

The poor king of the Tower of Rubies was overcome with horror on hearing this mad speech. It seemed to him that his palace was tumbling about his ears. He

first turned pale, then red, and finally recovering himself, he exclaimed—

"Oh, my son! prop of my old age, my heart's delight, what has put such an idea into your head? Is your brain turned? Yesterday you were fast making me die of grief by refusing to marry and perpetuate our line, and to-day, as though to drive me out of the world, you take this wild idea into your head. Where do you wish to go, unhappy boy? Why should you leave your home? You do not know to what perils and hardships a traveler is exposed. Get rid of these dangerous fancies; stay at home, my son, if you do not wish to kill me, and at the same time ruin the kingdom and your family."

Every thing that was said to him entered in at one ear and went out at the other; and his father's eloquence was entirely thrown away upon him.

When the old king, worn out with fruitless prayers, at last realized that it was easier to melt the weathercock on the steeple than to persuade a spoiled child bent on having his own way, he sighed and decided to allow his son to depart. After having given him good advice, to which he never listened, and bags of money, which he received a little more graciously, as well as two devoted body-servants, the king bade farewell to his rebellious son. He embraced him tenderly, and then with a breaking heart ascended the tower of the castle to gaze as long as possible upon the departing traveler.

While the king was thus grieving, our traveler, mounted on a fine horse, cantered away with waving plumes and a light heart, like Alexander on his way to conquer the world. He traversed mountains and valleys, he visited kingdoms, duchies, counties, baronies, towns, villages, castles, and cottages, looking at every woman and observed by all, even by those who pretended to keep their eyes fixed on the ground. All his search, however, was in vain; old Europe did not contain the treasure he was seeking.

At the end of four months he reached Marseilles, having decided to embark there for India; but at the sight of the sea during a storm his brave and faithful servants

were suddenly taken ill. To the great regret of these good men, they felt obliged to take leave of their master and remain quietly on land snugly ensconced between the sheets, while Carlino on board a frail bark defied the winds and waves.

Nothing stands in the way of those who are wholly possessed by a great desire. The prince traveled through Egypt, India, and China, wandering from province to province, from city to city, from house to house, and from hut to hut, seeking every where the original of the lovely image engraven on his heart. His labor was thrown away. Though he saw women of every shade of color—brunette and blonde, chestnut-haired, red-haired, white, yellow, red, and black, he found nowhere the complexion he adored.

Always moving from place to place, and never ceasing from his search, at last Carlino arrived at the world's end, and saw before him nothing but sea and sky. His hopes were crushed, and his dream had vanished. As he was striding along the beach unhappy and disappointed, he espied an old man basking in the sun; so he asked him if there was not any land beyond the waste of waters which stretched away to the horizon.

"No," replied the old man, "nobody has ever discovered any thing in this sea, which has neither shores nor islands; at least those who have ventured to explore it have never come back. I remember when I was a child, our graybeards used to say they had heard from their fathers that in that direction, out yonder, far away beyond the horizon, lay the island of the Fates; but woe to the rash mortal who should approach the inexorable sisters, for to see them was to die!"

"What does that matter?" exclaimed Carlino: "to realize my dream I would face anything."

A boat lay at hand, and into it the prince jumped, and hoisted the sail. The wind, which was blowing freshly, carried the skiff quickly out to sea, the land disappeared, and our hero found himself alone on the ocean. In vain he scanned the horizon, nothing was to be seen but water everywhere. In vain the boat bounded over the foam-

Carlino arrived at the world's end, and saw before him nothing but sea and sky

ing waves like a horse proudly shaking its mane. Waves chased waves, and hours succeeded hours. The sun dipped to the horizon, and the silence and solitude round Carlino seemed to increase, when suddenly he descried a black spot upon the horizon. At the same moment, the skiff carried along by the current, shot through the water like an arrow, and grounded on the sand at the foot of some enormous rocks which lifted to the sky their dark crags, worn into sharp pinnacles during the lapse of ages. Fate had cast Carlino on the shore whence none had ever returned.

To scale this wall of rocks was no easy matter. There was neither road nor path, and when, after great exertions, Carlino, bruised, and with bleeding hands, at last reached the top, he found nothing to repay him for his trouble. What he did find was heaped-up ice and black rocks jutting out above the snow, but not a tree or a blade of grass, not a tuft of moss or lichen. It was altogether a scene of winter and of death. Nothing suggested any kind of life, excepting a miserable ruined house, the wooden roof of which was weighed with great stones to resist the violence of the wind. On entering this hut, the prince saw so strange a sight that he was struck dumb with surprise and horror.

At the far end of the apartment was a large piece of tapestry on which was represented every condition of life. Kings, soldiers, laborers, and shepherds, were there depicted, and besides them ladies richly dressed, and peasant women with their distaffs. In the foreground boys and girls were dancing gayly, hand in hand. In front of the tapestry the mistress of the house was walking to and fro.

She was an old woman, whose bones were scarcely concealed under a skin as transparent and yellow as wax. Like a spider about to pounce upon its prey, this old woman, armed with a long pair of scissors, kept closely watching the figures on the tapestry with a cruel eye, then suddenly she would throw herself upon them and snip them up haphazard. Then there would issue from the tapestry a mournful cry, which was enough to curdle

the blood of the bravest heart. Tears of children, the heartrending sobs of mothers, the despair of lovers, the groans of old age, every kind of human sorrow seemed mingled in that bitter cry. At this wail the old woman burst into a laugh, and her hideous face was lit up with a fierce joy; in the meantime an invisible hand restored the stitches on the canvas, which was constantly being destroyed and as constantly repaired.

The old beldam, reopening her scissors, was again approaching the tapestry, when she perceived Carlino's shadow.

"Make your escape, unhappy man," she cried without turning round. "I know what brings you here, and I cannot help you. Go to my sister; perhaps she will do what you wish. She is Life, and I am Death."

Our traveler did not require to be told twice; he ran straight on, thankful to make his escape from such a scene of horror. Soon the aspect of the country changed, and Carlino found himself in a fertile valley. All around he saw harvests, flowery meadows, vines trailing from tree to tree, and olive-trees laden with fruit. Under the shade of a fig-tree beside a running stream, a blind woman was seated, who was winding round her spindle threads of gold and silk. Near her were arranged distaffs charged with different materials, such as flax, hemp, wool, and silk. When she had finished her task, the Fate stretched out a trembling hand, and taking a distaff at haphazard, began to spin.

Carlino made her a profound bow, and in a voice broken by emotion, strove to tell the story of his pilgrimage; but at the first words she stopped him.

"My son," she said, "I can do nothing for you. I am only a poor blind woman, and do not even know myself what I am doing. This distaff, that I have taken at random, is to decide the fate of all who are born this hour. Their riches or poverty, their happiness or misery depend on these threads which I cannot see. I am the slave of destiny, and can create nothing. Address yourself to my sister, perhaps she will do what you desire. She is Birth, and I am Life."

"I thank you, madam," returned Carlino; and with a light heart he hastened at once to the youngest of the Fates.

He soon found her looking as fresh and lovely as the spring. Round her every thing was bursting into life. Corn was sprouting and stretching up its green shoots along the dark furrows. The orange trees were bursting into blossom, the buds of the forest trees were shedding their red sheaths, while little callow chickens ran hither and thither round their anxious mother, and lambs frisked in the meadow.

This damsel received the prince with extreme graciousness. After listening to him without laughing at his folly, she made him sup with her, and at dessert gave him three lemons and a pretty knife, the handle of which was of mother-of-peal ornamented with silver.

"Carlino," she said, "you can now return to your father. The prize is gained; you have found what you sought. Now depart, and when you re-enter your kingdom, at the first spring of water you see cut one of the lemons. A fairy will issue from it, who will say to you, 'Give me to drink.' Hand her quickly some water or she will slip through your fingers like quicksilver. If the second escapes you also, be very careful about the last. Give her immediately some water to drink and you will possess the wife you desire."

Intoxicated with joy, the prince repeatedly kissed the fair hand that was granting him the fulfillment of his dreams.

It is a long way from the world's end to the kingdom of the Tower of Rubies, and in journeying over lands and seas Carlino faced more than one danger, and encountered many storms; but at last, after a long journey and many hardships, he reached his native country, taking with him the three lemons, which he guarded as his greatest treasures.

He was only two hours distant from the royal residence when he entered a thick wood, where he had more than once enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. A clear spring, bordered with ferns and mosses, and shaded by birch-

trees, looked very inviting to the weary traveler, so Carlino seated himself on the daisy-enameled grass, and, taking out his knife, cut one of his lemons.

Suddenly there flashed before him a maiden as white as milk, and as red as a strawberry. "Give me to drink," she said.

"How lovely she is!" cried the prince so enraptured at the sight of such great beauty, that he forgot the advice of the Fate. This was unlucky, for in a second the fairy vision had appeared and disappeared. Carlino was as much astonished as a child who tries to hold water that runs through his fingers. He tried to be calm, and with a hand still trembling cut open the second lemon; but the second apparition was still more beautiful and fleeting than her sister. While Carlino was gazing at her wonderstruck, she was gone in the twinkling of an eye.

"Well, all is not lost yet;" said he, "but if this knife which the Fate gave me, fails me again it will be."

Speaking thus, he cut open the last lemon, and the third fairy sprang forth, and said "Give me to drink."

But this time the prince handed her quickly some water, and lo, and behold! he held by the hand a lovely slender maiden, white as cream, and with cheeks like a carnation.

Her hair was golden, her eyes were blue, and of a limpid sweetness, and her rosy lips looked as if they could only open to charm and console. In a word, from head to foot she was the most enchanting creature that had ever fallen from the sky.

The prince lost his head with surprise and joy as he contemplated his future bride. He puzzled himself to think how such a marvel of beauty and goodness could have come out of the bitter rind of a lemon.

"Am I asleep?" he exclaimed; "and is it all a dream? If it is, for pity's sake do not wake me."

The fairy's smile, however, soon reassured him; she accepted the hand he offered her, and she it was who first asked to be taken to the good king of the Tower of Rubies, who would be happy and thankful to give his two children his blessing.

"Dear heart," said Carlino, "I am as anxious as you are to see my father, and to prove to him that I have been successful in my search, but we cannot arrive at the palace arm in arm like two peasants taking a country walk. You must make your first appearance as a princess, and you ought to be received in a manner befitting your high rank. Wait for me here while I run to the palace, and before two hours are past I shall return to you with attire and equipages that are worthy of you, and attendants whose duty it will henceforth be never to leave you."

Thereupon he raised her hand tenderly to his lips, and left her.

When the maiden found herself alone, she began to be frightened. The croak of a raven, the murmuring of the forest leaves, and a dead branch broken by a gust of wind, all added to her alarm. Trembling, she gazed around, and catching sight of an old oak near the spring, whose hollow trunk offered her shelter, she climbed into it and remained concealed from view, excepting her charming head, which framed by the leaves, was reflected below in the clear water.

Now there resided in the neighborhood a lady who every morning sent her slave, a negress, to fetch water from the spring. Chloe, for so the African was called, came that day as usual, carrying a pitcher upon her head; but at the moment of filling it she caught sight of the fairy's reflection in the water. The foolish woman, who had never looked at herself in any mirror, imagined that it was her own reflection, and exclaimed—

"Poor Chloe! To think of such a beautiful creature as you being sent to fetch water like a beast of burden! Never shall you do it more!"

And in her vanity she broke the pitcher and returned home. When her mistress asked how the pitcher had been broken, she answered, shrugging her shoulders—

"The pitcher may often go to the well, but it is broken at last."

Whereupon the lady gave her a little wooden cask, and enjoined her to go at once to the spring and fill it.

The negress ran to the fountain, and gazing fondly at the image in the water, she sighed and said—

"No, I am *not* like a monkey, though they are always telling me so. I am far more beautiful than my mistress. It is for donkeys to carry casks!" Then taking up the barrel, she threw it with such force to the ground that it was broken to pieces; and she went back to the house grumbling.

When her mistress, who was waiting for her, inquired what had become of the cask, the slave, in a passion, said—

"A donkey ran up against me, and the cask fell down and was broken."

At these words her mistress almost lost patience; but taking down a leathern bottle from the wall, she said—

"Run and bring back this bottle full of water immediately."

The negress, frightened, took to her heels and ran once more to the spring. But, when she had filled the leathern bottle, Chloe gazed at the stream, and again seeing the reflection, cried passionately—

"No, I will never be a water-carrier. I am not made to be worked to death like a dog by an angry mistress!"

Saying this, she drew out of her hair the long pin which fastened it, and pricking the bottle through and through, she made it into a watering-pot, whence a thousand jets issued. At this sight the fairy began to laugh in her hiding-place, and the negress, looking up, saw the lovely young girl, and understood her mistake.

Thereupon in her gentlest voice she asked—

"What are you doing up there, my pretty lady?"

The fairy, who was as good as she was beautiful, sought to comfort the slave by talking to her. Acquaintance was quickly made. The fairy confided to the negress all that had happened to the prince and herself, and how she was alone in the wood, and was every minute expecting Carlino to arrive in a grand carriage to conduct his bride to the king of the Tower of Rubies and to marry her in the presence of the whole court.

While the African listened a most wicked idea occurred to her.

"Madam," she said, "your husband is approaching with all his suite, and I am sure you wish to look your best. Let me come up beside you and arrange your hair for you, for it is all in disorder."

"You are as welcome as flowers in May," replied the fairy, with a winning smile.

Scarcely had she climbed up than the wicked slave let down the fairy's hair and began to comb it; then suddenly taking out her own long pin, she plunged it into her companion. On feeling herself wounded, the fairy cried out—

"Ring-dove! ring-dove!"

All at once she turned into a ring-dove and flew away. Whereupon the negress calmly took her place, and thrust her black head out of the leafy frame.

In the meantime the prince, mounted upon a magnificent charger, hastened back at full gallop, leaving behind him a long cavalcade. Poor Carlino! He found a crow where he had left a swan. He nearly fainted, and when he tried to speak, tears choked his voice. In vain he looked round on every side, seeking his beloved; at last the negress, putting on the expression of a martyr, said to him, casting her eyes on the ground—

"Your search is vain, prince. A wicked fairy has made me her victim, and a miserable fate has changed your lily into a coal."

Carlino, like a true prince, would not go back from his word. He gallantly gave his hand to Chloe and helped her to descend from the tree. The African was then attired as became a princess, and was decked with lace and diamonds, which only made her look still blacker than before. Carlino then placed her by his side in a gorgeous glass coach drawn by six white horses, and in this way he returned to the palace with little cheerful feeling, it may well be thought.

About a league from the castle they met the old king. The marvelous tales of his son had turned his head. In spite of etiquette and chamberlains he was hastening to

behold the incomparable beauty of his daughter-in-law. But when, in place of the dove he had been promised, he saw a crow—

"Per baccho!" he cried, "this is a little too much! I knew that my son was mad, but I had not been told that he was blind too. Is this the incomparable lily that he went to the world's end to find? Is this the rose fresher than the dawn, the miracle of beauty that emerged from a lemon? Can anybody suppose that I will put up with this fresh insult? Do they think that I will leave the empire of the Tower of Rubies, the glorious heritage of my ancestors, to negroes? I will not allow her to enter my palace."

The prince threw himself at his father's feet and tried to move him. The prime minister, a man of great experience, represented to his royal master and to the court, that white often became black and *vice versa,* and that there was nothing to be surprised at in such a very natural metamorphosis in the maiden, who would doubtless return on the morrow to her pristine fairness. So in the end he yielded, and consented to this singular union. The *Court Gazette* announced to the whole kingdom what a happy choice the prince had made, and enjoined good subjects to rejoice.

The nuptials were not to take place for a week, as it required that length of time to make all the preparations for so grand a ceremony.

The negress was installed in a magnificent suite of apartments, great ladies disputed the honor of putting on her slippers, and duchesses obtained, not without difficulty, the glorious privilege of dressing her. The town and the castle were adorned with flags of every color, walls were pulled down, avenues were planted, the roads were fresh-graveled, old compliments were polished up, and old speeches re-furbished. Throughout the kingdom the order went forth that the prince was to be congratulated on having chosen a wife so worthy of him.

A hundred and fifty cooks and three hundred scullions set to work under the direction of the famous Bouchibus, the king's *chef.* Sucking pigs were killed, sheep were

cut up, capons were larded, pigeons were plucked, turkeys were spitted, and there was a general massacre of the feathered tribe, for no feast was ever complete to which the poultry yard had not largely contributed.

In the midst of all this excitement a beautiful wood-pigeon, with bluish wings, came and perched close by the window of the kitchen. In a soft, plaintive voice it sang, sighing these words—

"Roocoo, roocoo, roocoo,
What will the prince and the negress do?"

The great Bouchibus was too much occupied with public matters to pay any attention to the cooing of a pigeon, but as it went on, he noticed that the bird spoke, and he determined to announce this marvelous fact to his new mistress. The African did not disdain to visit the kitchen, and as soon as she had listened to the bird, she gave orders to the *chef* to catch the pigeon and make it into a pie.

No sooner said than done. The poor bird let itself be caught without making any resistance. In an instant Bouchibus cut off its head. Three drops of blood fell on the ground, and three days later a beautiful little lemon-tree appeared out of the ground, which grew so fast that before night it was in flower.

Now it happened that as the prince was breathing the fresh air on his balcony, this lemon-tree attracted his attention. He could not remember having seen it there before, so he called the cook and asked him who had planted it. Bouchibus's account puzzled Carlino very much, and he commanded that no one was to touch the lemon-tree, and that the greatest care was to be taken of it.

The next morning on waking, the prince hastened to the garden, where he found three lemons already on the tree, similar to those that the Fate had given him. Carlino gathered them and locked himself into his suite of rooms.

With a trembling hand he poured some water into a gold cup, ornamented with rubies, which had belonged

to his mother, and then opened the knife which he always carried about with him.

He cut one lemon, and out came the first fairy, but Carlino scarcely looked at her and she disappeared; the same thing occurred with the second, but as soon as the third one appeared, the prince handed her the cup, out of which she drank, smiling, looking more lovely than ever.

Then the fairy related to the young prince all she had suffered at the hands of the wicked negress, and Carlino, almost out of his mind, made such a noise that the king came hurrying to the apartment. And now it was his turn to go mad. Then suddenly he frowned, and throwing a veil over his intended daughter-in-law, which covered her from head to foot, he led her by the hand into the dining-hall.

It was breakfast-time, and ministers and courtiers were standing at a long table, superbly spread, awaiting the arrival of the king and prince. The king summoned them to him in turn, and as each approached the fairy, he lifted her veil and inquired—

"What ought to be done to the person who wished to kill this miracle of loveliness?"

Each one, dazzled by the fairy's beauty, gave a different reply. Some said one thing and some another.

When it was the negress's turn she came forward unsuspectingly, for she did not recognize the fairy.

"Sire," she said to the king, "the monster who could be cruel to this charming person assuredly deserves to be burned, and to have his ashes scattered to the winds."

"You have condemned yourself out of your own mouth," cried the king of the Tower of Rubies. "Wretched woman, behold thy victim, and prepare to die!"

"Sire," said the maiden, taking hold of the king's hand, "your majesty will not refuse me a wedding present?"

"Certainly not, my child," replied the old king, "ask whatever you like, and even if it is my crown, I will give it to you gladly!"

"Sire," rejoined the fairy, "grant me then the life of this unhappy woman. Allow me to make her happy, and to teach her that goodness here below consists in loving."

"My daughter," replied the king, "it is easy to see you are a fairy. You do not understand human justice. However, tame her at your own risk. I will not oppose your wishes."

The fairy raised the negress, who was kissing her hand and weeping. All then sat down to table.

When the good king died, at a ripe old age, Carlino and his gentle wife ascended the throne, and, during a reign of half a century (if we may believe history), they never once increased the taxes, or caused a single tear to be shed, or one drop of blood. More than a thousand years afterward the people of the Tower of Rubies would sigh when they talked of that bygone age, and it was not only the children in that kingdom who longed for the return of the good old times when fairies reigned.

CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN.

Translated from the Book of the Dun Cow.

By Patrick Weston Joyce.

"The Book of the Dun Cow" is a noted Irish manuscript, written about 800 years ago. It has in it the famous Irish legend of the Land of the Young, "the Tir Nan Oge," "a land of youth, a land of rest, a land from sorrow free." This is close to the "Fortunate Islands" story of the Greeks, but there are other Irish legends which fit it in with tales of a discovery of America made by Irish sailors long before Columbus.

While these cannot be proved, they are very interesting. In his book, "The Water Babies," Charles Kingsley made a pretty use of them. The Irish saint, Brandan, is said to have sailed West until he found a new country from which he never came back. Around this Paradise of Saint Brandan, in beautiful grottoes among groves of coral, Kingsley's "water babies" live in joy after dying of neglect as starved and dirty children in great modern cities. So Saint Brandan's Paradise, as Kingsley makes it the home of water-fairies, who have once been city children, is also a "land of the young."

These stories connect with the very old Greek story of "Atlantis," a land in the West sunk in the ocean and lost. The famous Roman scholar, Seneca, wrote that a new land would be found in the West, and learned men of his time thought the world was round. People, who could not read, remembered such stories as that of the golden apple from the Garden of the Hesperides which was fabled to have started the war of Troy. Finally these stories helped to bring about the discovery of America.

CONNLA, of the Golden Hair, was the son of Conn, the Hundred-fighter. One day as he stood with his father on the royal hill of Usna, he saw a lady a little way off, very beautiful, and dressed in strange attire. She approached the spot where he stood; and when she was near, he spoke to her and asked who she was and from what place she had come.

The lady replied: "I have come from the Land of the Living—a land where there is neither death or old age, nor any breach of law. The people of the earth call us Aes-shee, for we have our dwellings within large, pleasant green hills. We pass our time in

CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR

Connla Singing:—

"And evermore that verdant shore
"Our happy home shall be;
"The land of rest in the golden West
"On the verge of the azure Sea."

feasting and harmless amusements, never growing old; and we have no quarrels or contentions."

The king and his company marveled very much; for though they heard this conversation, no one saw the lady except Connla alone.

"Who is this thou art talking to, my son?" said the king.

And anon she answered for the youth, "Connla is speaking with a lovely, noble-born young lady, who will never die, and who will never grow old. I love Connla of the Golden Hair, and I have come to bring him with me to Moy-mell, the plain of never-ending pleasure. On the day that he comes with me he shall be made king, and he shall reign for ever in Fairyland, without weeping and without sorrow. Come with me, O gentle Connla of the ruddy cheek, the fair, freckled neck, and the golden hair! Come with me, beloved Connla, and thou shalt retain the comeliness and dignity of thy form, free from the wrinkles of old age, till the awful day of judgment."

> "Thy flowing golden hair, thy comely face,
> Thy tall majestic form of peerless grace,
> That show thee sprung from Conn's exalted race."

King Conn the Hundred-fighter being much troubled, called then on his druid Coran, to put forth his power against the witchery of the banshee:—"O Coran of the mystic arts and of the mighty incantations, here is a contest such as I have never been engaged in since I was made king at Tara—a contest with an invisible lady, who is beguiling my son to Fairyland by her baleful charms. Her cunning is beyond my skill, and I am not able to withstand her power; and if thou, Coran, help not, my son will be taken away from me by the wiles and witchery of a woman from the fairy hills."

Coran the druid then came forward, and began to chant against the voice of the lady. And his power was greater than hers for that time, so that she was forced to retire.

As she was going away she threw an apple to Connla, who straightway lost sight of her; and the king and his people no longer heard her voice.

The king and the prince returned with their company to the palace; and Connla remained for a whole month without tasting food or drink except the apple. And though he ate of it each day, it was never lessened, but was as whole and perfect in the end as at the beginning. Moreover, when they offered him aught else to eat or drink he refused it; for while he had his apple he did not deem any other food worthy to be tasted. And he began to be very moody and sorrowful, thinking of the lovely fairy maiden.

At the end of the month, as Connla stood by his fathers' side among the nobles, on the Plain of Arcomin, he saw the lady approaching him from the west. And when she had come near, she addressed him in this manner:—"A glorious seat, indeed, has Connla among wretched, short-lived mortals, awaiting the dreadful stroke of death! But now, the ever-youthful people of Moy-mell, who never feel age, and who fear not death, seeing thee day by day among thy friends, in the assemblies of thy fatherland, love thee with a strange love, and they will make thee king over them if thou wilt come with me."

When the king heard the words of the lady, he commanded his people to call the druid again to him, saying,—"Bring my druid Coran to me; for I see that the fairy lady has this day regained the power of her voice."

At this the lady said, "Valiant Conn, fighter of a hundred, the faith of the druids has come to little honor among the upright, mighty, numberless people of this land. When the righteous law shall be restored, it will seal up the lips of the false black demon; and his druids shall no longer have power to work their guileful spells."

Now the king observed, and marveled greatly, that whenever the lady was present his son never spoke one word to any one, even though they addressed him many times. And when the lady had ceased to speak, the king said, "Connla, my son, has thy mind been moved by the words of the lady?"

Connla spake then, and replied, "Father, I am very

unhappy; for though I love my people beyond all, I am filled with sadness on account of this lady!"

When Connla had said this, the maiden again addressed him, and chanted these words in a very sweet voice:—

"A land of youth, a land of rest,
A land from sorrow free;
It lies far off in the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea.
A swift canoe of crystal bright,
That never met mortal view —
We shall reach the land ere fall of night,
In that strong and swift canoe;
We shall reach the strand
Of that sunny land,
From druids and demons free;
The land of rest
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

"A pleasant land of winding vales, bright streams, and verdurous plains,
Where summer all the live-long year in changeless splendor reigns;
A peaceful land of calm delight, of everlasting bloom;
Old age and death we never know, no sickness, care, or gloom;

The land of youth,
Of love and truth,
From pain and sorrow free,
The land of rest,
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

"There are strange delights for mortal men in that island of the west;
The sun comes down each evening in its lovely vales to rest;

And though far and dim
On the ocean's rim
It seems to mortal view,
We shall reach its halls
Ere the evening falls,
In my strong and swift canoe;
And evermore
That verdant shore
Our happy home shall be;
The land of rest,
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

"It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair,
It will guard thee from the druids, from the demons of the air,
My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that western shore,
When thou and I in joy and love shall live for evermore:

From the druid's incantation,
From his black and deadly snare,
From the withering imprecation
Of the demon of the air,

"It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair;
My crystal boat shall guard thee, till we reach that silver strand
Where thou shalt reign in endless joy, the king of the Fairyland!"

When the maiden had ended her chant, Connla suddenly walked away from his father's side, and sprang into the curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding, strong, crystal canoe. The king and his people saw them afar off, and dimly moving away over the bright sea towards the sunset. They gazed sadly after them, till they lost sight of the canoe over the utmost verge; and no one can tell whither they went, for Connla was never again seen in his native land.

SPRING WATER.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

By T. Crofton Croker.

A LITTLE way beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, and just outside the town, there is a great lake, where people in the winter go and skate for the sake of diversion; but the sport above the water is nothing to what is under it, for at the very bottom of this lake there are buildings and gardens, far more beautiful than any now to be seen, and how they came to be there was in this manner.

Long before Saxon foot pressed the Irish ground, there was a great king, called Core, whose palace stood where the lake now is, in a round green valley, that was just about a mile about. In the middle of the court-yard was a spring of fair water, so pure and so clear, that it was

From "Tales and Legends of Ireland."

the wonder of all the world. Much did the king rejoice at having so great a curiosity within his palace; but as people came in crowds from far and near to draw the precious water of this spring, he was sorely afraid that in time it might become dry; so he caused a high wall to be built up round it, and would allow nobody to have the water, which was a very great loss to the poor people living about the palace. Whenever he wanted any water for himself he would send his daughter to get it, not caring to trust his servants with the key of the well-door, fearing they might give some away.

One night the king gave a grand entertainment, and there were many great princes present, and lords and nobles without end; and there were wonderful doings throughout the palace; there were bonfires, whose blaze reached up to the very sky; and dancing was there, to such sweet music, that it ought to have waked up the dead out of their graves; and feasting was there in the greatest of plenty for all who came; nor was any one turned away from the palace gates—but "You're welcome—you're welcome, heartily," was the porter's salute for all.

Now it happened at this grand entertainment there was a young prince above all the rest mighty comely to behold, and as tall and as straight as ever eye would wish to look upon. Right merrily did he dance that night with the old king's daughter, wheeling here and wheeling there, as light as a feather, and footing it away to the admiration of all. The musicians played the better for seeing their dancing; and they danced as if their lives depended upon it. After all this dancing came the supper; and the young prince was seated at table by the side of his beautiful partner, who smiled upon him as often as he spoke to her; and that was by no means so often as he wished, for he had constantly to turn to the company and thank them for the many compliments paid to his fair partner and himself.

In the midst of this banquet one of the great lords said to King Core, "May it please your majesty, here is

everything in abundance that heart can wish for, both to eat and drink, except water."

"Water!" said the king, mighty pleased at some one calling for that of which purposely there was a want; "water shall you have, my lord, speedily, and that of such a delicious kind, that I challenge all the world to equal it. Daughter, said he, "go and fetch some in the golden vessel which I made for the purpose."

The king's daughter, who was called Fior Usga (which signifies in English, Spring-Water), did not much like to be told to perform so menial a service before so many people, and though she did not venture to refuse the commands of her father, hesitated to obey him, and looked down upon the ground. The king, who loved his daughter much, seeing this, was sorry for having desired her to do this, but having said the word, he was never known to recall it; he therefore thought of a way to make his daughter go quickly and fetch the water, and this was by proposing that the young prince her partner should go along with her.

Accordingly, with a loud voice, he said, "Daughter, I wonder not at your fearing to go alone so late at night; but I doubt not the young prince at your side will go wth you." The prince was not displeased at this; and taking the golden vessel in one hand, with the other led the king's daughter out of the hall so gracefully that all present gazed after them with delight.

When they came to the spring of water, in the court-yard of the palace, the fair Usga unlocked the door with the greatest care, and stooping down with the golden vessel to take some of the water out of the well, found the vessel so heavy that she lost her balance and fell in. The young prince tried in vain to save her, for the water rose and rose so fast, that the entire court-yard was speedily covered with it, and he hastened back to the king in a state of distraction.

The door of the well being left open, the water, which had been so long confined, rushed forth incessantly, every moment rising higher, and was in the hall of the entertainment sooner than the young prince himself, so that

when he attempted to speak to the king he was up to his neck in it. At length the water rose to such a height that it filled the whole of the green valley in which the king's palace stood, and so the present lake of Cork was formed.

But the king and his guests were not drowned, as would now happen if such an awful inundation were to take place; neither was his daughter, the fair Usga, who returned to the banquet-hall the very next night after this dreadful event; and every night since, the same entertainment and dancing goes on in the palace in the bottom of the lake, and will continue until some one has the luck to bring up out of it the golden vessel which was the cause of all this mischief.

Nobody can doubt that it was a judgment upon the king for his shutting up the well in the court-yard from the poor people: and if there are any who do not credit my story, they may go and see the lake of Cork; for there it is to be seen to this day; the road to Kinsale passes at one side of it; and when its waters are low and clear, the tops of towers and stately buildings may be plainly viewed in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, without the help of spectacles.

THE HOME OF THE ELVES OF LIGHT

Adapted from the Prose Edda

By Snorri Sturlason

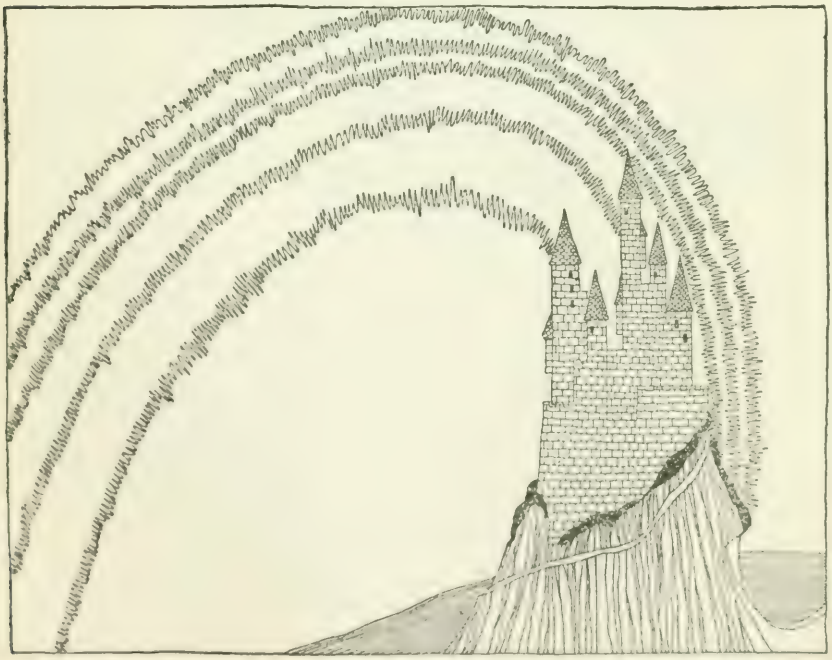
The Sagaman of Iceland

King Gylfi was famed for his wisdom and his skill in magic. He made a journey to Valhalla, which is the home of heroes who die in battle, and there he talked with Har, the High One, who said to him: "If you are not most wise, I fear you will not return safe." Gylfi called himself Gangler, that he might delude the High One, whom he asked many questions. The High One answered them all, but it is not yet known whether they made King Gylfi more wise, for they are dark sayings and riddles, which delude all but those who can see into the meaning of parables, and poems, and fairy stories, and all that is too high for common speech.

The High One told King Gylfi that there is an ash-tree which he called Iggdrasil, though some call it the Tree of Life. It has its roots below the earth, and its branches, holding up the earth, reach also to the sky. And at its roots, there is a fountain, where sit three sisters whom the High One called the Norns, though by some they are called the Fates. They know all things, and any one who drinks from the fountain at the roots of that ash-tree, will know all that can be known by men and by the Earth-gods who are called Æsirs, of whom Odin, the Allfather, is chief. But it was not given to the Earth-gods, not even to Odin, to know all things, known to the Norns, and to the Great God of all in Gladheim. So when Odin wished to be all-wise, he came to the fountain at the roots of the world-ash and begged a drink of its water from Mimir, who is its keeper. But Mimir will give a drink of that water only to those who can give a great pledge. When

he asked Odin to pledge one of his eyes for a drink of the water, Odin gave the pledge, and ever since he has been one-eyed. When he drank of the water, he saw into all things, except the things on his blind-side, whence it comes that the Earth-gods and men born on earth may give Odin, their Allfather, much trouble when he tries to manage them. Besides the Earth-gods and earthmen, there are Frost Giants in the great land of ice, whom Odin has never been able to manage at all. There are also dwarves, who live on earth and below it, and elves or fairies, who have a kingdom of their own, some call "Fairy Land," though others call it "Gimli."

"In the home of the Elves," said the High One, "dwell the beings who are called Elves of Light," but there are also Elves of Darkness who dwell under the earth. The Elves of Light are fairer than the sun, but the Elves of Darkness are blacker than pitch. There is a mansion



called "Glitter-home," with walls and columns of red gold and a roof of silver. It stands in the place where the rainbow, which is called "Bifrost's Bridge," touches the earth. And also there is a stately home belonging to Odin, where, when he is seated on his throne, he can see over the whole earth. But the fairest place of all is on the Southern edge of heaven. It is called "Gimli," and it is brighter than the sun itself. In the great battle between the Earth-gods and the Powers of Darkness, when heaven and earth as men now see them, shall have passed away, all good men and women and children shall dwell in the home of Gimli through ages everlasting.

A high hall is standing,
Brighter than the bright sun;
With gold its roof glitters;
The High Hall is Gimli,
Where men of wisdom's worth,
Shall be blessed in all things,
Forever and forever more!

The High One said that though fire should consume all else, the Hall of Gimli shall stand. "And," said he, "we deem it is now the home of the Elves of Light."

THE STORY OF BALDER.

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

By Anna Klingensmith.

THE great god Odin was the father of all the gods. He and his children dwelt in the city of Asgard at the end of the rainbow.

Odin's palace was as high as the sky and roofed with pure silver. In it was a throne of gold. When Odin sat upon the throne, he could see all over the world. Each day he sat upon the throne to see if everything was as it should be upon the earth. He loved the people and the animals, and all the beautiful things of earth because they were the work of his hands.

Odin had two ravens which were as swift as thought. Every day he sent the ravens to fly over the land and over the sea. When they came back they perched upon his shoulders and whispered in his ear all that they had seen. Heimdal, the white god, stayed always at the foot of the rainbow, which was the bridge of the gods, to give the alarm if the frost giants tried to come into Asgard, and to listen to the sounds of the earth. So sharp were his ears that he could hear the wool on the sheeps' backs and the grass growing.

One day when Odin mounted his throne, he saw that the earth was no longer green and beautiful. The air was full of snow flakes and the ground was as hard as iron. All was dark and cold. The ravens, which had been sent out to see if all was well came hurrying back to tell Odin that Hoder, the blind old god of darkness, had taken possession of the earth. Heimdal, the watchman, called that he could no longer hear the music of the waterfalls and all the pleasant sounds of earth. Everything was mute with fear of the terrible god of darkness.

Odin called all the gods together, and they looked with pity on the great earth, which had been so pleasant a place. Thor, the strong god, offered to go and fight with the god of darkness, but Odin knew that Hoder could

hide himself away from Thor. Then Balder, the beautiful, the god of light, whom all the gods loved, offered to go. So Odin gave him his winged horse, Sleipner, and he rode away across the rainbow bridge.

As soon as the light of Balder's shining eyes fell upon the poor, cold earth, it brightened and stirred, but the old, blind god, Hoder, brought all his forces to resist the god of light, and the earth lay as if dead. Balder struck no blows as Thor, the strong god, wished to do. He did not even try to resist the god of darkness. He only smiled upon the earth and called to it to awake.

At last the blind god turned and fled before the light of Balder's face. Then the streams leaped up and sang, and the birds came back and the flowers bloomed. Everywhere the grass and the waving grain sprang up beneath Balder's footsteps, and the trees put out their gayest blossoms to greet him. The squirrels and rabbits came out of the places where they had hidden themselves and danced and frisked with joy. Never had the earth been so beautiful.

But Hoder, the blind god, in his realm of darkness, was only waiting for an opportunity to take possession of the earth again. So Odin permitted Balder's mother to cross the rainbow bridge to help her son. The goddess went through all the earth, begging each plant and stone and tree not to harm her son, who had brought them nothing but blessings. And every tree and shrub and tiny plant, and every rock and pebble, and every stream and little brook, gave the promise gladly. Only the mistletoe, which grows high up in the oak-tree and not on the ground as other plants do, was forgotten.

Loki, who was a meddlesome god, always doing something wrong, found out that the mistletoe had not given the promise, and brought it to Hoder. Hoder thought that because it was so little and weak, it could not really kill the god of light, and so he shot an arrow tipped with a tiny twig of mistletoe at Balder. The arrow pierced through and through the beautiful god and he fell dead. Then the earth put off her green robe and grew silent and dark for a time. But because Balder the beautiful had

once lived on earth, Hoder could only make it cold half the year and dark half the day.

Even now, if you listen, in the winter you can hear the wind moan through the trees, which fling their great arms in grief; and on summer mornings, very early, you will find the stones and the grass wet with weeping in the darkness. But when the sun shines the tears are turned to diamonds, and the earth is glad, remembering Balder, the good.

I heard a voice, that cried,
Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods!
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were with magic spell
Never to do him harm;
Even the plants and the stones,
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe!

Holder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE BINDING OF FENRIS.

Adapted from the Prose Edda by

SNORRI STURLASON.

1178-1241, A.D.

OF all the gods who dwelt on Asgard, there was not one who could equal Loki in wickedness or cunning. Whenever there was evil to be done, it was always accomplished with his help or knowledge. Little though the gods enjoyed his society, they could not drive him out. As a consequence he was distrusted and feared, and he took his pleasures afar from Asgard.

One day it came to pass that Loki felt himself very lonely, and he wandered out, away from the city of the gods, and into the land of the giants. There he met and married a beautiful woman, who loved him fairly, Siguna by name. The mother's goodness, however, could not save her children from the wickedness they inherited from their father, and nowhere in the world could be found more terrible creatures than the three who dwelt in Loki's distant home. The eldest of these was Fenris the Wolf, the second the Midgard, Serpent, and the third Hela, or Death.

For a long time the gods thought best to ignore these three children, and hoped that they might be harmless, but at last they were forced to realize that their own safety was threatened by these evil creatures. Odin and the others took counsel together. It was interesting to notice the different opinions of the gods. Most were for having nothing to do with them, and for destroying them at once, but this the All-Father declared they could not do. At last they fell to discussing how to get rid of them. After much deliberation, Odin placed the serpent in the ocean, round about the earth, where he held his tail in his mouth and completely encircled the world. Here he could do no harm, and the gods were well satisfied.

For Hela, Odin devised a better plan. To her he gave

Niffleheim, the dark lower world where come the souls of all those who die of sickness or age. Handmaidens were chosen to serve her, and instruments to aid her in the entertainment of her guests,—Hunger her table, Starvation her knife, Delay and Slowness her servants, with Precipice, Care and Anguish for the furnishings of her chamber. There remained only Fenris the Wolf, and about him the gods could not decide.

"He is the son of Loki," urged one, who wished to see him destroyed.

"He is not wholly bad," answered another, who was more fair-minded.

"As yet he has done no evil," added a third. "Why should we visit on him the sins of his father?"

The last was the view which Odin took, and as there were many who believed that Fenris might be trained in spite of the wickedness of his father, he was brought to Asgard, and there the gods did their best to teach him kindness and justice, peace and friendliness.

For a time all went well, and it seemed that Fenris was losing his savagery under the constant kindness of the gods. Tyr, especially, was constantly on the watch to help him and to make it easier for him to enjoy the life which the gods lived. At times it seemed as though they might succeed in taming the Wolf, and many rejoiced.

But as he grew older, the strength of the Wolf grew greater and greater, and his play with the gods more and more violent and unfriendly.

There was one sport, however, which Fenris loved, and in which the gods used to take part with him. This was a game in which he was bound, and made use of his great strength to break loose from captivity. Hour after hour he would spend, submitting willingly to whatever knots the gods chose to tie about him, and after a little while, freeing himself as easily as though there were nothing upon him. This Fenris took pleasure in, and to all the chains which were brought he submitted with the best of good humor.

When they noticed this, the gods decided to make use of it as a trap by which to bind him once and for all.

They summoned their armorer, and bade him make the strongest chain of which he was capable, long enough to fasten the Wolf firmly and well. He promised them to do his best, and for many a weary hour he worked to finish the tough links. At last they were done, and the chain was brought to the gods, who carried it at once to the field where Fenris was playing. With amusement he let them bind him; then, while they stared in amazement, he snapped the chain like grass, and walked free.

The gods took counsel again, for they did not know where to find a chain stronger than that which Fenris had broken. At last some one ventured a suggestion.

"Fenris is of the race of the giants," said he; "they alone will know how to make a chain strong enough to hold him. Send to them, and ask their help."

The suggestion was received with acclamation, and a messenger at once set out for the land of the giants, spirits of the mountain, who agreed to fashion for the gods the chain they needed. Impatiently the gods waited for the return of their messenger. When he came, he bore a slender band, looking like nothing more powerful than a strand of silk.

"What is it?" the gods cried, and the messenger explained what the mountain-spirits had done. They had sent all over the world for the materials for the chain,—the noise of a cat's footfall, the beards of women, the roots of stones, the breath of fishes, the nerves of bears, and the spittle of birds. All these they had woven together to form Gleipnir, as the mighty thread was called.

With one accord the gods rushed out to the field where Fenris was by himself.

"Here is a new chain for you to try your strength with," they cried; and something in their exultation warned him that they were more eager than if it were a game. He gazed suspiciously from one to another. Then for the first time since they had known him, he refused to let them touch him. At last he consented, but only on the condition that he be allowed to hold the hand of one of the gods in his jaws, as a pledge that he should be unbound.

At the suggestion all the gods quailed, in the certainty of what those cruel fangs would do ere the Wolf was securely bound. Then the god of battles, Tyr, stepped forward. Without a word he laid his right hand in the open jaws, and the others flung the magic bands over Fenris. The Wolf struggled, but could not free himself. With a final vicious snap, his jaws closed over the hand of the god. Fenris was bound, but it had cost the right hand of the bravest of the gods.

THE STORY OF SIGURD.

AN OLD NORSE LEGEND FROM THE VOLSUNGA SAGA.

This is a very old story from the times when the peoples of Northern Europe worshipped Odin and Thor, and spent their lives chiefly in fighting each other or robbing their neighbors. Hence it has a sad ending, as do nearly all the stories of that age, when the "Northmen" thought it shameful for a man to die, peacefully in bed.

Retold, with the worst left out, part of this story comes to us in "The Sleeping Beauty." Retold in another way, during the Middle Ages, the Norse Story of Sigurd appears in the German poem of the "Nibelungenlied," from which the composer, Wagner, took his most famous opera-stories, such as the Rhinegold. Sigurd, the Norse hero, becomes Siegfried (Conquer-peace) in German. He has the tarn-cap, that makes him invisible; a sword that conquers all; a ring that gives him wealth, and there is only a single spot between his shoulders in which he can be wounded.

He is what is now called a "superman," yet he fails and dies defeated in everything.

The story when it takes this shape, has been retold by a poet, who has turned it into an "allegory," made up of parables, all intended to show the curse of the love of wealth and power. Homer tells his stories in the same way, but we may read them, not for the sake of the meaning in them, but because we are charmed by his pictures of all he thought most dreadful. In our times, all that is most dreadful in all times is set to music, which "immortalizes" it. We cannot escape the tares with the wheat.

In choosing the best and leaving the rest, we decide for ourselves what the harvest shall be.

ONCE upon a time there was a king in the north who had won many wars, but now he was old. Yet he took a new wife, and then another prince, who wanted to have married her, came up against him with a great army. The old king went out and fought bravely, but at last his sword broke, and he was wounded and his men fled. But in the night, when the battle was over, his young wife came out and searched for him among the slain, and at last she found him, and asked whether he might be healed.

But he said "No," his luck was gone, his sword was broken, and he must die. And he told her that she would have a son, and that son would be a great warrior, and would avenge him on the other king, his enemy. And he bade her keep the broken pieces of the sword, to make a new sword for his son, and that blade should be called Gram.

Then he died. And his wife called her maid to her and said: "Let us change clothes, and you shall be called by my name, and I by yours, lest the enemy find us."

So this was done, and they hid in a wood, but there some strangers met them and carried them off in a ship to Denmark. And when they were brought before the king, he thought the maid looked like a queen and the queen like a maid. So he asked the queen: "How do you know in the dark of night whether the hours are wearing to the morning?"

And she said:

"I know because, when I was younger, I used to have to rise and light the fires, and still I waken at the same time."

"A strange queen to light the fires," thought the king.

Then he asked the queen, who was dressed like a maid: "How do you know in the dark of night whether the hours are wearing near the dawn?"

"My father gave me a gold ring," said she, "and always, ere the dawning, it grows cold on my finger."

"A rich house where the maids wore gold," said the king. "Truly you are no maid, but a king's daughter."

So he treated her royally, and as time went on she had a son called Sigurd, a beautiful boy and very strong. He had a tutor to be with him, and once the tutor bade him go to the king and ask for a horse.

"Choose a horse for yourself," said the king; and Sigurd went to the wood, and there he met an old man with a white beard, and said: "Come! help me in horse-choosing."

Then the old man said: "Drive all the horses into the river, and choose the one that swims across."

So Sigurd drove them, and only one swam across. Sig-

urd chose him: his name was Grani, and he came of Sleipnir's breed, and was the best horse in the world. For Sleipnir was the horse of Odin, the God of the North, and was as swift as the wind.

But a day or two later his tutor said to Sigurd: "There is a great treasure of gold hidden not far from here, and it would become you to win it."

But Sigurd answered: "I have heard stories of that treasure, and I know that the dragon Fafnir guards it, and he is so huge and wicked that no man dares to go near him."

"He is no bigger than other dragons," said the tutor, "and if you were as brave as your father you would not fear him."

"I am no coward," says Sigurd; "why do you wish me to fight with this dragon?"

Then his tutor, whose name was Regin, told him that all this great hoard of red gold had once belonged to his own father. And his father had three sons—the first was Fafnir, the dragon; the next was Otter, who could put on the shape of an otter when he liked; and the next was himself, Regin, and he was a great smith and maker of swords.

Now there was at that time a dwarf called Andvari, who lived in a pool beneath a waterfall, and there he had hidden a great hoard of gold. And one day Otter had been fishing there, and had killed a salmon and eaten it, and was sleeping, like an otter, on a stone. Then some one came by, and threw a stone at the otter and killed it, and took the skin to the house of Otter's father. Then he knew his son was dead, and to punish the person who had killed him he said he must have the Otter's skin filled with gold, and covered all over with red gold, or it should go worse with him. Then the person who had killed Otter went down and caught the dwarf who owned all the treasure and took it from him.

Only one ring was left, which the dwarf wore, and even that was taken from him, so that he was entirely stripped of everything that he had owned.

Then the poor dwarf was very angry, and he prayed

that the gold might never bring any but bad luck to all the men who might own it, forever.

Then the otter skin was filled with gold and covered with gold, all but one hair, and that was covered with the poor dwarf's last ring.

But it brought good luck to nobody. First Fafnir, the dragon, killed his own father, and then he went and wallowed on the gold, and would let his brother have none, and no man dared go near it.

When Sigurd heard the story he said to Regin:

"Make me a good sword that I may kill this dragon."

So Regin made a sword, and Sigurd tried it with a blow on a lump of iron, and the sword broke.

Another sword he made, and Sigurd broke that too.

Then Sigurd went to his mother, and asked for the broken pieces of his father's blade, and gave them to Regin. And he hammered and wrought them into a new sword, so sharp that fire seemed to burn along its edges.

Sigurd tried this blade on the lump of iron, and it did not break, but split the iron in two. Then he threw a lock of wool into the river, and when it floated down against the sword it was cut into two pieces. So Sigurd said that sword would do. But before he went against the dragon he led an army to fight the men who had killed his father, and he slew their king, and took all his wealth, and went home.

When he had been at home a few days, he rode out with Regin one morning to the heath where the dragon used to lie. Then he saw the track which the dragon made when he went to a cliff to drink, and the track was as if a great river had rolled along and left a deep valley.

Then Sigurd went down into that deep place, and dug many pits in it, and in one of the pits he lay hidden with his sword drawn. There he waited, and presently the earth began to shake with the weight of the dragon as he crawled to the water. And a cloud of venom flew before him as he snorted and roared, so that it would have been death to stand before him.

But Sigurd waited till half of him had crawled over the

pit, and then he thrust the sword Gram right into his very heart.

Then the dragon lashed with his tail till stones broke and trees crashed about him.

Then he spoke, as he died, and said:

"Whoever thou art that hast slain me this gold shall be thy ruin, and the ruin of all who own it."

Sigurd said:

"I would touch none of it if by losing it I should never die. But all men die, and no brave man lets death frighten him from his desire. Die thou, Fafnir," and then Fafnir died.

And after that Sigurd was called Fafnir's Bane, and Dragon-slayer.

Afterwards he understood the language of birds, and he heard the woodpeckers cry:

"There lies Regin, ready to betray Sigurd, who trusts him."

The next bird said:

"Let him cut off Regin's head, and keep all the gold to himself."

Another bird said:

"That let him do, and then ride over Hindfell, to the place where Brynhild sleeps."

When Sigurd heard all this, and how Regin was plotting to betray him, he cut off Regin's head with one blow of the sword Gram.

Then all the birds broke out singing:

"We know a fair maid,
A fair maiden sleeping;
Sigurd, be not afraid,
Sigurd, win thou the maid
Fortune is keeping.

High over Hindfell
Red fire is flaming.
There doth the maiden dwell,
She that should love thee well
Meet for thy taming.

"There must she sleep till thou
Comest for her waking;

Rise up and ride, for now
Sure she will swear the vow
Fearless of breaking."

Then Sigurd remembered the story that somewhere, far away, there was a beautiful lady enchanted. She was under a spell, so that she must always sleep in a castle surrounded by flaming fire; there she must sleep forever till there came a knight who would ride through the fire and waken her. There he determined to go, but first he rode right down the horrible trail of Fafnir. And Fafnir had lived in a cave with iron doors, a cave dug deep down in the earth, and full of gold bracelets, and crowns, and rings; and there, too, Sigurd found the helm of dread, a golden helmet, and whoever wears it is invisible. All these he piled on the back of the good horse Grani, and then he rode south to Hindfell.

Now it was night, and on the crest of the hill Sigurd saw a red fire blazing up into the sky, and within the flame a castle, and a banner on the topmost tower. Then he set the horse Grani at the fire, and he leaped through it lightly, as if it had been through the heather. So Sigurd went within the castle door, and there he saw some one sleeping, clad all in armor. Then he took the helmet off the head of the sleeper, and behold, she was a most beautiful lady. And she wakened and said: "Ah! is it Sigurd, Sigmund's son, who has broken the spell, and comes here to waken me at last?"

This spell came upon her when the thorn of the tree of sleep ran into her hand long ago as a punishment because she had displeased Odin the god. Long ago, too, she had vowed never to marry a man who knew fear, and dared not ride through the fence of flaming fire. For she was a warrior maid herself, and went armed into the battle like a man. But now she and Sigurd loved each other and promised to be true to each other, and he gave her a ring, and it was the last ring taken from the dwarf Andvari. Then Sigurd rode away, and he came to the house of a king who had a fair daughter. Her name was Gudrun, and her mother was a witch. Now Gudrun fell in love with Sigurd, but he was always talking of Brynhild.

how beautiful she was and how dear. So one day Gudrun's witch mother put poppy and drugs in a magical cup, to cause forgetfulness, and bade Sigurd drink to her health, and he drank, and instantly he forgot poor Brynhild and he loved Gudrun, and they were married with great rejoicings.

Now the witch, the mother of Gudrun, wanted her son Gunnar to marry Brynhild, and she bade him ride out with Sigurd and go and woo her. So forth they rode to her father's house, for Brynhild had quite gone out of Sigurd's mind by reason of the witch's brew, but she remembered him and loved him still. Then Brynhild's father told Gunnar that she would marry none but him who could ride the flame in front of her enchanted tower, and thither they rode, and Gunnar set his horse at the flame, but he would not face it. Then Gunnar tried Sigurd's horse Grani, but he would not move with Gunnar on his back. Then Gunnar remembered witchcraft that his mother had taught him, and by his magic he made Sigurd look exactly like himself, and he looked exactly like Gunnar. Then Sigurd, in the shape of Gunnar and in his mail, mounted on Grani, and Grani leaped the fence of fire, and Sigurd went in and found Brynhild, but he did not remember her yet, because of the forgetful medicine in the cup of the witch's brew.

Now Brynhild had no help but to promise she would be his wife, the wife of Gunnar as she supposed, for Sigurd wore Gunnar's shape and she had sworn to wed whoever should ride the flames. And he gave her a ring, and she gave him back the ring he had given her before in his own shape as Sigurd, and it was the last ring of that poor dwarf Andvari. Then he rode out again, and he and Gunnar changed shapes, and each was himself again, and they went home to the witch queen's, and Sigurd gave the dwarf's ring to his wife, Gudrun. And Brynhild went to her father, and said that a king had come called Gunnar, and had ridden the fire, and she must marry him.

"Yet I thought," she said, "that no man could have done this deed but Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, who was

my true love. But he has forgotten me, and my promise I must keep."

So Gunnar and Brynhild were married, though it was not Gunnar, but Sigurd in Gunnar's shape, that had ridden the fire.

And when the wedding was over and all the feast, then the magic of the witch's wine went out of Sigurd's brain, and he remembered all. He remembered how he had freed Brynhild from the spell, and how she was his own true love, and how he had forgotten and had married another woman, and won Brynhild to be the wife of another man.

But he was brave, and he spoke not a word of it to the others to make them unhappy. Still he could not keep away the spell which was to come on every one who owned the treasure of the dwarf Andvari, and his fatal golden ring.

And the spell soon came upon all of them. For one day, when Brynhild and Gudrun were bathing, Brynhild waded furthest out into the river, and said she did that to show she was Gudrun's superior. For her husband, she said, had ridden through the flame when no other man dared face it.

Then Gudrun was very angry, and said that it was Sigurd, and not Gunnar, who had ridden the flame, and had received from Brynhild that fatal ring, the ring of the dwarf Andvari.

Then Brynhild saw the ring which Sigurd had given to Gudrun, and she knew it and knew all, and she turned as pale as a dead woman, and went home. All that evening she never spoke. Next day she told Gunnar, her husband, that he was cowardly and untruthful, for he had never ridden the flame, but had sent Sigurd to do it for him, and pretended that he had done it himself. And she said he would never see her glad in his hall, never drinking wine, never playing chess, never embroidering with the golden thread, never speaking words of kindness. Then she rent all her needlework asunder and wept aloud, so that every one in the house heard her. For her heart was broken, and her pride was broken in the same hour.

She had lost her true love, Sigurd, the slayer of Fafnir, and she was married to a man who was cowardly and untruthful.

Then Sigurd came and tried to comfort her, but she would not listen, and said she wished the sword stood fast in his heart.

"Not long to wait," he said, "till the bitter sword stands fast in my heart, and thou wilt not live long when I am dead. But, dear Brynhild, live and be comforted, and love Gunnar thy husband, and I will give thee all the gold, the treasure of the dragon, Fafnir."

Brynhild said:

"It is too late."

Then Sigurd was so grieved and his heart so swelled in his breast that it burst the steel rings of his shirt of mail.

Sigurd went out and Brynhild determined to slay him. She mixed serpent's venom and wolf's flesh, and gave them in one dish to her husband's younger brother, and when he had tasted them he was mad, and he went into Sigurd's chamber while he slept and pinned him to the bed with a sword. But Sigurd woke, and caught the sword Gram into his hand, and threw it at the man as he fled, and the sword cut him in twain. Thus died Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, whom no ten men could have slain in fair fight. Then Gudrun wakened and saw him dead, and she moaned aloud, and Brynhild heard her and laughed; but the kind horse Grani lay down and died of very grief. And then Brynhild fell a-weeping till her heart broke. So they attired Sigurd in all his golden armor, and built a great pile of wood on board his ship, and at night laid on it the dead Sigurd and the dead Brynhild, and the good horse Grani, and set fire to it, and launched the ship. And the wind bore it blazing out to sea, flaming into the dark. So the curse of the dwarf Andvari was fulfilled.

THE GLASS AX.

A Hungarian Fairy Tale.

By H. Kletke.

This is an artless "folk-story" in which the only purpose is to imagine as many astonishing things as possible. Such were the best fairy stories before Charles Perrault and Hans Christian Andersen showed how to make the best of such material in re-telling it. The best use of the Glass Ax is for re-telling.

ONCE upon a time there was a king and queen who had everything they could wish for in this world except a child. At last, after twelve years, the queen had a son; but she did not live long to enjoy her happiness, for on the following day she died. Before her death she called her husband to her and said: "Never let the child put his feet on the ground, for as soon as he does so he will fall into the power of a wicked fairy, who will do him much harm." And these were the last words the poor queen spoke.

The boy grew big and strong, and when he was too heavy for his nurse to carry, a chair on little wheels was made for him, in which he could wander through the palace gardens without help. At other times he was carried about on a litter, and he was always carefully watched and guarded for fear he should at any time put his feet to the ground.

But as this life was bad for his health, the doctors ordered him horse exercise, and he soon became a first-rate rider and went on long excursions on horseback, accompanied always by his father's stud-groom and a numerous retinue.

Every day he rode through the neighboring fields and woods, and always returned home in the evening safe and well. In this way many years passed; the prince grew to manhood, and few remembered the queen's warning,

though precautions were still taken, more from use and habit than for any other reason.

One day the prince and his suite went for a ride in a wood where his father sometimes hunted. Their way was through a stream whose banks were overgrown with thick brushwood. Just as the horsemen were about to ford the river, a hare, scared by the sound of the horses' hoofs, started up from the grass and ran toward the thicket. The young prince pursued the little creature and had almost overtaken it, when the girth of his saddle suddenly broke in two and he fell heavily to the ground. No sooner had his foot touched the earth than he disappeared before the eyes of the horrified courtiers.

They sought for him far and near, but in vain, and they were forced to recognize the power of the evil fairy against which the queen had warned them on her deathbed. The old king was deeply grieved when they brought him the news of his son's disappearance, but as he could do nothing to free him from his fate, he gave himself up to an old age of grief and loneliness, cherishing always the hope that some lucky chance might one day deliver the youth out of the hands of his enemy.

Hardly had the prince touched the ground than he felt himself seized by an unseen power and hurried away he knew not whither. A new world stretched out before him, quite unlike the one he had left. A splendid castle surrounded by a huge lake was the abode of the fairy, and the only approach to it was over a bridge of clouds. On the other side of the lake high mountains rose up and dark woods stretched along the banks; over all hung a thick mist, and deep silence reigned everywhere.

No sooner had the fairy reached her own domain than she made herself visible, and turning to the prince she told him that unless he obeyed all her commands to the minutest detail he would be severely punished. Then she gave him an ax made of glass, and bade him cross the bridge of clouds and go into the wood beyond and cut down all the trees there before sunset. At the same time she cautioned him with many angry words against speaking to a black girl he would most likely meet in the wood.

The prince listened to her words meekly, and when she had finished took up the glass ax and set out for the forest. At every step he seemed to sink into the clouds, but fear gave wings to his feet, and he crossed the lake in safety and set to work at once.

But no sooner had he struck the first blow with his ax than it broke into a thousand pieces against the tree. The poor youth was so terrified he did not know what to do, for he was in mortal dread of the punishment the fairy would inflict on him. He wandered to and fro in the wood, not knowing where he was going, and at last, worn out by fatigue and misery, he sank to the ground and fell fast asleep.

He did not know how long he had slept, when a sound woke him, and opening his eyes he saw a black girl standing near. Mindful of the fairy's warning he did not dare to address her, but she greeted him in the most friendly manner and asked him if he were under the power of the wicked fairy. The prince nodded his head silently in answer.

Then the black girl told him that she too was in the power of the fairy, who had doomed her to wander about in her present guise until some youth should take pity on her and bear her in safety to the other side of the river which they saw in the distance, where the domain and power of the fairy ended.

The girl's words so inspired the prince with confidence that he told her all his tale of woe, and ended by asking her advice as to how he was to escape the punishment the fairy would be sure to inflict on him when she discovered that he had not cut down the trees in the wood and that he had broken her ax.

"You must know," answered the black girl, "that the fairy in whose power we both are is my own mother, but you must not betray this secret, for it would cost me my life if you did so. Promise only to try and free me and I will stand by you and will accomplish all the tasks which my mother sets you."

The prince promised joyfully all she asked; then having once more warned him not to betray her confidence,

she gave him a draught to drink which very soon sunk his senses in a deep slumber.

His astonishment was great when he awoke to find the glass ax whole and unbroken at his side and all the trees of the wood lying felled around him!

He made all haste across the bridge of clouds and told the fairy that her commands were obeyed. She was amazed when she heard that all the wood was cut down and saw the ax unbroken in his hand, and since she could not believe that he had done all this by himself, she questioned him closely if he had seen or spoken to the black girl. But the prince vowed he had never looked up from his work for a moment. Seeing she could get nothing more out of him, she gave him a little bread and water, and showing him a small dark closet she told him he might sleep there.

When morning dawned the fairy awoke the prince, and giving him the glass ax she told him to cut up all the wood he had felled the day before, and to put it in bundles ready for firewood; warning him once more against approaching or speaking a word to the black girl if he met her in the wood.

Although his task was no easier than that of the day before, the youth set out much more cheerfully, because he knew he could count on the help of the black girl. With quicker and lighter step he crossed the bridge of clouds, when he reached the other side his friend stood before him and greeted him cheerfully. When she heard what the fairy demanded this time she answered smilingly, "Never fear," and handed him another draught, which soon caused him to sink into a deep sleep.

When he awoke everything was done. All the trees of the wood were cut up into firewood and arranged in bundles ready for use.

He returned to the castle as quickly as he could and told the fairy that her commands were obeyed. She was even more amazed than before, and asked him again if he had either seen or spoken to the black girl; but the prince knew better than to betray his word and told the same story once more.

Next day the fairy set him a third task to do, which was even harder than the other two. She told him he must build a castle on the other side of the lake, made of nothing but gold, silver, and precious stones, and unless he could accomplish this within an hour the most frightful doom awaited him.

The prince heard her words without anxiety, so entirely did he rely on the help of his black friend. Full of hope he hurried across the bridge, and recognized at once the spot where the castle was to stand, for spades, hammers, axes, and every other building implement lay scattered on the ground ready for the workman's hand, but of gold, silver, and precious stones there was not a sign. But before the prince had time to feel despondent the black girl beckoned to him in the distance from behind a rock, where she had hidden herself for fear her mother should see her. Full of joy the youth hurried to her and begged her aid and counsel in the new piece of work he had been given to do.

But this time the fairy had watched the prince's movements from her window, and she saw him hiding himself behind the rock with her daughter. She uttered a piercing shriek so that the mountains reëchoed with the sound of it, and the terrified pair had hardly dared to look out from their hiding-place when the enraged fairy, with her dress and hair flying in the wind, hurried over the bridge of clouds. The prince at once gave himself up for lost, but the girl told him to be of good courage and to follow her as quickly as he could. But before they left their shelter she broke off a little bit of the rock, spoke some magic words over it, and threw it in the direction from which her mother was coming. In a moment a glittering palace arose before the eyes of the fairy which blinded her with its dazzling splendor, and with its many doors and passages prevented her from finding her way out of it for some time.

In the mean time the black girl hastened on with the prince, to reach the river, for once on the other side they would forever be out of the wicked fairy's power. But before they had gone half the way they heard again the

rustle of her garments and her muttered curses pursuing them closely.

The prince was terrified; he dared not look back and he felt his strength giving way. But before he had time to despair the girl uttered some more magic words, and immediately she herself was changed into a pond and the prince into a duck swimming on its surface.

When the fairy saw this her rage knew no bounds, and she used all her magic arts to cause the pond to disappear. She caused a hill of sand to rise at her feet, intending to dry up the water at once. But the sand-hill only drove the pond a little further away, and its waters seemed to increase instead of diminishing. When the fairy saw that the powers of her magic art were of so little avail she had recourse to cunning. She threw a lot of gold nuts into the pond, hoping in this way to catch the duck, but all her efforts were fruitless, for the little creature refused to let itself be caught.

Then a new idea struck the wicked old fairy, and hiding herself behind the rock which had sheltered the fugitives, she waited behind it, watching carefully for the moment when the prince and her daughter should resume their natural forms and continue their journey.

She had not to wait long, for as soon as the girl thought her mother was safely out of the way she changed herself and the prince once more into their human shape and set out cheerfully for the river.

But they had not gone many steps when the wicked fairy hurried after them, a drawn dagger in her hand, and was close upon them, when suddenly, instead of the prince and her daughter, she found herself in front of a great stone church, whose entrance was carefully guarded by a huge monk.

Breathless with rage and passion, she tried to plunge her dagger into the monk's heart, but it fell shattered in pieces at her feet. In her desperation she determined to pull down the church and thus to destroy her two victims. She stamped three times on the ground and the earth trembled, and both the church and the monk began to shake. As soon as the fairy saw this she retreated to

some distance from the building, so as not to be hurt herself by its fall. But once more her scheme was doomed to failure, for hardly had she gone a yard from the church than both it and the monk disappeared, and she found herself in a wood black as night and full of wolves and bears and wild animals of all sorts and descriptions.

Then her wrath gave place to terror, for she feared every moment to be torn in pieces by the beasts, who one and all seemed to defy her power. She thought it wisest to make her way as best she could out of the forest, and then to pursue the fugitives once more and accomplish their destruction either by force or cunning.

In the mean time the prince and the black girl had again assumed their natural forms and were hurrying on as fast as they could to reach the river. But when they got there they found that there was no way in which they could cross it, and the girl's magic art seemed no longer to have any power. Then turning to the prince she said: "The hour for my deliverance has not yet come, but as you promised to do all you could to free me, you must do exactly as I bid you now. Take this bow and arrow and shoot every beast you see with them, and be sure you spare no living creature."

With these words she disappeared, and hardly had she done so than a huge wild boar started out of the thicket near and made straight for the prince. But the youth did not lose his presence of mind, and drawing his bow he pierced the beast with his arrow right through the skull. The creature fell heavily on the ground, and out of its side sprang a little hare, which ran like the wind along the river bank. The prince drew his bow once more, and the hare lay dead at his feet; but at the same moment a dove rose up in the air and circled round the prince's head in the most confiding manner. But, mindful of the black girl's commands, he dared not spare the little creature's life, and taking another arrow from his quiver he laid it as dead as the boar and the hare. But when he went to look at the body of the bird he found instead of the dove a round white egg lying on the ground.

While he was gazing on it and wondering what it could

mean he heard the sweeping of wings above him, and looking up he saw a huge vulture with open claws swooping down upon him. In a moment he seized the egg and flung it at the bird with all his might and lo and behold! instead of the ugly monster the most beautiful girl he had even seen stood before the astonished eyes of the prince.

But while all this was going on the old fairy had managed to make her way out of the wood, and was now using the last resource in her power to overtake her daughter and the prince. As soon as she was in the open again she mounted her chariot, which was drawn by a fiery dragon, and flew through the air in it. But just as she got to the river she saw the two lovers in each other's arms swimming through the water as easily as two fishes.

Quick as lightning and forgetful of every danger she flew down upon them. But the waters seized her chariot and sunk it in the lowest depths, and the waves bore the old fairy down the stream till she was caught in some thorn bushes and drowned.

And so at last the prince and his lovely bride were free. They hurried as quickly as they could to the old king, who received them with joy and gladness. On the following day a most gorgeous wedding-feast was held, and as far as we know the prince and his bride lived happily forever afterward.

THE STORY OF ARGILIUS AND THE FLAME-KING.

A SLAVONIC FAIRY TALE. BY A. R. MONTALBA.

IN a certain distant land once reigned a king and queen, who had three daughters and one son. As the king and queen were talking one day together about family matters, the king said to his consort: "Whenever our daughters happen to marry, we shall be obliged to give to each of their husbands a portion of our kingdom, which will thereby be greatly diminished; I think therefore that we can not do better than marry them all three to our son, and so the kingdom will remain entire. In another eight days, harvest will be over, and then we will celebrate the nuptials."

The son overheard this discourse, and thought within himself, "that shall never come to pass."

Now the king and queen having gone to a distant farm to superintend the reapers, some one approached the window, knocked at it, and said to the prince: "Little prince, I am come to marry your eldest sister."

The young prince replied: "Wait a moment, you shall have her directly." He called his eldest sister, and as soon as she entered the room he caught her in his arms, and threw her out of the window. She did not, however, fall to the ground, but on a golden bridge, which was very, very long, in fact it reached to the sun. Her unknown lover took her by the hand, and led her along the golden bridge to his kingdom in the center of the sun, for this unknown happened to be the Sun-king.

About noon some one else knocked at the window and said, as the former had done: "Little prince, I want to marry your second sister."

The little prince replied: "Wait a moment, you shall have her directly." He went into his second sister's apartment, lifted her up and threw her out of the window. She did not fall to the ground either, but into a chariot in the air. Four horses, which never ceased snorting

and prancing, were harnessed to it. The unknown placed himself in the chariot, and as he brandished the whip, the clouds spread themselves out so as to form a road, the rolling of the chariot wheels was like a storm, and they disappeared in an instant. The unknown was the Wind-king.

The little prince was right glad to think that he had already established two sisters, and when toward evening some one else knocked at the window, he said: "You need not speak, I know what you want;" and out he threw his youngest sister. She fell into a silvery stream. The unknown took her by the arm, and the waves bore her gently to the moon, for her lover was no other than the Moon-king. The young prince then went well pleased to bed.

When the king and queen returned the next day they were very much surprised at hearing what their son had done; but as they had now three such powerful sons-in-law, as the kings of the Sun, Wind, and Moon, they were well satisfied, and said to the young prince: "See how grand your sisters are become through their husbands. You must try also to find some powerful queen to be your wife."

The prince answered: "I have already fixed on one Kavadiska, and no other shall be my wife."

The king and queen were quite shocked at this audacious speech, and endeavored to dissuade him from the thought by all kinds of rational arguments; as, however, they in no wise succeeded, they at length said: "Well, then go forth, my son, and may Heaven guide thee in thy rash enterprise."

The old king then took two bottles from his chest and gave them to his son, with these words: "See, my son, this bottle contains the water of life, and this the water of death. If thou sprinkle a corpse with the water of life, it will be restored to life, but if thou sprinkle a living being with the water of death, it will immediately die. Take these bottles, they are my greatest treasure; perhaps they may be serviceable to thee." Now all the courtiers began to weep excessively, especially the ladies who

were all very partial to the prince. He, however, was very cheerful and full of hope, kissed the hands of his royal parents, placed the bottles about his person, that of life on the right side, and that of death on the left, girded on his sword, and departed.

He had already wandered far, when he reached a valley, which was full of slain men. The young prince took his bottle of the water of life and sprinkled some in the eyes of one of the dead, who immediately rose up, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Ha! how long I have been sleeping." The king's son asked him, "What has taken place here?" to which the dead man replied: "Yesterday we fought against Kavadiska, and she cut us all to pieces." The king's son said: "Since you were so weak as not to be able to defend yourselves against a woman, you do not deserve to live;" and then he sprinkled him with the water of death, on which the man fell down again, dead, among the other corpses.

In the next valley lay a whole army in the same condition; the prince again reanimated one of the dead, and inquired: "Did you also fight against Kavadiska?" "Yes," returned the dead. "Why did you make war upon her?" resumed the prince. "Know'st thou not," rejoined the dead, "that our king desires to marry her, but that she will have no one for her husband but him who shall conquer her? We went out against her with three armies: yesterday she destroyed one; this morning at sunrise the second; and she is at this moment fighting against the third." The prince sprinkled the speaker with the water of death, and immediately he also fell to the ground.

In the third valley, lay the third host. The reanimated warrior said: "The fight is only just now ended; Kavadiska has slain us all." "Where shall I find her?" asked the prince. "Her castle is on the other side of that mountain," replied the warrior, and sank down again as soon as the prince sprinkled him.

Argilius—so was the prince called—crossed the mountain and came to Kavadiska's castle. He entered. No one was within. In Kavadiska's chamber hung a sword,

which ceased not to spring out of its sheath and then in again. "Ho, ho, since thou art so restless," thought Argilius, "I will take possession of thee. Thou pleasest me better than my own sword, which never stirs unless I wield it." So he took off his own sword and exchanged it for the other. He had scarcely done so, when Kavadiska suddenly stood before him. "Thou darest to intrude into my castle?" exclaimed she; "draw then, thou must fight me." She snatched the sword from the wall. Argilius drew the blade for which he had just exchanged his own. They began to fight, but the first time their swords crossed, Kavadiska's broke off in the middle. Then she said joyfully: "Thou art my bridegroom!" and fell on his neck, and kissed and caressed him, and forthwith became his wife.

After they had lived some time happily together Kavadiska said one morning: "Beloved husband, I must leave thee for a short time. It is the first and last time I shall ever separate from thee. In seven times seven days I shall return, and thenceforth our life shall flow on in uninterrupted happiness. Every thing in the castle is at thy command, only do not enter the furthest room; great misfortunes may befall us if you do." Having said these words, she vanished.

The time passed very heavily for Argilius after his wife had left him; he wandered through the whole castle, till at last he came to the furthest chamber. Being young and thoughtless he opened it. He saw therein an old man, whose beard was fire; this was the Flame-king Holofernes, but Argilius did not know who he was. The old man had three iron hoops round his body, which bound him fast to the wall.

"Hail to thee, young man," said he; "see, my beard is flame; I am very hot, give me a goblet of wine." Now, as Argilius was very kindly disposed, he gave him a goblet; and as soon as he had drunk it, one of the hoops round his body gave way. He chuckled, and said: "Thou hast greatly relieved me; give me now another goblet." Argilius did so, and when the Flame-king had emptied that, another hoop gave way. He chuckled again, and

said: "Twice hast thou given me wine, now give me a goblet of water." And when Argilius had done as he was requested, the third hoop sprang off, and the Flame-king disappeared.

Kavadiska had not performed half of her journey before Holofernes stood by her side. He addressed her, and his beard waved in anger: "Thou hast rejected me for thy husband, thou hast slain three of my armies, thou hast detained me in prison; now thou art in my power; and now not my wife, but the lowest of my servants shalt thou be." Since her marriage with Argilius, Kavadiska had lost all her power, therefore her resistance was in vain. In three leaps the Flame-king had already borne her to his realm.

Seven times seven days passed, and Kavadiska did not return. Then Argilius became very uneasy, and he resolved to go and see his three brothers-in-law, and inquire if they could give him any information where Kavadiska was. He arrived first at the Sun-king's palace, who was just then coming home.

"Welcome, little brother-in-law," began he.

"Ah! dear brother-in-law," said Argilius, "I am in search of my wife Kavadiska; knowest thou not where she is? Hast thou not seen her?"

"No," rejoined the Sun-king, "I have not seen her. Perhaps she is only visible by night, and in that case thou must inquire of our brother-in-law the Moon-king."

They then took refreshments together, and sat till night came on, when Argilius went on to the Moon-king. He reached his palace just as the Moon-king was about to begin his night wandering, and Argilius having told what he wanted, the Moon-king replied—

"I have not seen her; but come, join me in my nightly pilgrimage, perhaps we shall discover her." They wandered all night, but did not get sight of her. Then said the Moon-king—

"It is now time for me to go home; but yonder comes our brother-in-law, the Wind-king; speak to him; he drives about every where, perhaps he may have seen her."

The Wind-king stood beside them, and when he heard his little brother-in-law's business, he said—

"Assuredly I know where she is. The Flame-king, Holofernes, has her imprisoned in a subterranean cavern, and she is obliged to wash all his kitchen utensils in the fiery stream, and as this makes her very hot, I often waft a cooling breeze upon her."

"I thank thee, dear brother-in-law, for having given her some relief; pray carry me to her," said Argilius.

"Right willingly," rejoined the Wind-king: so he gave a great puff, and he and Argilius, together with the horse of the latter, stood the next moment in the presence of his Kavadiska. Her joy was so great that she let all the kitchen utensils fall into the fiery stream; but Argilius, without stopping to talk much, lifted her on his horse and rode off.

The Flame-king was at that time in his own apartment; he heard an extraordinary noise in the stable, and on going into it he found his horse Taigarot prancing, neighing, biting the manger, and pawing the ground. Taigarot was a very peculiar kind of horse; he understood human language, and could even speak, and he had nine feet!

"What mad tricks are you playing?" cried Holofernes; "have you not had enough hay and oats, or have they not given you drink?"

"Oats and hay I have had in plenty," said Taigarot, "and drink, too; but they have carried off Kavadiska from you."

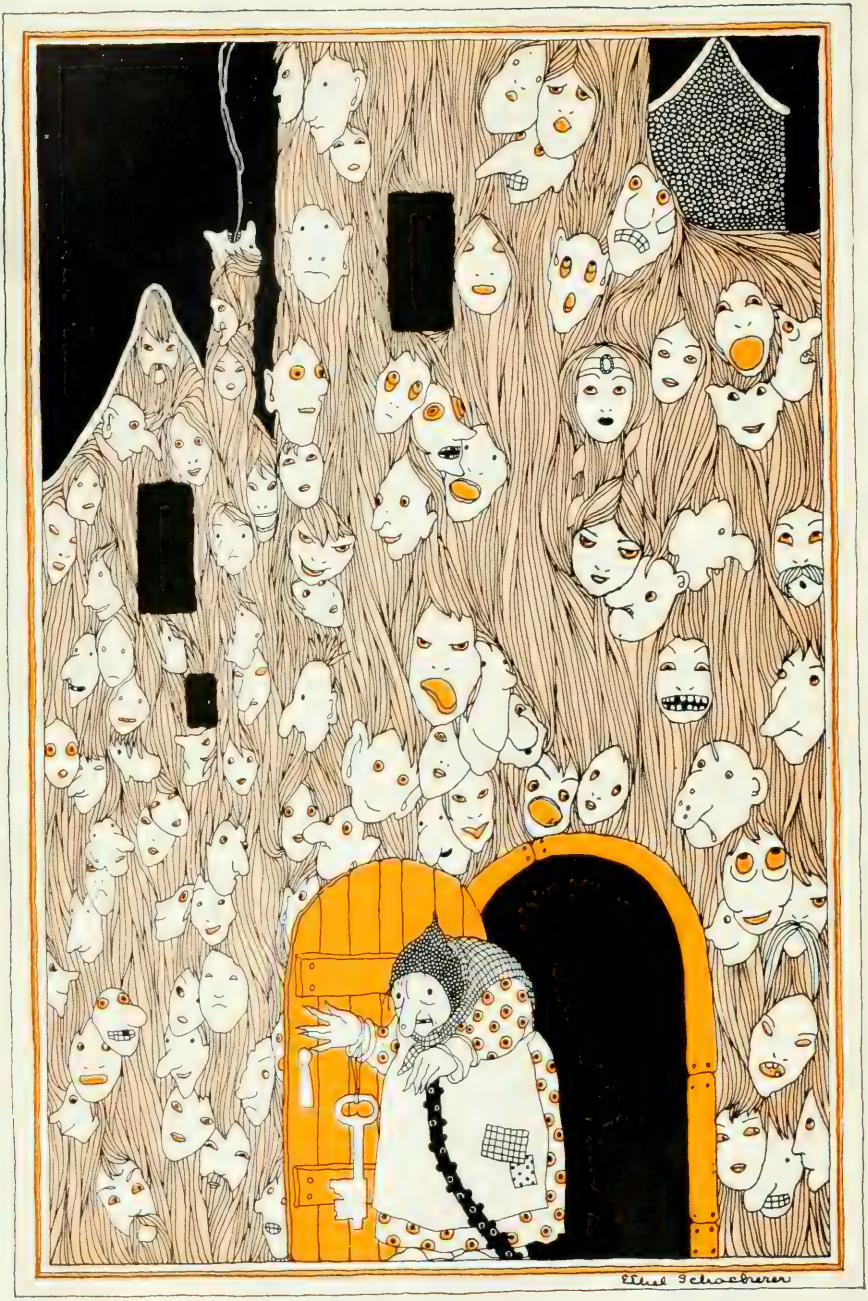
The Flame-king shivered with rage.

"Be calm," said Taigarot; "you may even eat, drink, and sleep, for in three bounds I will overtake her."

Holofernes did as his horse bade him, and when he had sufficiently rested and refreshed himself, he mounted Taigarot, and in three bounds overtook Argilius. He tore Kavadiska from his arms and cried out, as he was springing home again—

"Because you set me at liberty, I do not kill thee this time; but if thou returnest once again, thou art lost."

Argilius went back very melancholy to his three broth-



The palace of the witch was constructed entirely of heads

ers-in-law, and related what had happened. They took counsel together, and then said—

"Thou must find a horse which is still swifter of foot than Taigarot; there is, however, but one such horse existing, and he is Taigarot's younger brother. It is true he has only four feet but still he is decidedly swifter than Taigarot."

"Where shall I find this horse?" inquired Argilius. The brothers-in-law replied—

"The witch Iron-nose keeps the horse concealed underground; go to her, enter her service, and demand the horse in lieu of other wages."

"Carry me thither, dear brothers-in-law," said Argilius.

"Immediately," said the Sun-king; "but first accept this gift from thy brothers-in-law, who love thee dearly."

With these words he gave him a little staff, which was half gold, and half silver, and which never ceased vibrating. It was made of sunshine, moonshine, and wind.

"Whenever thou standest in need of us, stick this staff in the ground, and immediately we shall be by thy side."

Then the Sun-king took his little brother-in-law on one of his beams, and carried him for one day; then the Moon-king did the same for a whole night, and finally the Wind-king carried him for a whole day and a whole night too, and by that time he reached the palace of the witch Iron-nose.

The palace of the witch was constructed entirely of heads; one only was wanting to complete the building; when the old woman heard a knocking at her gate, she looked out of the window, and rejoiced: "At last another!" exclaimed she, "I have waited three hundred years in vain for this head to complete my magnificent edifice: come in, my good youth!"

Argilius entered, and was a little startled when he first beheld the old woman, for she was very tall, very ugly, and her nose was of iron.

"I should like to enter your service," were his words.

"Well," replied she, "what wages do you ask?"

"The horse which you keep under-ground."

"You shall have him if you serve faithfully; if you fail, however, once only, you shall be put to death."

"Very well."

"With me,"—these were witch Iron-nose's last words, —"with me the year's service consists of only three days; you may begin your service at once. You will attend to my stud in the meadow, and if in the evening a single one is missing, you die."

She then led him to the stable. The horses were all of metal, neighed terribly, and made the most surprising leaps.

"Attend to your business," said Iron-nose, and then locked herself in her apartment. Argilius opened the covered inclosure, threw himself on one of the metal horses and rushed out with the whole troop. They were no sooner on the meadow, when the horse on which he rode threw him into a deep morass, where he sank up to the breast. The whole troop scattered themselves here and there, when Argilius stuck the little staff his brothers-in-law had given him into the ground, and at once the sun's rays struck with such heat on the morass, that it dried up instantly, and the metal horses began to melt, and ran terrified back to the shed. The witch was very much surprised when she saw they were all driven in again. "To-morrow you must tend my twelve coursers," said she; "if you are not home again with the last rays of the sun, you die: they are more difficult to manage than the metal horses."

"Do your duty," said Argilius, "I shall do mine."

The twelve coursers soon ran all different ways. Argilius set his staff in the ground, and a fearful storm arose. The wind blew against every horse; and let them rear and prance as they would, the wind got the better of them, and they were all obliged to return to their stable. Argilius immediately shut the stable door, and at that moment the last rays of the sun went down just as witch Iron-nose reached the stable. She was quite astonished when she saw the horses and Argilius.

"If you do your work well this night, to-morrow you shall be free. Go and milk the metal mares, and prepare

a bath of the milk, which must be ready with the first rays of the sun."

Argilius went to the metal shed, and as he had a misgiving that this would prove the hardest task of all, he was about to set his staff in the ground, when he was met by his brother-in-law the Moon-king.

"I was seeking thee," said he. "I know already what thou needest. Where my light shines, just by the metallic horses' shed, dig about three spans deep, and thou wilt find a golden bridle, which, while thou holdest in thy hand, will cause all the mares to obey thee."

Argilius did as he was desired, and all the metallic mares stood quite still and suffered themselves to be milked. In the morning the bath was ready, the smoke and steam rose up from the milk, which now boiled. Witch Iron-nose said: "Place thyself in it."

"If I stand this trial," replied Argilius, "I shall ride away immediately after; let the horse therefore be brought out for the possession of which I bargained."

The horse instantly stood by the bath. It was small, ill-looking, and dirty. As Argilius approached to enter the bath, the horse put his head into the milk, and sucked out all the fire, so that Argilius remained unhurt in it, and when he came out he was seven times handsomer than before. Witch Iron-nose was much charmed by his appearance, and thought within herself: "Now I in like manner will make myself seven times handsomer than I am, and then I will marry this youth."

She sprang into the bath. The horse, however, again put his head into the milk, and blew back into it the fire he had previously sucked out, and witch Iron-nose was immediately scalded to death.

Argilius sprang on his horse and rode away. When they had got beyond the Witch's domain, the horse said: "Wash me in this stream."

Argilius did so, and the horse became the color of gold, and to each hair hung a little golden bell. The horse at one leap cleared the sea, and carried his master to the cave of the Flame-king. Kavadiska was again

standing by the side of the fiery stream, washing the kitchen utensils.

"Come," cried Argilius, "I will rescue thee."

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "Holofernes will slay thee if he overtakes thee."

Argilius had, however, already lifted her on his horse and ridden off. Taigarot again set up a wonderful noise in his stable.

"What's the matter?" cried the Flame-king.

"Kavadiska has escaped," replied Taigarot.

"Well, then, I will again eat, drink, and sleep; in three bounds thou wilt overtake her as before," said Holofernes.

"Not so," rejoined Taigarot, "mount me directly, and even then we shall not overtake them. Argilius rides my younger brother, and he is the swiftest horse in the whole world."

Holofernes buckled on his fire-spurs, and flew after the fugitives. It is true he got sight of them, but he could not come up with them. Then the horse of Argilius turning back his head called out: "Why dost thou let those fiery spurs be stuck in thy side, brother? They will burn thy entrails, they are so long; and yet thou wilt never come up with me. It would be much better that we should both serve one master."

Taigarot perceived this, and the next time Holofernes stuck the spurs in him, he threw the Flame-king. As they were very high up in the air (in fact, they were as high as the stars), Holofernes fell to the ground with such force that he broke his neck. As for Argilius, he brought Kavadiska back to her castle, where they again celebrated their nuptials, lived very happy; and, if they have not died since, they live there to this very day.

THE RAJA'S SON AND THE PRINCESS LABAM.

A Hindoo Fairy Tale.

The Raja and Rani of a country in India had an only son, whom they loved so much that they did not wish him to marry. When he took his gun to hunt in the wood, he might go three ways without hearing of the Princess Labam, but if he went the fourth way, her fame filled the wood until even the parrots chattered of her beauty.

So the Raja's son was forbidden to hunt in the fourth way. For a long time he obeyed, but at last, finding nothing to hunt, he went the fourth way where Hiraman was Raja of the parrots. When he heard from the parrots of the beauty of the Princess Labam, he asked the way to her country, but they told him he could never find her, and when he went home, he was too sad to speak or eat.

AT LAST he told his father and mother that he wanted to go and see the Princess Labam. "I must go," he said; "I must see what she is like. Tell me where her country is."

"We do not know where it is," answered his father and mother.

"Then I must go and look for it," said the young prince.

"No, no," they said, "you must not leave us. You are our only son. Stay with us. You will never find the Princess Labam."

"I must try and find her," said the prince. "Perhaps God will show me the way. If I live and I find her, I will come back to you; but perhaps I shall die, and then I shall never see you again. Still I must go."

So they had to let him go, though they cried very much at parting with him. His father gave him fine clothes to wear, and a fine horse. And he took his gun, and his bow and arrows, and a great many other weapons, "for," he said, "I may want them." His father, too, gave him plenty of rupees.

Then he himself got his horse all ready for the journey, and he said good-by to his father and mother; and his mother took her handkerchief and wrapped some sweetmeats in it, and gave it to her son. "My child," she said to him, "when you are hungry eat some of these sweetmeats."

He then set out on his journey, and rode on and on till he came to a jungle in which were a tank and shady trees. He bathed himself and his horse in the tank, and then sat down under a tree. "Now," he said to himself, "I will eat some of the sweetmeats my mother gave me, and I will drink some water, and then I will continue my journey." He opened his handkerchief, and took out a sweetmeat. He found an ant in it. He took out another. There was an ant in that one too. So he laid the two sweetmeats on the ground, and he took out another, and another, and another, until he had taken them all out; but in each he found an ant. "Never mind," he said, "I won't eat the sweetmeats; the ants shall eat them." Then the Ant-Raja came and stood before him and said, "You have been good to us. If ever you are in trouble think of me and we will come to you."

The Raja's son thanked him, mounted his horse and continued his journey. He rode on and on until he came to another jungle, and there he saw a tiger who had a thorn in his foot, and was roaring loudly from the pain.

"Why do you roar like that?" said the young Raja. "What is the matter with you?"

"I have had a thorn in my foot for twelve years," answered the tiger, "and it hurts me so; that is why I roar."

"Well," said the Raja's son, "I will take it out for you. But perhaps, as you are a tiger, when I have made you well, you will eat me?"

"Oh, no," said the tiger, "I will never eat you. Do make me well."

Then the prince took a little knife from his pocket, and cut the thorn out of the tiger's foot; but when he cut, the tiger roared louder than ever—so loud that his wife

heard him in the next jungle, and came bounding along to see what was the matter. The tiger saw her coming, and hid the prince in the jungle, so that she could not see him.

"What man hurt you that you roared so loud?" said the wife.

"No one hurt me," answered the husband; "but a Raja's son came and took the thorn out of my foot."

"Where is he? Show him to me," said his wife.

"If you promise not to kill him, I will call him," said the tiger.

"I will not kill him; only let me see him,' answered his wife.

Then the tiger called the Raja's son, and when he came the tiger and his wife made him a great many salaams Then they gave him a good dinner, and he stayed with them for three days. Every day he looked at the tiger's foot, and the third day it was quite healed. Then he said good-by to the tigers, and the tiger said to him, "If ever you are in trouble think of me, and we will come to you."

The Raja's son rode on and on till he came to a third jungle. Here he found four fakirs whose teacher and master had died, and had left four things—a bed, which carried whoever sat on it whithersoever he wished to go; a bag, that gave its owner whatever he wanted, jewels, food, or clothes; a stone bowl that gave its owner as much water as he wanted, no matter how far he might be from a tank; and a stick and rope, to which its owner had only to say, if any one came to make war on him, "Stick, beat as many men and soldiers as are here," and the stick would beat them and the rope would tie them up.

The four fakirs were quarreling over these four things. One said, "I want this;" another said, "You cannot have it, for I want it;" and so on.

The Raja's son said to them, "Do not quarrel for these things. I will shoot four arrows in four different directions. Whichever of you gets to my first arrow shall have the first thing—the bed. Whosoever gets to the

second arrow shall have the second thing—the bag. He who gets to the third arrow shall have the third thing—the bowl. And he who gets to the fourth arrow shall have the last things—the stick and rope." To this they agreed, and the prince shot off his first arrow. Away raced the fakirs to get it. When they brought it back to him he shot off the second, and when they had found and brought it to him he shot off his third, and when they had brought him the third he shot off the fourth.

While they were away looking for the fourth arrow the Raja's son let his horse loose in the jungle, and sat on the bed, taking the bowl, the stick and rope, and the bag with him. Then he said, "Bed, I wish to go to the Princess Labam's country." The little bed instantly rose up into the air and began to fly, and it flew and flew till it came to the Princess Labam's country, where it settled on the ground. The Raja's son asked some men he saw, "Whose country is this?"

"The Princess Labam's country," they answered. Then the prince went on till he came to a house where he saw an old woman.

"Who are you?" she said. "Where do you come from?"

"I come from a far country," he said; "do let me stay with you to-night."

"No," she answered, "I cannot let you stay with me; for our king has ordered that men from other countries may not stay in his country. You cannot stay in my house."

"You are my aunt," said the prince; "let me remain with you for this one night. You see it is evening, and if I go into the jungle, then the wild beasts will eat me."

"Well," said the old woman, "you may stay here to-night; but to-morrow morning you must go away, for if the king hears you have passed the night in my house he will have me put into prison."

Then she took him into her house, and the Raja's son was very glad. The old woman began preparing dinner, but he stopped her, "Aunty," he said, "I will give

you food." He put his hand into his bag saying, "Bag, I want some dinner," and the bag gave him instantly a delicious dinner, served up on two gold plates. The old woman and the Raja's son then dined together.

When they had finished eating the old woman said, "Now I will fetch some water."

"Do not go," said the prince. "You shall have plenty of water directly." So he took his bowl and said to it, "Bowl, I want some water," and then it filled with water. When it was full the prince cried out, "Stop, bowl," and the bowl stopped filling. "See, aunty," he said, "with this bowl I can always get as much water as I want."

By this time night had come. "Aunty," said the Rajah's son, "why don't you light a lamp?"

"There is no need," she said. "Our king has forbidden the people in his country to light any lamps; for, as soon as it is dark, his daughter, the Princess Labam, comes and sits on her roof, and she shines so that she lights up all the country and our houses, and we can see to do our work as if it were day."

When it was quite black night the princess got up. She dressed herself in her rich clothes and jewels, and rolled up her hair, and across her head she put a band of diamonds and pearls. Then she shone like the moon, and her beauty made night day. She came out of her room, and sat on the roof of her palace. In the daytime she never came out of her house; she only came out at night. All the people in her father's country then went about their work and finished it.

The Raja's son watched the princess quietly and was very happy. He said to himself, "How lovely she is!"

At midnight, when everybody had gone to bed, the princess came down from her roof, and went to her room; and when she was in bed and asleep the Raja's son got up softly, and sat on his bed. "Bed," he said to it, "I want to go to the Princess Labam's bedroom." So the little bed carried him to the room where she lay fast asleep.

The young Raja took his bag and said, "I want a great deal of betel-leaf," and it at once gave him quantities of

betel-leaf. This he laid near the princess' bed, and then his little bed carried him back to the old woman's house.

Next morning all the princess' servants found the betel-leaf, and began to eat it. "Where did you get all that betel-leaf?" asked the princess.

"We found it near your bed," answered the servants. Nobody knew the prince had come in the night and put it all there.

In the morning the old woman came to the Raja's son. "Now it is morning," she said, "and you must go; for if the king finds out all I have done for you he will seize me."

"I am ill to-day, dear aunty," said the prince; "do let me stay till to-morrow morning."

"Good," said the old woman. So he stayed, and they took their dinner out of the bag, and the bowl gave them water.

When night came the princess got up and sat on her roof, and at twelve o'clock, when every one was in bed, she went to her bedroom, and was soon fast asleep. Then the Raja's son sat on his bed, and it carried him to the princess. He took his bag and said, "Bag, I want a most lovely shawl." It gave him a splendid shawl, and he spread it over the princess as she lay asleep. Then he went back to the old woman's house and slept till morning.

In the morning, when the princess saw the shawl she was delighted. "See, mother," she said; "Khuda must have given me this shawl, it is so beautiful." Her mother was very glad too.

"Yes, my child," she said; "Khuda must have given you this splendid shawl."

When it was morning the old woman said to the Raja's son, "Now you must really go."

"Aunty," he answered, "I am not well enough yet. Let me stay a few days longer. I will remain hidden in your house, so that no one may see me." So the old woman let him stay.

When it was black night the princess put on her lovely clothes and jewels, and sat on her roof. At midnight she

In the morning, when the princess saw the shawl she was delighted

went to her room and went to sleep. Then the Raja's son sat on his bed and flew to her bedroom. There he said to his bag, "Bag, I want a very, very beautiful ring." The bag gave him a glorious ring. Then he took the Princess Labam's hand gently to put on the ring, and she started up very much frightened.

"Who are you?" she said to the prince. "Where do you come from? Why do you come to my room?"

"Do not be afraid, princess," he said; "I am no thief. I am a great Raja's son. Hiraman parrot, who lives in the jungle where I went to hunt, told me your name, and then I left my father and mother and came to see you."

"Well," said the princess, "as you are the son of such a great Raja I will not have you killed, and I will tell my father and mother that I wish to marry you."

The prince then returned to the old woman's house; and when morning came the princess said to her mother, "The son of a great Raja has come to this country, and I wish to marry him." Her mother told this to the king.

"Good," said the king; "but if this Raja's son wishes to marry my daughter he must first do whatever I bid him. If he fails I will kill him. I will give him eighty pounds weight of mustard seed, and out of this he must crush the oil in one day. If he cannot do this he shall die."

In the morning the Raja's son told the old woman that he intended to marry the princess. "Oh," said the old woman, "go away from this country, and do not think of marrying her. A great many Rajas and Rajas' sons have come here to marry her, and the father has had them all killed. He says whoever wishes to marry his daughter must first do whatever he bids him. If he can, then he shall marry the princess; if he cannot, the king will have him killed. But no one can do the things the king tells him to do; so all the Rajas and Rajas' sons who have tried have been put to death. You will be killed too, if you try. Do go away." But the prince would not listen to anything she said.

The king sent for the prince to the old woman's house,

and his servants brought the Raja's son to the king's courthouse to the king. There the king gave him eighty pounds of mustard seed, and told him to crush all the oil out of it that day, and bring it next morning to him to the courthouse. "Whoever wishes to marry my daughter," he said to the prince, "must first do all I tell him. If he cannot, then I have him killed. So if you cannot crush all the oil out of this mustard seed you will die."

The prince was very sorry when he heard this. "How can I crush the oil out of all this mustard seed in one day?" he said to himself; "and if I do not the king will kill me." He took the mustard seed to the old woman's house, and did not know what to do. At last he remembered the Ant-Raja, and the moment he did so the Ant-Raja and his ants came to him. "Why do you look so sad?" said the Ant-Raja.

The prince showed him the mustard seed, and said to him, "How can I crush the oil out of all this mustard seed in one day? And if I do not take the oil to the king to-morrow morning he will kill me."

"Be happy," said the Ant-Raja; "lie down and sleep; we will crush all the oil out for you during the day, and to-morrow morning you shall take it to the king." The Raja's son lay down and slept, and the ants crushed out the oil for him. The prince was very glad when he saw the oil.

The next morning he took it to the courthouse to the king. But the king said, "You cannot yet marry my daughter. If you wish to do so you must first fight with my two demons and kill them." The king a long time ago had caught two demons, and then, as he did not know what to do with them, he had shut them up in a cage. He was afraid to let them loose for fear they would eat up all the people in his country; and he did not know how to kill them. So all the kings and kings' sons who wanted to marry the Princess Labam had to fight with these demons; "for," said the king to himself, "perhaps the demons may be killed, and then I shall be rid of them."

When he heard of the demons the Raja's son was very

sad. "What can I do?" he said to himself. "How can I fight with these two demons?" Then he thought of his tiger; and the tiger and his wife came to him and said, "Why are you so sad?" The Raja's son answered, "The king has ordered me to fight with his two demons and kill them. How can I do this?" "Do not be frightened," said the tiger. "Be happy. I and my wife will fight with them for you."

Then the Raja's son took out of his bag two splendid coats. They were all gold and silver, and covered with pearls and diamonds. These he put on the tigers to make them beautiful, and he took them to the king, and said to him, "May these tigers fight your demons for me?" "Yes," said the king, who did not care in the least who killed his demons, provided they were killed. "Then call your demons," said the Raja's son, "and these tigers will fight them." The king did so, and the tigers and the demons fought and fought until the tigers had killed the demons.

"That is good," said the king. "But you must do something else before I give you my daughter. Up in the sky I have a kettle-drum. You must go and beat it. If you cannot do this I will kill you."

The Raja's son thought of his little bed; so he went to the old woman's house and sat on his bed. "Little bed," he said, "up in the sky is the king's kettle-drum. I want to go to it." The bed flew up with him, and the Raja's son beat the drum, and the king heard him. Still, when he came down, the king would not give him his daughter. "You have," he said to the prince, "done the three things I told you to do; but you must do one thing more." "If I can I will," said the Raja's son.

Then the king showed him the trunk of a tree that was lying near his courthouse. It was a very, very thick trunk. He gave the prince a wax hatchet, and said, "To-morrow morning you must cut this trunk in two with this wax hatchet."

The Raja's son went back to the old woman's house. He was very sad, and thought that now the Raja would certainly kill him. "I had his oil crushed out by the

ants," he said to himself. "I had his demons killed by the tigers. My bed helped me to beat his kettle-drum. But now what can I do? How can I cut that thick tree trunk in two with a wax hatchet?"

At night he went on his bed to see the princess. "To-morrow," he said to her, "your father will kill me." "Why?" asked the princess.

"He has told me to cut a thick tree-trunk in two with a wax hatchet. How can I ever do that?" said the Raja's son. "Do not be afraid," said the princess; "do as I bid you, and you will cut it in two quite easily."

Then she pulled out a hair from her head, and gave it to the prince. "To-morrow," she said, "when no one is near you you must say to the tree-trunk, 'The Princess Labam commands you to let yourself be cut in two by this hair.' Then stretch the hair down the edge of the wax hatchet's blade."

The prince next day did exactly as the princess had told him; and the minute the hair that was stretched down the edge of the hatchet-blade touched the tree-trunk it split into two pieces.

The king said, "Now you can marry my daughter." Then the wedding took place. All the Rajas and kings of the countries round were asked to come to it, and there were great rejoicings. After a few days the prince's son said to his wife, "Let us go to my father's country." The Princess Labam's father gave them a number of camels and horses and rupees and servants; and they traveled in great state to the prince's country, where they lived happily.

The prince always kept his bag, bowl, bed, and stick; only, as no one ever came to make war on him, he never needed to use the stick.

THE STORY OF URASHIMA TARO, THE FISHER LAD.

A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

By Yei Theodora Ozaki.

There are several elements in this story which remind us of the fairy tales of other lands. The Land of Eternal Youth reminds us of a very old Irish legend; the incident of the box reminds us of that of Pandora; and the long absence and subsequent return, of the famous legend of Rip Van Winkle.

LONG, long ago in the province of Tango there lived on the shore of Japan in the little fishing village of Mizu-no-ye a young fisherman named Urashima Taro. His father had been a fisherman before him, and his skill had more than doubly descended to his son, for Urashima was the most skilful fisher in all that country side, and could catch more in a day than his comrades could in a week.

But he was known for his kind heart more than for being a clever fisher. In his whole life he had never hurt anything, either great or small, and when a boy, his companions had always laughed at him, for he would never join with them in teasing animals, but always tried to keep them from this cruel sport.

One soft summer twilight he was going home at the end of a day's fishing when he came upon a group of children. They were all screaming and talking, and seemed to be in a state of great excitement about something, and on his going up to them to see what was the matter he saw that they were tormenting a tortoise. First one boy pulled it this way, then another boy pulled it that way, while a third child beat it with a stick, and the fourth hammered its shell with a stone.

Now Urashima felt very sorry for the poor tortoise and made up his mind to rescue it. He spoke to the boys:

From The Japanese Fairy Book. By Yei Theodora Ozaki. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

"Look here, boys, you are treating that poor tortoise so badly that it will soon die!"

The boys took no notice of Urashima's gentle reproof, but went on teasing it as before. One of the older boys answered:

"Who cares whether it lives or dies? We do not. Here, boys, go on, go on!"

And they began to treat the poor tortoise more cruelly than ever. Urashima waited a moment, turning over in his mind what would be the best way to deal with the boys. He would try to persuade them to give the tortoise up to him, so he smiled at them and said:

"I am sure you are all good, kind boys! Now won't you give me the tortoise? I should like to have it so much!"

"No, we won't give you the tortoise," said one of the boys. "Why should we? We caught it ourselves."

"What you say is true," said Urashima, "but I do not ask you to give it to me for nothing. I will give you some money for it. Won't that do for you, my boys?" He held up the money to them, strung on a piece of string through a hole in the centre of each coin. "Look, boys, you can buy anything you like with this money. You can do much more with this money than you can with that poor tortoise."

The boys were not bad boys at all, they were only mischievous, and as Urashima spoke they were won by his kind smile and gentle words and began "to be of his spirit," as they say in Japan. Gradually they all came up to him, the ringleader of the little band holding out the tortoise to him.

"Very well, Ojisan, we will give you the tortoise if you will give us the money!" And Urashima took the tortoise and gave the money to the boys, who, calling to each other, scampered away and were soon out of sight.

Then Urashima stroked the tortoise's back, saying as he did so:

"Oh, you poor thing! Poor thing!—there, there! you are safe now! They say that a stork lives for a thousand years, but the tortoise for ten thousand years. You have

the longest life of any creature in this world, and you were in great danger of having that precious life cut short by those cruel boys. Luckily I was passing by and saved you, and so life is still yours. Now I am going to take you back to your home, the sea, at once. Do not let yourself be caught again, for there might be no one to save you next time!"

All the time that the kind fisherman was speaking he was walking quickly to the shore and out upon the rocks; then putting the tortoise into the water he watched the animal disappear, and turned homewards himself, for he was tired and the sun had set.

The next morning Urashima went out as usual in his boat. The weather was fine and the sea and sky were both blue and soft in the tender haze of the summer morning. Urashima got into his boat and dreamily pushed out to sea, throwing his line as he did so. He soon passed the other fishing boats and left them behind him till they were lost to sight in the distance, and his boat drifted further and further out upon the blue waters. Somehow, he knew not why, he felt unusually happy that morning; and he could not help wishing that, like the tortoise he set free the day before, he had thousands of years to live instead of his own short span of human life.

He was suddenly startled from his reverie by hearing his own name called:

"Urashima, Urashima!"

Clear as a bell and soft as the summer wind the name floated over the sea.

He stood up and looked in every direction, thinking that one of the other boats had overtaken him, but gaze as he might over the wide expanse of water, near or far there was no sign of a boat, so the voice could not have come from any human being.

Startled, and wondering who or what it was that had called him so clearly, he looked in all directions round about him and saw that without his knowing it a tortoise had come to the side of the boat. Urashima saw with surprise that it was the very tortoise he had rescued the day before.

"Well, Mr. Tortoise," said Urashima, "was it you who called my name just now?"

The tortoise nodded its head several times, and said:

"Yes, it was I. Yesterday you saved my life, and I have come to offer you my thanks and to tell you how grateful I am for your kindness to me."

"Indeed," said Urashima, "that is very polite of you. Come up into the boat. I would offer you a smoke, but as you are a tortoise doubtless you do not smoke," and the fisherman laughed at the joke.

"He—he—he—he!" laughed the tortoise; "rice wine is my favorite refreshment, but I do not care for tobacco."

"Indeed," said Urashima, "I regret very much that I have no wine in my boat to offer you, but come up and dry your back in the sun—tortoises always love to do that."

So the tortoise climbed into the boat, the fisherman helping him, and after an exchange of complimentary speeches the tortoise said:

"Have you ever seen Rin Gin, the Palace of the Dragon King of the Sea, Urashima?"

The fisherman shook his head and replied: "No; year after year the sea has been my home, but though I have often heard of the Dragon King's realm under the sea I have never yet set eyes on that wonderful place. It must be very far away, if it exists at all!"

"Is that really so? You have never seen the Sea King's Palace? Then you have missed seeing one of the most wonderful sights in the whole world. It is far away at the bottom of the sea, but if I take you there we shall soon reach the place. If you would like to see the Sea King's land I will be your guide."

"I should like to go there, certainly, and you are very kind to think of taking me, but you must remember that I am only a poor mortal and have not the power of swimming like a sea creature such as you are——"

Before the fisherman could say more the tortoise stopped him, saying:

"What? You need not swim yourself. If you will ride

Down through the water the tortoise dived

on my back I will take you without any trouble on your part."

"But," said Urashima, "how is it possible for me to ride on your small back?"

"It may seem absurd to you, but I assure you that you can do so. Try at once! Just come and get on my back, and see if it is as impossible as you think!"

As the tortoise finished speaking, Urashima looked at its shell, and strange to say he saw that the creature had suddenly grown so big that a man could easily sit on its back.

"This is strange indeed!" said Urashima; "then, Mr. Tortoise, with your kind permission I will get on your back."

The tortoise, as if this strange proceeding were quite an ordinary event, said:

"Now we will set out at our leisure," and with these words he leapt into the sea with Urashima on his back. Down through the water the tortoise dived. For a long time these two strange companions rode through the sea. Urashima never grew tired, nor his clothes moist with the water. At last, far away in the distance, a magnificent gate appeared, and behind the gate, the long, sloping roofs of a palace on the horizon.

"Ya," exclaimed Urashima, "that looks like the gate of some large palace just appearing! Mr. Tortoise, can you tell what that place is we can now see?"

"That is the great gate of the Rin Gin Palace. The large roof that you see behind the gate is the Sea King's Palace itself."

"Then we have at last come to the realm of the Sea King and to his Palace," said Urashima.

"Yes, indeed," answered the tortoise, "and do you not think we have come very quickly?" And while he was speaking the tortoise reached the side of the gate. "And here we are, and you must please walk from here."

The tortoise now went in front, and speaking to the gate-keeper said:

"This is Urashima Taro, from the country of Japan.

I have had the honor of bringing him as a visitor to this kingdom. Please show him the way."

Then the gatekeeper, who was a fish, at once led the way through the gate before them.

The red bream, the flounder, the sole, the cuttlefish, and all the chief vassals of the Dragon King of the Sea now came out with courtly bows to welcome the stranger.

"Urashima Sama, Urashima Sama! welcome to the Sea Palace, the home of the Dragon King of the Sea. Thrice welcome are you, having come from such a distant country. And you, Mr. Tortoise, we are greatly indebted to you for all your trouble in bringing Urashima here." Then, turning again to Urashima, they said, "Please follow us this way," and from here the whole band of fishes became his guides.

Urashima, being only a poor fisher lad, did not know how to behave in a palace; but, strange though it all was to him, he did not feel ashamed or embarrassed, but followed his kind guides quite calmly where they led to the inner palace. When he reached the portals a beautiful Princess with her attendant maidens came out to welcome him. She was more beautiful than any human being, and was robed in flowing garments of red and soft green like the under side of a wave, and golden threads glimmered through the folds of her gown. Her lovely black hair streamed over her shoulders in the fashion of a king's daughter many hundreds of years ago, and when she spoke her voice sounded like music over the water. Urashima was lost in wonder while he looked upon her, and he could not speak.

Then he remembered that he ought to bow, but before he could make a low obeisance the Princess took him by the hand and led him to a beautiful hall, and to the seat of honor at the upper end, and bade him be seated.

"Urashima Taro, it gives me the highest pleasure to welcome you to my father's kingdom," said the Princess. "Yesterday you set free a tortoise, and I have sent for you to thank you for saving my life, for I was that tortoise. Now if you like you shall live here for ever in the land of eternal youth, where summer never dies and

where sorrow never comes, and I will be your bride if you will, and we will live together happily for ever afterwards!"

And as Urashima listened to her sweet words and gazed upon her lovely face his heart was filled with a great wonder and joy, and he answered her, wondering if it was not all a dream:

"Thank you a thousand times for your kind speech. There is nothing I could wish for more than to be permitted to stay here with you in this beautiful land, of which I have often heard, but have never seen to this day. Beyond all words, this is the most wonderful place I have ever seen."

While he was speaking a train of fishes appeared, all dressed in ceremonial, trailing garments. One by one, silently and with stately steps, they entered the hall, bearing on coral trays delicacies such as no one can dream of, and this wondrous feast was set before the bride and bridegroom. The bridal was celebrated with dazzling splendor, and in the Sea King's realm there was great rejoicing. As soon as the young pair had pledged themselves in the wedding cup of wine, three times three, music was played, and songs were sung, and fishes with silver scales and golden tails stepped in from the waves and danced. Urashima enjoyed himself with all his heart. Never in his whole life had he sat down to such a marvellous feast.

When the feast was over the Princess asked the bridegroom if he would like to walk through the palace and see all there was to be seen. Then the happy fisherman, following his bride, the Sea King's daughter, was shown all the wonders of that enchanted land where youth and joy go hand in hand and neither time nor age can touch them.

The palace was built of coral and adorned with pearls, and the beauties and wonders of the place were so great that the tongue fails to describe them.

But, to Urashima, more wonderful than the palace was the garden that surrounded it. Here was to be seen at one time the scenery of the four different seasons; the

beauties of summer and winter, spring and autumn, were displayed to the wondering visitor at once.

First, when he looked to the east, the plum and cherry trees were seen in full bloom, the nightingales sang in the pink avenues, and butterflies flitted from flower to flower.

Looking to the south all the trees were green in the fulness of summer, and the day cicala and the night cricket chirruped loudly.

Looking to the west the autumn maples were ablaze like a sunset sky, and the chrysanthemums were in perfection.

Looking to the north the change made Urashima start, for the ground was silver white with snow, and trees and bamboos were also covered with snow and the pond was thick with ice.

And each day there were new joys and new wonders for Urashima, and so great was his happiness that he forgot everything, even the home he had left behind and his parents and his own country, and three days passed without his even thinking of all he had left behind. Then his mind came back to him and he remembered who he was, and that he did not belong to this wonderful land or the Sea King's palace, and he said to himself:

"O dear! I must not stay on here, for I have an old father and mother at home. What can have happened to them all this time? How anxious they must have been these days when I did not return as usual. I must go back at once without letting one more day pass." And he began to prepare for the journey in great haste.

Then he went to his beautiful wife, the Princess, and bowing low before her he said:

"Indeed, I have been very happy with you for a long time, Otohime Sama" (for that was her name), "and you have been kinder to me than any words can tell. But now I must say good-bye. I must go back to my old parents."

Then Otohime Sama began to weep, and said softly and sadly:

"Is it not well with you here, Urashima, that you wish

to leave me so soon? Where is the haste? Stay with me yet another day only!"

But Urashima had remembered his old parents, and in Japan the duty to parents is stronger than everything else, stronger even than pleasure or love, and he would not be persuaded, but answered:

"Indeed, I must go. Do not think that I wish to leave you. It is not that. I must go and see my old parents. Let me go for one day and I will come back to you."

"Then," said the Princess sorrowfully, "there is nothing to be done. I will send you back to-day to your father and mother, and instead of trying to keep you with me one more day, I shall give you this as a token of our love —please take it back with you"; and she brought him a beautiful lacquer box tied about with a silken cord and tassels of red silk.

Urashima had received so much from the Princess already that he felt some compunction in taking the gift, and said:

"It does not seem right for me to take yet another gift from you after all the many favors I have received at your hands, but because it is your wish I will do so," and then he added:

"Tell me what is this box?"

"That," answered the Princess, "is the Box of the Jewel Hand, and it contains something very precious. You must not open this box, whatever happens! If you open it something dreadful will happen to you! Now promise me that you will never open this box!"

And Urashima promised that he would never, never open the box whatever happened.

Then bidding good-bye to Otohime Sama he went down to the seashore, the Princess and her attendants following him, and there he found a large tortoise waiting for him.

He quickly mounted the creature's back and was carried away over the shining sea into the East. He looked back to wave his hand to Otohime Sama till at last he could see her no more, and the land of the Sea King and the roofs of the wonderful palace were lost in the far, far

distance. Then, with his face turned eagerly towards his own land, he looked for the rising of the blue hills on the horizon before him.

At last the tortoise carried him into the bay he knew so well, and to the shore from whence he had set out. He stepped on to the shore and looked about him while the tortoise rode away back to the Sea King's realm.

But what is the strange fear that seizes Urashima as he stands and looks about him? Why does he gaze so fixedly at the people that pass him by, and why do they in turn stand and look at him? The shore is the same and the hills are the same, but the people that he sees walking past him have very different faces from those he had known so well before.

Wondering what it can mean he walks quickly towards his old home. Even that looks different, but a house stands on the spot, and he calls out:

"Father, I have just returned!" and he was about to enter, when he saw a strange man coming out.

"Perhaps my parents have moved while I have been away, and have gone somewhere else," was the fisherman's thought. Somehow he began to feel strangely anxious, he could not tell why.

"Excuse me," said he to the man who was staring at him, "but till within the last few days I have lived in this house. My name is Urashima Taro. Where have my parents gone whom I left here?"

A very bewildered expression came over the face of the man, and, still gazing intently on Urashima's face, he said:

"What? Are you Urashima Taro?"

"Yes," said the fisherman, "I am Urashima Taro!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man, "you must not make such jokes. It is true that once upon a time a man called Urashima Taro did live in this village, but that is a story three hundred years old. He could not possibly be alive now!"

When Urashima heard these strange words he was frightened, and said:

"Please, please, you must not joke with me, for I am

greatly perplexed. I am really Urashima Taro, and I certainly have not lived three hundred years. Till four or five days ago I lived on this spot. Tell me what I want to know without more joking, please."

But the man's face grew more and more grave, and he answered:

"You may or may not be Urashima Taro, I don't know. But the Urashima Taro of whom I have heard is a man who lived three hundred years ago. Perhaps you are his spirit come to re-visit your old home?"

"Why do you mock me?" said Urashima. "I am no spirit! I am a living man—do you not see my feet"; and he stamped on the ground, first with one foot and then with the other to show the man. (Japanese ghosts have no feet.)

"But Urashima Taro lived three hundred years ago, that is all I know; it is written in the village chronicles," persisted the man, who could not believe what the fisherman said.

Urashima was lost in bewilderment and trouble. He stood looking all around him, terribly puzzled, and, indeed, something in the appearance of everything was different from what he remembered before he went away, and the awful feeling came over him that what the man said was perhaps true. He seemed to be in a strange dream. The few days he had spent in the Sea King's palace beyond the sea had not been days at all; they had been hundreds of years, and in that time his parents had died and all the people he had ever known, and the village had written down his story. There was no use in staying here any longer. He must get back to his beautiful wife beyond the sea.

He made his way back to the beach, carrying in his hand the box which the Princess had given him. But which was the way? He could not find it alone! Suddenly he remembered the box, the *Tamate-Bako*.

"The Princess told me when she gave me the box never to open it—that it contained a very precious thing. But now that I have no home, now that I have lost everything that was dear to me here, and my heart grows thin with

sadness, at such a time, if I open the box, surely I shall find something that will help me, something that will show me the way back to my beautiful Princess over the sea. There is nothing else for me to do now. Yes, yes, I will open the box and look in!"

And so his heart consented to this act of disobedience, and he tried to persuade himself that he was doing the right thing in breaking his promise.

Slowly, very slowly, he untied the red silk cord, slowly and wonderingly he lifted the lid of the precious box. And what did he find? Strange to say only a beautiful little purple cloud rose out of the box in three soft wisps. For an instant it covered his face and wavered over him as if loth to go, and then it floated away like vapor over the sea.

Urashima, who had been till that moment like a strong and handsome youth of twenty-four, suddenly became very, very old. His back doubled up with age, his hair turned snowy white, his face wrinkled and he fell down dead on the beach.

Poor Urashima! because of his disobedience he could never return to the Sea King's realm or the lovely Princess beyond the sea.

Little children, never be disobedient to those who are wiser than you, for disobedience was the beginning of all the miseries and sorrows of life.

A GOOD WOMAN.

A NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a farmer named Gudbrand, who lived in a lonely farmhouse, situated on a hill; so he went by the name of "Gudbrand of the Hill." Now this farmer had an excellent wife, and Gudbrand knew the value of such a treasure. The couple lived in perfect harmony, rejoicing in their mutual happiness, and without anxiety about the future. What-

From "Popular Tales from the Norse." By G. W. Dasent.

ever Gudbrand did, his wife had thought of and wished for beforehand, so much so that her husband could do nothing without his partner thanking him for having divined and forestalled her wishes.

Their life was an easy one; the farm was their own, and they had a hundred crowns in the dresser, and two fine cows in the byre. They wanted for nothing, and could grow old peacefully, without needing assistance from any one.

One evening as they were talking together about their work and their projects, the wife said to her husband—

"My love, I think you ought to take one of the cows and sell it in the town. The one we keep will give us sufficient milk and butter, and why need we wish for more? We have no children. Had we not better spare ourselves all extra work now we are growing old? You will always find plenty of furniture and tools to repair, and I shall have more time to sit beside you with my distaff."

Gudbrand agreed with his wife, as he always did, and the very next day he went to the town with the cow he intended to sell; but it was not a market day, and he found no purchaser.

"Never mind!" said Gudbrand, "at the worst I shall have nothing to do but take my cow home again. I have enough hay and litter for the beast, and the road is no longer one way than the other."

Upon which he quietly retraced his steps homeward. At the end of some hours, when he was beginning to feel very tired, he met a man leading a horse to the town, a powerful-looking animal, saddled and bridled.

"The road is long, and the night is coming on," thought Gudbrand; "I shall never get my cow home, and to-morrow I shall have to take the same journey over again. Now here is a horse which would suit me much better, and I should reach home as fresh as a lark. How pleased my wife would be to see me come back in triumph like a Roman emperor!"

Whereupon he stopped the horsedealer, and exchanged his cow for the horse. When once he was mounted, he

began to regret his bargain. Gudbrand was old and heavy, whilst the horse was young and skittish. At the end of half an hour the rider was walking on foot, holding the bridle over his arm, and dragging the horse after him, tossing its mane in the wind and shying at every stone in the road.

"This is a bad bargain," thought he; and at that moment he caught sight of a peasant driving before him a fat pig. "A nail is of use and is worth more than a diamond which only sparkles and is useless," said Gudbrand: "my wife often says so."

He then exchanged the horse for the pig.

It was a happy inspiration, but the good man had reckoned without his host. Piggy was tired and disinclined to move. Gudbrand remonstrated, prayed, implored, but all in vain. He dragged the pig by its snout, he pushed it from behind, and he beat it, but it was labor lost. The pig lay down in the dust like a vessel stranded in the mud.

The farmer was in despair, when a man passed him leading a goat, which ran and leaped in a most engaging manner.

"That is what I want!" cried Gudbrand; "that lively goat pleases me far more than this grunting, stupid pig." So without more ado he exchanged the pig for the goat.

All went well for the first half-hour. His new purchase dragged Gudbrand after her to his great amusement, but when a man is no longer young, he soon grows tired of climbing over rocks; so the farmer meeting a shepherd with his flock had no hesitation in bartering his goat for a sheep.

"I shall have as much milk," he said to himself, "and this beast at least will keep quiet, and will not disturb either my wife or myself."

Gudbrand was right; nothing could be more quiet than the sheep. It had no tricks and never butted, but it stood stock still and ba-a-ed incessantly after its companions and the more Gudbrand dragged it away the more pitifully it ba-a-ed.

"The stupid beast," cried Gudbrand; "it is as obsti-

nate and melancholy as my neighbor's wife. Who will take this wretched bleating sheep off my hands? I would be thankful to be rid of it at any price."

"That is a bargain, if you choose, old fellow," said a peasant who was passing.

"Take this fine fat goose in exchange for that miserable sheep which is at death's door."

"Agreed," said Gudbrand, "a live goose is better than a dead sheep;" so he carried off the goose. This was no easy task, for he found the bird a troublesome companion. Uncomfortable at no longer being on foot, it fought with its beak and claws and wings, and Gudbrand was soon tired out by the struggle.

"Ugh!" said he, "the goose is a wretched bird; my wife never cared to have one about the house." Upon which at the first farm he came to he exchanged the goose for a handsome rooster, with fine plumage and spurs.

This time he was satisfied. The rooster, it is true, from time to time crowed with a voice too hoarse to please delicate ears, but as its feet were tied, and its head hung down, it resigned itself to its fate and kept quiet. The only trouble was that it was getting late. Gudbrand, who had set out before dawn, found himself in the evening hungry and without any money. He had a long road still before him, and feeling faint for want of food, he took an heroic resolve. At the first road-side inn he came to, he sold the bird for half a crown, and as he had a good appetite, he spent the last halfpenny of it in satisfying his hunger.

"After all," thought he, "what use would a rooster be to me if I had died of hunger?"

As he drew near home, the farmer began to reflect on the singular way in which his journey had turned out. Before going in doors, he stopped at the house of his neighbor, Peter Greybeard, as he was called thereabouts.

"Well, gossip," said Greybeard, "how did your business in the town prosper?"

"So, so," replied Gudbrand; "I cannot say I have been lucky, but, on the other hand, I cannot complain." And he related all that had happened to him.

"Neighbor," said Peter, "you have done a good day's work; what a warm reception you will get from your wife. Heaven preserve you! I would not be in your shoes!"

"Well," said Gudbrand of the Hill, "things might have turned out worse for me, but at present I am quite easy in my mind. Whether I was right or wrong, my wife is so good that she will not say a word about what I have done."

"I hear what you say, neighbor, and I envy you; but, with all respect, allow me to say that I do not believe a word of it."

"Come with me and you shall hear," was the reply.

This arranged, the two friends entered Gudbrand's house, but Peter staid at the door of the room to listen to the old couple.

"Good evening, wife," said Gudbrand.

"Good evening," replied the good woman. "Is it you, my friend? Heaven be praised! How have you sped?"

"Neither well nor ill," answered Gudbrand; "when I reached the town, I found nobody to buy a cow, so I exchanged it for a horse."

"For a horse!" said the wife, "that is capital! I am so glad! We shall now be able to go to church in a cart, and people who are no better than ourselves need no longer look down upon us. If we choose to keep a horse, I consider we have every right to do so. Where is the horse? It must be put into the stable."

"I have not brought it home," said Gudbrand, "for I changed my mind on the way, and I exchanged the horse for a pig."

"Well, now," said the wife, "that is just what I should have done. A thousand thanks! Now, when my neighbors come to see me, I shall have some ham to offer them. What do we want with a horse? People would say, 'See how proud they are; too proud to go to church on foot!' But the pig must be put into the sty."

"I have not brought home the pig," said Gudbrand, "for on the road I exchanged it for a goat."

"Well done!" said the good woman. "What a

thoughtful man you are! When I think of it, what should I have done with a pig? People would have pointed at us and said: 'Look at those people, they eat up all they gain'; but with my goat I shall have milk and cheese, not to mention kids. Be quick and put the goat in the stable."

"I have not brought home the goat either," said Gudbrand, "for on the road home I exchanged it for a sheep."

"That is just like you," said the good wife; "you are so thoughtful for me, because I am too old to be running over hill and dale after a goat, but a sheep will give me wool and milk. Let us put it at once into the shed."

"I have not brought home the sheep either," returned Gudbrand; "I exchanged it on the way for a goose."

"Thanks, thanks, with all my heart!" said the good wife. "What should I have done with a sheep? I have neither loom nor spinning-wheel; besides it is hard work weaving, and when that is done, there is still the cutting out and sewing to do. It is simpler to buy our clothes as we have always done; but a goose—a fat goose—is what I have always wanted. I want some down for our quilt, and for a long time I have had a fancy to dine off roast goose. You must shut up the goose in the fowl-house."

"I have not brought home the goose either," said Gudbrand, "on the way I exchanged it for a rooster."

"Dearest!" said the good woman, "you are wiser than I. A rooster is capital; it is far better than a clock that has to be wound up every week. He crows every morning at four o'clock, and tells us that it is time to rise. But what should we do with a goose? I do not understand cookery, and as for my quilt, thank goodness, we have no lack of moss as soft as down. You must put the bird in the fowl-house."

"I have not brought the bird home either," said Gudbrand, "for at sunset I felt as hungry as a hunter, and I was obliged to sell it for half a crown; for if I had not done so I should have died of hunger."

"Heaven be praised that you had it to sell," said the excellent woman; "whatever you do, Gudbrand,

is sure to please me. What do you want with a rooster? We are our own masters, I fancy; no one can order us about, and we can stay in bed as late as we please. You are here, dearest, and that is all I want to make me quite happy. I only need one thing, which is to feel you near me."

Thereupon Gudbrand opened the door, and cried out—

"Well, neighbor Peter, what do you say to that?"

He then kissed his old wife on both cheeks with as much pleasure and more tenderness than if she had been still twenty.

THE GLASS MOUNTAIN.

A POLISH FAIRY TALE.

By H. Kletke.

ONCE upon a time there was a glass mountain at the top of which stood a castle made of pure gold, and in front of the castle there grew an apple-tree on which there were golden apples.

Any one who picked an apple gained admittance into the golden castle, and there in a silver room sat an enchanted princess of surpassing fairness and beauty. She was as rich, too, as she was beautiful, for the cellars of the castle were full of precious stones, and great chests of the finest gold stood round the walls of all the rooms.

Many knights had come from afar to try their luck, but it was in vain they attempted to climb the mountain. In spite of having their horses shod with sharp nails, no one managed to get more than half-way up, and then they all fell back right down to the bottom of the steep slippery hill. Sometimes they broke an arm, sometimes a leg, and many a brave man had broken his neck.

The beautiful princess sat at her window and watched the bold knights trying to reach her on their splendid horses. The sight of her always gave men fresh courage, and they flocked from the four quarters of the globe to attempt the work of rescuing her. But all in vain, and

Once upon a time there was a glass mountain at the top of which stood a castle made of pure gold

for seven years the princess had sat now and waited for some one to scale the glass mountain.

In three more days the seven years would be at an end, when a knight in golden armor and mounted on a spirited steed was seen making his way toward the fatal hill.

Urging his horse he made a rush at the mountain and got up half-way, then he calmly turned his horse's head and came down again without a slip or tumble. The following day he started in the same way; the horse trod on the glass as if it had been level earth, and sparks of fire flew from its hoofs. All the other knights gazed in astonishment, for he had almost gained the summit, and in another moment he would have reached the apple-tree; but of a sudden a huge eagle rose up and spread its mighty wings, hitting as it did so the knight's horse in the eye. The horse shied, opened its wide nostrils and tossed its mane, then rearing high up in the air, its hind feet slipped and it fell with its rider down the steep mountain side.

And now there was only one more day before the close of the seven years. Then there arrived on the scene a mere school-boy—a merry, happy-hearted youth, but at the same time strong and well grown. He saw how many knights had broken their necks in vain, but undaunted he approached the steep mountain on foot and began the ascent.

For long he had heard his parents speak of the beautiful princess who sat in the golden castle at the top of the glass mountain. He listened to all he heard and determined that he too would try his luck. He fastened the sharp claws of a lynx on to his own hands and feet.

Armed with these weapons he boldly started up the glass mountain. The sun was nearly going down, and the youth was not more than half-way up. He could hardly draw breath he was so worn out, and his mouth was parched by thirst. A huge black cloud passed over his head, but in vain did he beg and beseech her to let a drop of water fall on him. He opened his mouth, but the black cloud sailed past, and not as much as a drop of dew moistened his dry lips.

His feet were torn and bleeding, and he could only hold on now with his hands. Evening closed in, and he strained his eyes to see if he could behold the top of the mountain. Then he gazed beneath him, and what a sight met his eyes! A yawning abyss, with certain and terrible death at the bottom.

It was almost pitch-dark now, and only the stars lit up the glass mountain. The poor boy still clung on as if glued to the glass by his blood-stained hands. He made no struggle to get higher, for all his strength had left him, and seeing no hope he calmly awaited death. Then all of a sudden he fell into a deep sleep, and forgetful of his dangerous position he slumbered sweetly. But all the same, although he slept, he had stuck his sharp claws so firmly into the glass that he was quite sure not to fall.

Now, the golden apple-tree was guarded by the eagle which had overthrown the golden knight and his horse. Every night it flew round the glass mountain keeping a careful lookout, and no sooner had the moon emerged from the clouds than the bird rose up from the apple-tree, and circling round in the air caught sight of the sleeping youth.

Greedy for carrion, and sure that this must be a fresh corpse, the bird swooped down upon the boy. But he was awake now, and perceiving the eagle, he determined by its help to save himself.

The eagle dug its sharp claws into the tender flesh of the youth, but he bore the pain without a sound and seized the bird's two feet with his hands. The creature in terror lifted him high up into the air and began to circle round the tower of the castle. The youth held on bravely. He saw the glittering palace, which by the pale rays of the moon looked like a dim lamp; and he saw the high windows, and round one of them a balcony in which the beautiful princess sat lost in sad thoughts. Then the boy saw that he was close to the apple-tree, and drawing a small knife from his belt he cut off both the eagle's feet. The bird rose up in the air in its agony and vanished into the clouds, and the youth fell on to the broad branches of the apple-tree.

Then he drew out the claws of the eagle's feet that had remained in his flesh and put the peel of one of the golden apples on the wound, and in one moment it was healed and well again. He plucked several of the beautiful apples and put them in his pocket; then he entered the castle. The door was guarded by a great dragon, but as soon as he threw an apple at it the beast vanished.

At the same moment a gate opened, and the youth perceived a court-yard full of flowers and beautiful trees, and on the balcony sat the lovely enchanted princess with her retinue.

As soon as she saw the youth she ran toward him and greeted him as her husband and master. She gave him all her treasures, and the youth became a rich and mighty ruler. But he never returned to the earth, for only the mighty eagle, who had been the guardian of the princess and of the castle, could have carried on his wings the enormous treasure down to the world. But as the eagle had lost its feet it died, and its body was found in a wood on the glass mountain.

. . . .

One day when the youth was strolling about the palace garden with the princess, his wife, he looked down over the edge of the glass mountain and saw to his astonishment a great number of people gathered there. He blew his silver whistle, and the swallow who acted as messenger in the golden castle flew past.

"Fly down and ask what the matter is," he said to the little bird, who sped off like lightning and soon returned saying:

"The death of the eagle has restored all the people below to life. All those who have perished on this mountain are awakening up to-day, as it were from a sleep, and are mounting their horses, and the whole population are gazing on this unheard-of wonder with joy and amazement."

THE TALE OF THE HAIR-TREE

Once, in a far-distant country, there lived a queen who was famous for her beautiful black hair. It hung far below her knees, and was so thick that it took her two hours to comb it every morning. She was extremely proud of it, and so was the king, her husband.

As she was sitting on the balcony of her palace one glorious spring day brushing her hair, a raven perched on the railing beside her, looked at her with his head on one side, and said in a hoarse croak:

"Pretty queen, pretty queen, give me a lock of your hair to line my nest with."

"Give you some of my hair!" she retorted angrily, "what right have you to ask me a thing like that?"

"You had better do what I ask," the raven told her, "for if you do not something worse will happen to you."

Now the queen did not dream that he was really a powerful magician, so she answered haughtily that she had no intention of doing any such thing.

"Very well," replied the raven, "then I will take it all, and you shall not have any left." With a sudden motion he flew toward her, gave one peck with his beak, and lo and behold, all her hair was pulled off and carried away, and she found herself as bald as an egg! She screamed and cried, but that would not bring back her beautiful hair. Finally she sent for the court physician, and asked whether he could do anything to make the new hair grow. He worked, and worked, and worked, but nothing happened. Finally she dismissed him, and sent for someone else.

But no matter who tried to bring back her hair, it was useless. At last she made a proclamation that she would give endless wealth to any man who could help her, but that whoever tried and failed should be put to death. This frightened the doctors.

At last an old woman told the queen that she had heard

There lived a queen who was famous
for her beautiful black hair

from a sailor that far away in the north there was a wonderful tree whose seeds would grow hair, but she did not know anything more about it. This interested the queen greatly, and she offered great rewards to anyone who would go for her. At last a young sailor agreed to do so.

"You must wait three years for me," he said, "for it will be a difficult and dangerous journey. If I do not come back at the end of that time, you will know it is because I have been killed in the attempt." To this the queen readily agreed, and the young sailor started out.

But he was unlucky at the beginning. The ship struck rocks at first, then storms, then icebergs, and finally the seamen decided that the sailor was the cause of all their misfortunes, and that the only way to be sure of living through their journey would be to get rid of him. Accordingly they put him into an open boat, with provisions for three days, and set him adrift.

He was tossed about for several days, but at last, when he had eaten all his food and was nearly dead of thirst, he found himself in a current of water which drew him rapidly toward a desert land. Here he was cast up, very thankful to be on dry land once more. In the distance he saw a tall tree, and as he could think of nothing better to do he walked toward it.

No sooner had he reached the tree than he observed that it was a most remarkable plant. It was covered with long pods, and these were beginning to burst as he came up, scattering big, round nuts at the foot of the tree. He was so hungry that he tasted one of them, found it good, and promptly ate till he could eat no more. Then it struck him that it would be wise to gather as many as he could for food, so he filled his pockets with all that were left till even a mouse could not have found another nut.

Just then a raven came by. Now this was the same raven who had stolen the queen's hair. He hunted about most industriously but could find nothing. Presently he spied the young man.

"Have you seen any nuts here?" he asked politely. "I

am anxious to take some home to my babies, but they all seem to have vanished."

"I couldn't say," replied the sailor cautiously. "Do you happen to know how I can get to the hair-tree from here?"

"Why do you ask?" the raven demanded.

"Maybe I might help you hunt for the nuts if you told me," explained the sailor, and he carefully pulled one out of his pocket while the raven was looking the other way. "I declare! Here is one now! Probably I could find you a lot more!"

The raven considered. "Well," he said at last, "it is at the North Pole, not very far from here. You go straight ahead, and you will not be able to miss it. Now give me the nuts!" He was so eager that it gave the sailor a new idea.

"There must be something strange about those nuts," thought he, so instead of giving all the nuts to the raven, he gave him only the contents of one pocket. The rest he kept for himself. The raven flew off, well satisfied, and the sailor started northward.

After he had traveled two days, he came to an old tigress, and as she seemed very gentle, he spoke to her. She knew something about the hair-tree, she said. He must go on till he came to a field full of bright-colored flowers.

"They will speak to you, and when you look at them you will find that they have little faces in them. They will beg you to kiss them, but you must not do that, no matter how much they beg. They only want to bite out a little piece of your cheek. You must cut up some of the nuts in very small pieces, and give that to them instead. Then they will be very friendly, and will tell you what you wish to know."

The young man thanked her. "Is there no way that I can reward you?" he asked the tigress.

"Yes," she replied, "I will tell you how. When you get to the hair-tree, you will find it surrounded by a wide stream. On the far side of the stream there are a great

many osiers, growing so thickly that you cannot push your way between them. You must cut down twenty-five of them, no more and no less; and when you have done so you must make them into a bundle and bring them back with you to me. That is all that you can do for me, but be sure that you do not forget."

The sailor promised and started on. It all happened as the tigress had foretold. The little flowers begged him to kiss them, and if he had not known that they were hungry, and wanted to eat him, he would surely have done so, for they were very pretty. They told him how to go, and told him that when he got to the stream, he would find a duck who would carry him across.

He hurried on and soon reached the stream, and was carried over by a big old drake. When he reached the thicket of osiers he wondered how he could ever get through. He chopped, and chopped, and chopped, laying the sticks close beside him as he did so. When the twenty-fifth stick was cut, he saw a path stretching out before him and passed through the hedge.

There before him stood the hair-tree, and a marvelous tree indeed! Instead of leaves, it had brushes and combs hanging from its twigs. There were curling tongs and hairpins and ornaments; there were tonics and hair dyes and shampoos; there were all sorts of wigs and switches and curls. The tree was arranged in circles, each showing the color of hair. At the top was golden, then red, then brown, and so on, in every imaginable shade and color. And in each circle there hung the great, round pods which held the seeds.

The young man climbed the tree at once, and set about gathering all the seeds he could carry, choosing the best from each circle, and taking great pains to get a sample of the color hair which came from each, so that there should be no mistake. He worked as hard as he could, but it was growing late when he finally reached the stream with his bundle of osiers in his hand, and the precious package of seeds inside his coat. The drake was waiting

for him, crying sleepily, "Hurry, hurry," and the water as they glided across seemed also to whisper, "hurry, hurry."

When the sailor came to the field full of little flowers, they were all asleep, so he did not stop, but went on as quickly as he could travel. Soon the country began to show that something strange had happened since he had been there. Everywhere there were signs of a great famine. There was not a thing to eat anywhere. Fortunately he still had plenty of nuts for himself, but he wondered what had become of the tigress.

It was not long before he found out. Suddenly he saw her come running toward him.

"Have you the osiers?" she cried, "beat me with them, beat me, beat me, quick!"

"How can I?" he objected. "You have been far too good to me for that."

"You must, or I shall eat you," she answered, and rushed at him so fiercely that there was nothing for him to do but beat her back as well as he could. He struck at her again and again, until one by one all the rods were broken. And just as the last one snapped, lo and behold, the tigress vanished and in her place stood a beautiful princess. She had been changed to a tigress by the raven, and had been obliged to wait hundreds of years for her deliverer.

Together she and the young man started home. I cannot begin to tell you all the things that happened to them on the way, but at last, after a long time, they reached the queen's dominions.

Meanwhile the three years had passed, and on the last day the queen, in despair, announced that when the time was up, to the minute, the hair should be shaved off the heads of all her ladies in waiting, for she could not bear the thought of being the only bald woman in the land. Accordingly a great barber's chair was brought into the great audience chamber, and all the ladies were gathered together, dressed in mourning, and very sad at the thought of losing their hair.

The clock ticked—one, two, three—and the last minute passed. Soldiers grasped one of the ladies firmly and led her up to the chair. Just as the barber was about to begin, a shout was heard at the far end of the room. "Way for the queen's messenger!" someone cried.

And through the crowd came the young sailor and his bride. He fell on his knees, pulled out the packet of seeds, and showed them to the queen.

"How do you know they will work?" she asked. "We must try them on somebody," and she looked about her for some bald fellow on whom she could experiment. The minister of finance was standing near, very bald and wrinkled with pondering over the affairs of state, so she commanded them to take him.

"What color hair do you want?" the young man asked.

"Gray," said the old man. But the sailor was so nervous that he seized the wrong package by mistake and sprinkled him liberally with the golden seed. Instantly there began to grow a fine down all over his head. Before they knew what was happening, his hair had reached to his shoulders, then to his waist, then to his knees. And one seed, which fell on his nose by accident, had grown a lock of hair seven feet long in five minutes.

"Hurry," cried the queen, and the sailor sprinkled her head with the black seeds, while all the bald-headed people in the kingdom crowded into the room. Then he began to sprinkle them in turn, until he had used up almost all that he had left. There was one poor old fellow who remained, and as there was not enough of any one color left, the sailor mixed them all together. You should have seen him then, his head looking like a patchwork quilt!

But the young sailor and his bride were rewarded, and were made rich for life. The queen was prouder than ever of her hair, as you may imagine; but one thing was certain —she never went out on the balcony to comb her hair again. As for the raven, nothing was ever heard of him again.

PROSPERO AND MIRANDA.

A legend of Italy, dramatized in "The Tempest," and retold in "Tales from Shakespeare."

By Charles and Mary Lamb.

Shakespeare's two fairy plays are both beautiful. We need not choose between them when we can have them both. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" may be a favorite with most who love fairies for their own sake, but "The Tempest," in which the story of Prospero and Miranda appears, is the last play Shakespeare ever wrote. Some think it his best and highest, because they think that by "Prospero," Shakespeare means his own mind, in which his highest spirit, "Ariel," serves him for his best, while all that is base and low is figured by "Caliban," who is now no longer able to master him, but must serve under Ariel. "Miranda," as Prospero's daughter, means the "Wonderful One." Shakespeare never intends that we should find out all his meaning at once. He wishes us to listen to his story, to remember it and to let it grow into our minds, until more and more of its meaning grows out of our own growth. So we may read this story of the enchanted island, simply as a fairy story, and let its meaning grow on us afterwards.

We may learn much from the way Shakespeare re-tells old stories. He always tried to find some legend, tale, history or fable, or other old play, whose plot he could use. The old alchemists spent years in trying to turn lead and copper into gold. In the use of his mind, Shakespeare was almost the greatest of alchemists. He turned lead and brass, and all sorts of base metal into gold. No one ever surpassed him in this except Homer. They two are the greatest masters of "re-telling" and adapting what had been "handed down" in their day, that they might make it worth "handing down" after them. But as they adapted in re-telling, so ought we in re-telling from them, when we do not wish to hand down to our children the base metal and dross of their times.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter, Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very

useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks, Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have

raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child?"

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my estate affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since then my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of

the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand,

and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,— Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself,

when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter

know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much

as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, re-

pented the injustice they had done to Prospero: and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when first he saw Miranda, "she is a mortal,

but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to

wander, uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

THE STAR WIFE.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN LEGEND.

IN the days when the buffalo raced and thundered over the earth and the stars danced and sang in the sky, a brave young hunter lived on the bank of Battle River. He was fond of the red flowers and the blue sky; and when the rest of the Indians went out to hunt in waistcloths of skin he put on his fringed leggings all heavy with blue beads, and painted red rings and stripes on his face, till he was as gay as the earth and the sky himself. High-feather was his name, and he always wore a red swan's feather on his head.

One day, when High-feather was out with his bow and arrows, he came on a little beaten trail that he had never seen before, and he followed it,—but he found that it went round and round and brought him back to where he had started. It came from nowhere, and it went to nowhere.

"What sort of animal has made this?" he said. And he lay down in the middle of the ring to think, looking up into the blue sky.

While he lay thinking, he saw a little speck up above him in the sky, and thought it was an eagle. But the speck grew bigger, and sank down and down, till he saw it was a great basket coming down out of the sky. He jumped up and ran back to a little hollow and lay down to hide in a patch of tall red flowers. Then he peeped out and saw the basket come down to the earth and rest on the grass in the middle of the ring. Twelve beautiful maidens were leaning over the edge of the basket. They were not Indian maidens, for their faces were pink and white, and their long hair was bright red-brown like a fox's fur, and their clothes were sky-blue and floating light as cobwebs.

The maidens jumped out of the basket and began to dance round and round the ring-trail, one behind the other, drumming with their fingers on little drums of

The basket flew up into the sky

eagle-skin, and singing such beautiful songs as High-feather had never heard.

Then High-feather jumped up and ran towards the ring, crying out, "Let me dance and sing with you!"

The maidens were frightened, and ran to the basket and jumped in, and the basket flew up into the sky, and grew smaller till at last he could not see it at all.

The young man went home to his wigwam, and his mother roasted buffalo meat for his dinner; but he could not eat, and he could not think of anything but the twelve beautiful maidens. His mother begged him to tell her what the matter was; and at last he told her, and said he would never be happy till he brought one of the maidens home to be his wife.

"Those must be the Star-people," said his mother, who was a great magician—the prairie was full of magic in those days, before the white men came and the buffalo went. "You had better take an Indian girl for your wife. Don't think any more of the Star-maidens, or you will have much trouble."

"I care little how much trouble I have, so long as I get a Star-maiden for my wife," he said; "and I am going to get one, if I have to wait till the world ends."

"If you must, you must," said his mother.

So next morning she sewed a bit of gopher's fur on to his feather; and he ate a good breakfast of buffalo meat and tramped away over the prairie to the dancing ring. As soon as he came into the ring he turned into a gopher; but there were no gophers' holes there for him to hide in, so he had to lie in the grass and wait.

Presently he saw a speck up in the sky, and the speck grew larger and larger till it became a basket, and the basket came down and down till it rested on the earth in the middle of the ring.

The eldest maiden put her head over the edge and looked all around, north and east and south and west.

"There is no man here," she said. So they all jumped out to have their dance. But before they came to the beaten ring the youngest maiden spied the gopher, and called out to her sisters to look at it.

"Away! away!" cried the eldest maiden. "No gopher would dare to come on our dancing ground. It is a conjuror in disguise!"

So she took her youngest sister by the arm and pulled her away to the basket, and they all jumped in and the basket went sailing up into the sky before High-feather could get out of his gopher skin or say a word.

The young man went home very miserable; but when his mother heard what had happened she said, "It is a hard thing you want to do; but if you must, you must. To-night I will make some fresh magic, and you can try again to-morrow.

Next morning High-feather asked for his breakfast; but his mother said, "You must not have any buffalo meat, or it will spoil the magic. You must not eat anything but the wild strawberries you find on the prairie as you go."

Then she sewed a little bit of a mouse's whisker on to his red feather; and he tramped away across the prairie, picking wild strawberries and eating them as he went, till he came to the dancing ring. As soon as he was inside the ring he turned into a little mouse, and made friends with the family of mice that lived in a hole under the grass; and the mother mouse promised to help him all she could.

They had not waited long when the basket came dropping down out of the sky. The eldest sister put her head over the edge, and looked all around, north and west and south and east and down on the ground.

"There is no man here," she said, "and I do not see any gopher; but you must be very careful."

So they all got out of the basket, and began to dance round the ring, drumming and singing as they went. But when they came near the mouse's nest the eldest sister held up her hand, and they stopped dancing and held their breath. Then she tapped on the ground and listened.

"It does not sound so hollow as it did," she said.

"The mice have a visitor."

And she tapped again, and called out, "Come

and show yourselves, you little traitors, or we will dig you up!"

But the mother mouse had made another door to her nest, just outside the ring, working very fast with all her toes; and while the maidens were looking for her inside the ring she came out at the other door with all her children and scampered away across the prairie.

The maidens turned round and ran after them; all but the youngest sister, who did not want any one to be killed; and High-feather came out of the hole and turned himself into what he was, and caught her by the arm.

"Come home and marry me," he said, "and dance with the Indian maidens; and I will hunt for you, and my mother will cook for you, and you will be much happier than up in the sky."

Her sisters came rushing round her, and begged her to go back home to the sky with them; but she looked into the young man's eyes, and said she would go with him wherever he went. So the other maidens went weeping and wailing up into the sky, and High-feather took his Star-wife home to his tent on the bank of the Battle River.

High-feather's mother was glad to see them both; but she whispered in his ear,—"You must never let her out of your sight if you want to keep her; you must take her with you everywhere you go."

And he did so. He took her with him every time he went hunting, and he made her a bow and arrows, but she would never use them; she would pick wild strawberries and gooseberries and raspberries as they went along, but she would never kill anything; and she would never eat anything that anyone else had killed. She only ate berries and crushed corn.

One day, while the young man's wife was embroidering feather stars on a dancing-cloth, and his mother was gossiping in a tent at the end of the village, a little yellow bird flew in and perched on High-feather's shoulder, and whispered in his ear,—

"There is a great flock of wild red swans just over on Loon Lake. If you come quickly and quietly you can

catch them before they fly away; but do not tell your wife, for red swans cannot bear the sight of a woman, and they can tell if one comes within a mile of them."

High-feather had never seen or heard of a red swan before; all the red feathers he wore he had had to paint. He looked at his wife, and as she was sewing busily and looking down at her star embroidering he thought he could slip away and get back before she knew he had gone. But as soon as he was out of sight the little yellow bird flew in and perched on her shoulder, and sang her such a beautiful song about her sisters in the sky that she forgot everything else and slipped out and ran like the wind, and got to the dancing ring just as her sisters came down in their basket. Then they all gathered round her, and begged her to go home with them.

But she only said,—"High-feather is a brave man, and he is very good to me, and I will never leave him."

When they saw they could not make her leave her husband, the eldest sister said,—"If you must stay, you must. But just come up for an hour, to let your father see you, because he has been mourning for you ever since you went away."

The Star-wife did not wish to go, but she wanted to see her father once more, so she got into the basket and it sailed away up into the sky. Her father was very glad to see her, and she was very glad to see him, and they talked and they talked till the blue sky was getting gray. Then she remembered that she ought to have gone home long before.

"Now I must go back to my husband," she said.

"That you shall never do!" said her father.

And he shut her up in a white cloud and said she should stay there till she promised never to go back to the prairie. She begged to be let out, but it was no use.

Then she began to weep; and she wept so much that the cloud began to weep too, and it was weeping itself quite away. So her father saw she would go down to the earth in rain if he kept her in the cloud any longer, and he let her out.

"What must I do for you," he said, "to make you stay with us here and be happy?"

"I will not stay here," she said, "unless my husband comes and lives here too."

"I will send for him at once," said her father. So he sent the basket down empty, and it rested in the middle of the dancing ring.

Now when High-feather reached Loon Lake he found it covered with red swans. He shot two with one arrow, and then all the rest flew away. He picked up the two swans and hurried back to his tent, and there lay the dancing-cloth with the feather stars on it half finished, but no wife could he see. He called her, but she did not answer. He rushed out, with the two red swans still slung round his neck and hanging down his back, and ran to the dancing ring, but nobody was there.

"I will wait till she comes back," he said to himself, "if I have to wait till the world ends." So he threw himself down on the grass and lay looking up at the stars till he went to sleep.

Early in the morning he heard a rustling on the grass, and when he opened his eyes he saw the great basket close beside him. He jumped up, with the two red swans still slung round his neck, and climbed into the basket. There was nobody there; and when he began to climb out again he found that the basket was half way up to the sky. It went up and up, and at last it came into the Star-country, where his wife was waiting for him. Her father gave them a beautiful blue tent to live in, and High-feather was happy enough for a while; but he soon grew tired of the cloud-berries that the Star-people ate, and he longed to tramp over the solid green prairie, so he asked his wife's father to let him take her back to the earth.

"No," said the Star-man, "because then I should never see her again. If you stay with us you will soon forget the dull old earth."

The young man said nothing; but he put on the wings of one of the red swans, and he put the other red swan's

wings on his wife, and they leapt over the edge of the Star-country and flew down through the air to the prairie, and came to the tent where High-feather's mother was mourning for them; and there was a great feast in the village because they had come back safe and sound. The Star-wife finished embroidering her dancing-cloth that day; and whenever the Indians danced she danced with them. She never went back to the Star-maidens' dancing ring; but she still lived on berries and corn, because she would never kill anything,—except one thing, and that was the little yellow bird. It flew into the tent one day when High-feather had his back turned, and began to whisper into the Star-wife's ear; but it never came to trouble her again.

RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE GOBLINS

Adapted from the Sketch Book

By Washington Irving

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. Every change of the season, every change of weather, every hour of the day makes some change in the magical hues and shapes of these fairy mountains, at whose foot the traveler may have seen the light smoke curling up from the chimneys of an ancient Dutch village, founded in the days of Peter Stuyvesant,—may he rest in peace!

Some of the houses were built of bricks brought from Holland, and in one of these, sadly weather-beaten, lived many years ago,—while New York was still a province of Great Britain,—a simple, good-natured fellow, named Rip Van Winkle.

He was a kind neighbor and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. A curtain lecture may be worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. In some ways, a scolding wife may be thought of as a blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was greatly blessed. He was a great favorite with the whole village, and the children would shout with joy when they saw him coming. He helped them in their games, taught them how to fly kites and told them stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. They could be seen hanging to his skirts and mounting on his back when he came on the street, and his own children loved him in the same way, though he left them badly clad and worse fed.

With all his virtues, he had one fault he could not get over. He hated work of every kind that people must do to make money. No one could walk further in hunting, or show greater patience in fishing, or do more of the roughest kind of work in helping a neighbor, but he found it

impossible to do enough work for himself to get a decent living out of his poor little farm. In a word, he was ready to attend to everybody's business but his own. His farm ran wild in weeds and his children were as wild and ragged as if they belonged to nobody. His son, Rip, who promised to grow up exactly like him, could be seen, following his mother, dressed in a pair of his father's cast-off trousers, cut down for him, and giving him as much trouble to manage as the fine ladies of that day had with their trails.

His dog, Wolf, who followed him everywhere, was as brave as a lion in the woods, but when he got back home with his master, he slunk into the house with his tail between his legs expecting to be driven out with the broomstick. When both Wolf and his master were driven from home by the just anger of their mistress, they betook themselves either to the woods or else to the village inn, whose sign bore the ruddy face of His Majesty, George III. The inn-keeper, Nicholas Vedder, was the oldest man in the village and under the spreading tree before the inn, he spent many summer days with Rip and Derrick van Bummel, the schoolmaster, blowing clouds of blue smoke from long Dutch pipes, and discussing the news of the world, as it reached the inn when it was months old everywhere else. But here when Rip was most comfortable, one fine Summer day, Dame Van Winkle invaded their stronghold, with bitter demands for work enough on Rip's part to get decent clothing for his children.

Driven from the shade in confusion, Rip fell back to the woods, with his gun on his shoulder and Wolf at his heels. He forgot his sorrows as he hunted squirrels through the mountains, until at sunset, he looked down a mountain glen, deep, lonely and wild. He knew it would be dark before he reached home and he sighed at the thought of what would be awaiting him. As he was about to turn down the glen he heard a voice calling, "Rip Van Winkle,

Rip Van Winkle," and at the same time, Wolf with all his bristles up, skulked between his master's legs.

Surprised at being called in such a lonely place, Rip was still more surprised when he saw coming towards him a stout square-built, little man, with a grizzled beard, dressed in the ancient Dutch fashion, with a stout keg on his shoulder, of a kind used only for the best Holland brandy. He made signs for Rip to come near and help him with the load, and although shy of all such strange-looking folk, Rip was willing enough to help with the keg. As the two of them struggled up the mountain with Wolf following, Rip heard sounds like the low rolling of distant thunder, and when at last they came into a valley Rip had never visited, the sight he saw there might have filled a braver and less thirsty man with fear.

On a level spot in the center of the valley was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins.

They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt with sword, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses on them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson,—a painting which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the saddest party of pleasure he had ever seen. Nothing broke the stillness but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they ceased from their play, and stared at him with such a statue-like gaze, and such strange countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in silence, and returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe grew less. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of the best Dutch brandy. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon

tempted to repeat the draught so often that at length his eyes swam in his head, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes,—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the strange man with the keg of liquor,—the mountain ravine,—the wild retreat among the rocks,—the woe-begone party at nine-pins,—the flagon! "Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip, "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel crusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

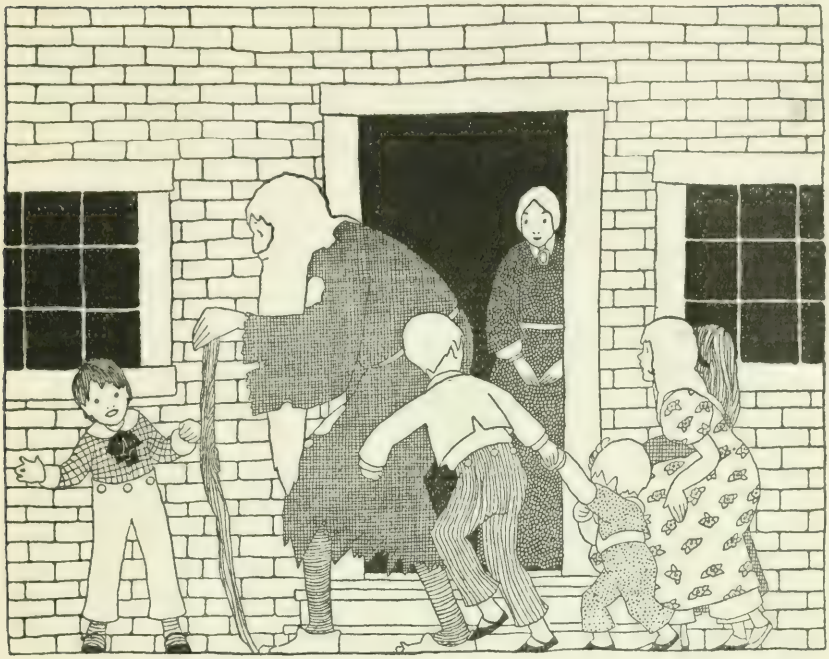
He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock. He made shift to scramble up its sides, through thickets of birch, sassafras, with witch-hazel; and sometimes he was tripped up or entangled by the wild grape

vines that twisted their coils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the valley; but no traces of such an opening remained. The rocks presented a high wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the forest. Here, then poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble, turned his steps homeward.

As he came near the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, stroked their chins. This gesture induced Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: It was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors,—strange faces at the windows,—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world



around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Catskill mountains,—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance,—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been! Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found him way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay,—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his fears,—he called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn,—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes,—all this was strange! He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly changed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy calm. He looked in vain for sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's hill—heroes of Seventy-six—and other words,

that was a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon drew the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him and eyed him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat."

Rip knew not what to say to this, nor to many other like questions, and when he asked about his old neighbors, if they were remembered, it was only as having left the village long ago, or else being long ago in the churchyard. At last he cried out in despair: "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself,—I'm somebody else,—that's me yonder,—no,—that's somebody else, got into my shoes,—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their

foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he,—"young Rip Van Winkle once,—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle,—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years

had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head,—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Catskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the great city and the river called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but

showed a hereditary disposition to attend to everything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicler of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war,—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England,—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty, George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but whenever his wife's name was mentioned, he shook his head and cast up his eyes in a way that showed his resignation.

APPENDIX, VOLUME II

SUGGESTIONS TO MOTHERS AND OTHER LOVERS OF CHILDREN

The Meaning and Uses of Tradition

As Volume II of Self Culture carries the mind forward from Volume I, Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm, Perrault, Madame De Villeneuve, the Countess D'Aulnoy, and other lovers of children, whose fairy stories are immortal, use the traditions of many times and countries to give childhood the joy which is its right. Their use of tradition is reinforced in Volumes I and II by the genius of Shakespeare, Bacon, Cervantes, Schiller, Charles and Mary Lamb, Charles Dickens, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and other masters in the use of tradition, until, as we turn back from the most modern to the oldest times, Virgil and Homer may be thought of as representing more than a score of immortal geniuses whose highest results in story-telling are represented in this volume. With these we have folk stories from the primitive life of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America and the "classics" of the English prose Mother Goose, connected with other classics in the myths of Northern Europe.

If we could comprehend all that these stories mean now and all that they have meant in drawing out the powers of the mind—and if at the same time we could know how to use the principles of the best judgment in controlling these high works of the imagination—we might be sure of deciding the future for the best. We could have no higher education for the mind except that given by its final test—that of the doing the best we can do with the best we know.

When we are put to that test, we can turn back to these stories, told and retold, adapted and re-adapted in one age after another, from the oldest traditions of mankind. Then we may see that the apparent impossibilities, which appear to childhood, are parables of our "trials," with the "happy ending" always offered us, and seemingly thrust upon us, over and over, in ways which only fairy stories, allegories, parables and myths can suggest to us in advance of our own experience of life.

Tradition, reaching far back of the invention of the alphabet, comes to us first in poetry, used as a means of education, long before prose-writing came into common use. In the first advance, women left at home with the lame or sickly son who could not go to war or to the chase, taught him the first principles of design, as we may see them used thousands of years ago in decorating pottery and weapons. As every shrub in leaf and bloom answers in its design and color to the harmonies of sunlight, the oldest poets and artists, who learned to use their eyes, had a "school of design" in life itself than which there is none higher. When they learned to use the principles of harmony, through which the traditions of their people were expressed in words which could not be forgotten, these oldest poets were called "sacred," and the boy who had been despised as unfit to be a warrior, might be reverenced as a "friend of the gods."

When history begins—with some great poet adapting the traditions of the past—he shows his sense of fitness by using the best and leaving out all he feels to be the worst. Homer and Shakespeare are poets of this class, but with genius which belongs to all ages, they are controlled in much by the barbaric habits of their own times. This we must take into account. We must deal also with the best in tradition as it has come to us through others, "artists for Art's sake," degraded men of genius, so depraved by their own times that they love the worst for its own sake. If we can "choose the best and leave the rest," we need never know the worst, and we can leave it "unspeakable" except for those who have loved it.

"To choose the best and leave the rest," has been our attempt in these volumes, but even if we could have offered results higher than human nature, we could do no more than begin the work, which belongs now, as always, to Self Culture in the home.

If the imagination is not educated, the mind fails. It gives the mind its "ideals," but these become the vanishing pictures which move across the screen of the "living picture show," unless they are controlled by the simple, everlasting first principles of right and wrong,—on which judgment depends, on which safety depends, on which the "happy ending" depends.

Every child has a priceless, supernatural birthright, the right to the best uses of the best in its own soul and mind. No two children are alike. What is best adapted for one in one way may be best for another only as it is adapted for the need of the given mind and soul, at a given age, or in some emergency no one can foresee, when a story, retold, to fit the need, may be an influence through life.

We hope this makes clear what we ask of all who love children—that in using these volumes, they will use their own best powers of tradition. That is, that they will adapt "by word of mouth," and as a habit for the needs of childhood, all that in these volumes has been adapted from age to age. Than this use of the mind in helping to develop the minds of children, there is no more powerful means of Self Culture. It blesses those who give not less than those who receive. In the age-long struggle for enlightenment against the barbarism of the atrocious, the horrible, and the terrible, we hope it may carry the blessings of enlightenment with it, as we learn to "choose the best and leave the rest" in the use of our own minds for the help of others.

SELF CULTURE QUESTIONS

Volume II

(Editorial)

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